THE WESTERN UNION KID—*by* CHAS. W. TYLER

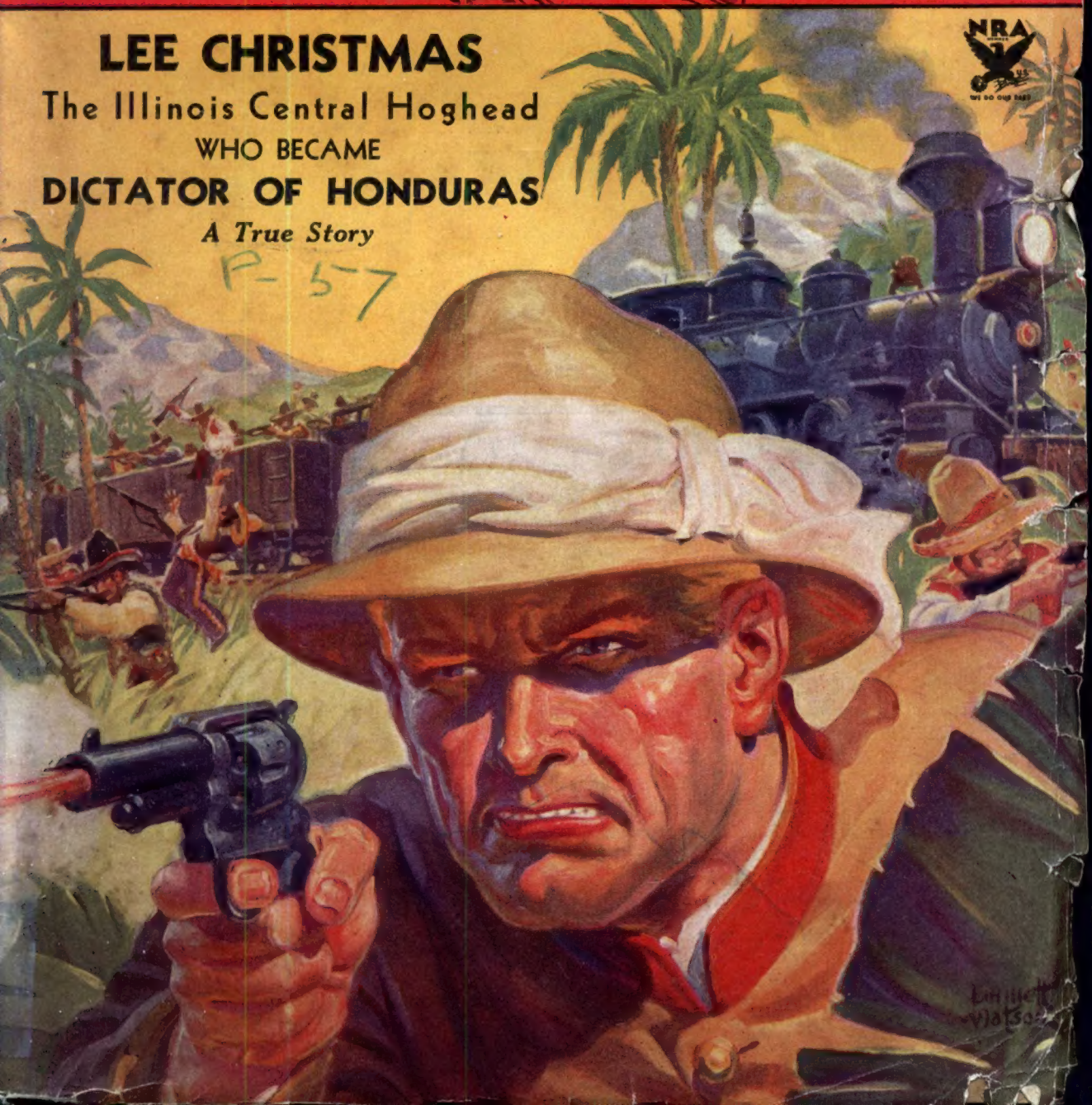
RAILROAD STORIES

MAY
15¢

LEE CHRISTMAS

The Illinois Central Hoghead
WHO BECAME
DICTATOR OF HONDURAS
A True Story

P-57



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TUESDAY..
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FRIDAY
BETTER NOT DRINK THAT, EDDIE, YOU'RE TIGHT ALREADY
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SATURDAY..
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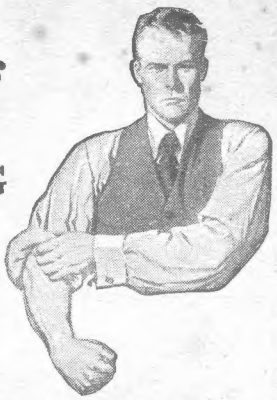

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Vol. XIV, No. 2

Formerly RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—*Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

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THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, New York City

WILLIAM T. DEWART, President — R. H. TITHERINGTON, Secretary

MESSAGERIES HACHETTE
8, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE.
111 Rue Réaumur

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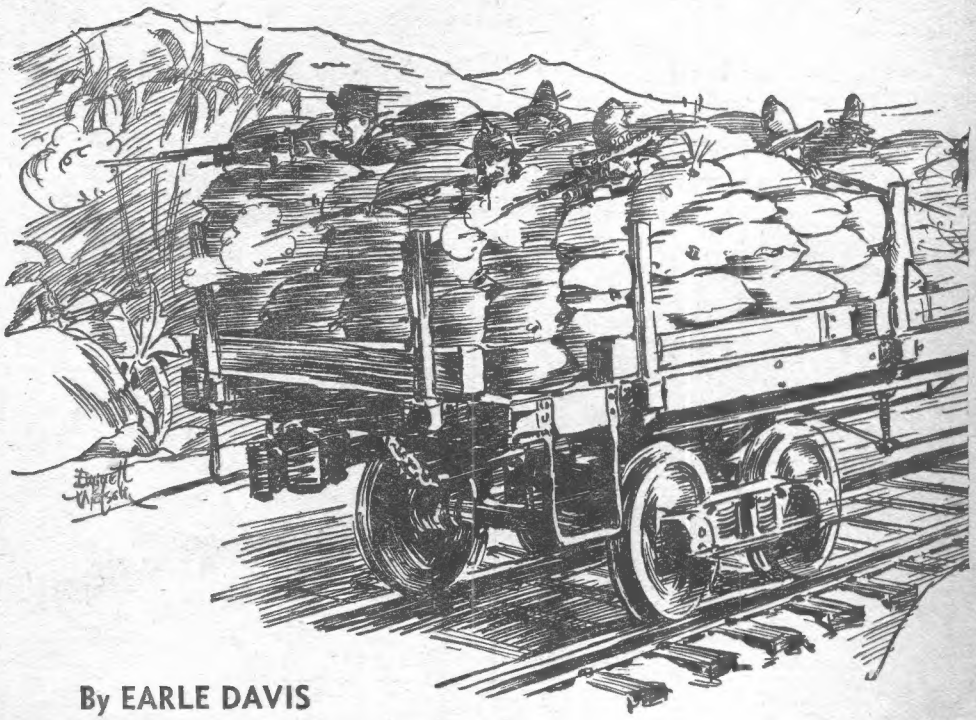
The Hoghead Who Became Dictator of Honduras



By EARLE DAVIS

PLENTY of American railroad engineers have had thrilling lives, but no American hoghead has had a more spectacular career than Lee Christmas, who became a soldier of fortune because he could not tell a red switch light from a green one.

Lee was born in Livingston Parish, Louisiana, in 1862, the son of a Mexican War Veteran. At the age of nineteen he got a job firing banana trains out of New Orleans on the old Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railway, now the New Orleans Division of the Illinois Central. In due time he was promoted to engineer.

One day in 1891 he ran past a red light and crashed into the rear end of another train. Fortunately it was not a serious accident, but it called for an investigation and an eye test. Christmas was proud of his eyesight. He had often hunted ducks in the marshes and was an expert marksman. So he was surprised to hear the oculist say:

"Your eyes are a bit astigmatic."

"Thanks, doc." Lee Christmas adjusted his overall coat and picked up his cap, believing the exam was ended.

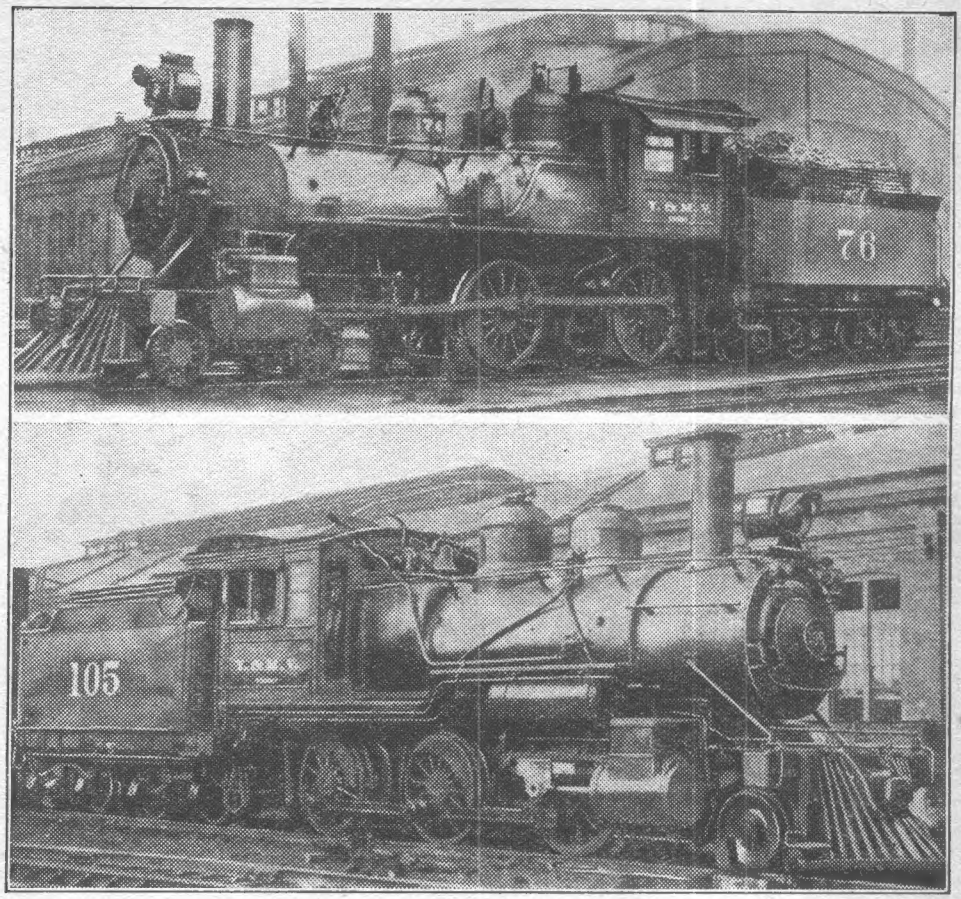
He Rigged Up a Fortress on Wheels and Garrisoned It With Sharpshooters

"Wait a minute," said the eye doctor. "You haven't taken the color test yet." He gave the hoghead skeins of red, green and white silk. "Pick out the various colors and tell me what they are."

Christmas failed in the test—failed completely. They took his name off the engine service roster. Never again could he run an engine on any railroad in the United States!

That afternoon he drew his pay and said good-by to the railroad. In a daze he wandered over to the window, looked down three stories to the street below, and thought of suicide. But instead of jumping he lurched down the stairs and out into the street, disconsolately fingering the last pay he would ever draw from the Illinois Central. He did not know where to go.

If Lee Christmas had been a drinking man he might have headed into the nearest saloon, instead of wandering aimlessly around the wharves and finally boarding a banana boat. The purser found him gazing dismally over the rail into the blue waters of the Gulf of



From Joseph Lavelle Photo Collection

Old-Time Power on the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley. No. 76, Built at Schenectady in 1888, Had 18x24-Inch Cylinders, 63-Inch Drivers, Boiler Pressure 145 Lbs., Weight 97,000 Lbs., and Tractive Force 15,225 Lbs. No. 105, a Mogul Built by Brooks in 1897, Had 19x26-Inch Cylinders, 56½-Inch Drivers, Weight 126,000 Lbs., and Tractive Force, 23,279 Lbs.

Mexico shortly after they had left New Orleans.

"Your ticket, sir?"

Christmas came to himself with a jolt. "What port is this tub bound for?"

"Our first stop is Puerto Cortes," the purser replied in a tone of offended dignity.

"Where the devil is that?"

"Spanish Honduras, sir," said the purser.

"Well, that's just where I'm going." The ex-engineer fished out his small roll of bills and paid his fare. "Do they have a railroad down there?"

"Yes, sir, but you wouldn't call it much of a railroad. The National Railroad of Honduras is only about sixty miles long."

"Good!" said Christmas. Then he reflected that they probably had no color test in Honduras.

His mind was made up. He'd get a job running engines on the Honduras pike, and the Illinois Central "brass hats" could go sit on a tack. And he'd soon learn enough Spanish to get by.

He already knew some of the lingo anyway.

ARRIVING in the tropics, Christmas found there was a warm reception for engineers from the States, especially those who'd worked on the big American systems. Apparently they'd never heard of such a thing as color-blindness. Besides, they did not run trains at night, so there was no chance of mistaking red lights for green ones.

The Honduras railroad was used largely for the transport of fruit from the plantations and bullion from the mines. It was millions of dollars in debt. Originally planned as a transcontinental line, it was then operating only between Puerto Cortes and Pimienta—a distance of fifty-nine miles.

Back in the cab where he belonged, Lee Christmas found life worth living once more. In no time at all he was talking a passable Spanish, and there were dark-eyed *señoritas* in the dance halls to make him forget the girls he had left behind. A hoghead—*machinista*—got more attention from the female population of Honduras than anyone else except a general. But Lee Christmas decided he'd like to be an army officer, too!

At that time Honduras was in the throes of a revolution. Policarpio Bonilla and Manuel Bonilla—who were unrelated despite their last names—were bitter rivals for the hand of a certain wealthy young lady. They were also bitter rivals for political power.

Policarpio held the presidency of the banana republic—an office and income which Manuel coveted. A few days after the revolution started, Christmas was asked by Manuel to run a trainload of rebel troops from Pimienta to Puerto Cortes. Government troops had taken a strong position along the line, and the proposed trip was extremely dangerous.

He cast a critical eye over the troop train, which was made up of a wood-burning locomotive and a long string of flat cars. In front was a small cane-seated coach occupied by the officers, who were resplendent in gold-braided uniforms of bright hue. In the cars were crowded the rank and file, a motley crew, many barefooted, but all armed with high-powered rifles.

Engineer Christmas turned to Manuel Bonilla.

"Look here, Señor Bonilla," he said, "I came here to run a railroad train, not to get mixed up in bloody warfare. I know damn well there are a lot of Federal soldiers stationed along this line. If you want me to run this engine I'll do it, but not for love. You got to fix it up for me—savvy?"

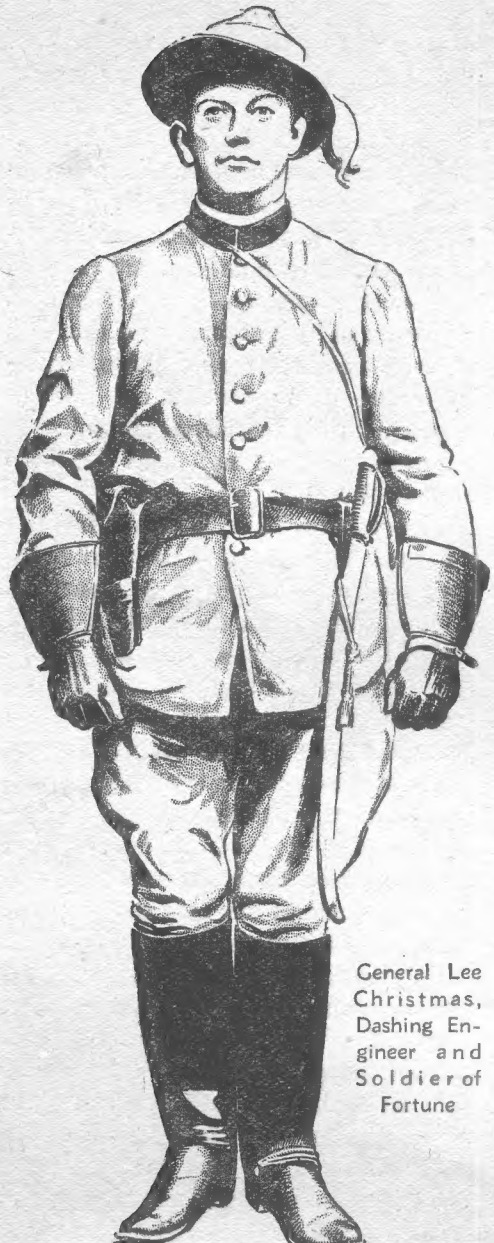
Manuel Bonilla understood perfectly. Being a politician, he had no illusions. An agreement was soon reached. Lee Christmas climbed into the cab, a man on the rear end gave the signal, and he was off.

Policarpio's men had hastily erected a barricade across the railroad track. It consisted of old boxes, bags of sand, and anything else they could lay hands on. In the underbrush on both sides of the right-of-way the Federals lay in ambush.

Christmas saw the obstruction on the track, pulled the whistle cord and opened the throttle as far as she'd go.

"Here's where I make a run for it," he said grimly, his blue eyes flashing fire.

The pilot of his Mogul plowed through the barricade and kept on going. Bullets splattered the side of the cab and Christmas was forced



General Lee Christmas, Dashing Engineer and Soldier of Fortune

to duck until he got "all-fired mad," as he expressed it.

"All right!" he cried. "If I have got to make a target of myself give me a gun to drop somebody else!"

He stopped the train with a jerk and grabbed a weapon from one of the native warriors. Being a crack shot, he placed a few bullets where they did the most good. The revolutionists took heart and began firing also. In short time the Federals were driven into a gully, where they surrendered.

WHEN the fighting ceased, the hoghead mopped his face with an old bandana—a symbol of railroading which he had brought from the States—and strolled back to the engine. He was a medium-sized man, with yellow hair and mustache, wide straight mouth, broad shoulders and tireless energy.

Manuel Bonilla was waiting for him.

"Well, we licked 'em," the railroader grinned.

Bonilla couldn't find words eloquent enough to express his gratitude. "Magnificent! Glorious! You are a great *inginiero!* I shall reward you. You shall be a captain in the army of freedom."

That wasn't so bad, Christmas reflected. Back home in Louisiana he'd been only a throttle jerker; now he was rising in the world. He made up his mind to stay in Honduras a while longer and see what else happened. From the way the natives were talking, Christmas gathered, they regarded a hoghead as a construction engineer, capable of doing many things, particularly building or destroying bridges—whichever the revolutionists wanted at the moment.

"*Viva Americano!*" cried the soldiers in chorus.

When the train reached Puerto Cortes two hours later Christmas was promoted to the rank of colonel.

"This is getting better and better all the time," he exulted. "There's nothing like a revolution to give a fellow a start in the world."

This Fortress Is the Old Presidential Palace at Tegucigalpa, as It Looked in the Days When General Christmas Ruled Honduras

Then and there Lee Christmas definitely cast his lot with the rebels. Adventure suddenly loomed large on his horizon. It was "the power and the glory"—or else the firing squad. Well, it was worth a gamble.

Around the railroad centered the success or failure of the revolution, and Christmas was not slow to make the most of what had been thrown across his path. More than one battle was fought for possession of the twin ribbons of steel. It didn't take Christmas long to discover that fighting for a railroad was much more exciting than running an engine—which was saying a lot, for if there was one thing he liked more than anything else, Christmas enjoyed wheeling a train over the high iron.

The ex-engineer from the States became wild and reckless, both in running his Mogul and in leading an attack.

"If we can hold the railroad," he told the presidential aspirant, "we'll win this war."

"Do that," exclaimed the exultant Manuel Bonilla, "and I'll make you a brigadier general!"

Christmas chuckled. The stakes were getting bigger and bigger. Maybe he'd own the whole blasted railroad before he got through.

HE rigged up a fortress on wheels —a flat car with thick sandbag walls—and garrisoned it with expert sharpshooters. This he put out in front of the engine, highballing it back and forth along the right-of-way. At length he had the railroad's other five locomotives bottled up at one end of the line. Traffic on the iron road was brought to a standstill; the Federal forces were driven away.

This bold maneuver marked the turning point of the revolution. After that the lukewarm populace flocked to the standard of Manuel Bonilla. The president's dwindling army was utterly routed. President Policarpio Bonilla himself was captured prisoner and his rival was inaugurated as president in the white palace at Tegucigalpa, the capital.

One of the first acts of the new ruler was to confirm the appointment of Lee Christmas as brigadier general, in su-

preme command of the military forces of Honduras! The capital was placed under martial law, and the hoghead was also made chief of police of that city. Thus he became the power behind the throne, the dictator of Honduras. No other railroad man in history had ever attained to such a position!

One night the dictator was passing through an alley in the little town of Nueva Armena, Honduras, after inspecting a batch of new recruits, when he was attacked by seven men, armed with knives. Christmas backed himself against a wooden fence and faced his assailants with a Mauser pistol. One man threw a knife that pierced his hat. The Mauser brought him down and the other six fled.

The railroader was not bloodthirsty. When the ex-president was placed on trial on a charge of "conspiracy against the republic" General Christmas acted as both his jailer and his judge. The new president and his fellow-officials decided that the trial was to be merely a farce, and a firing squad was ordered out to mete out appropriate punishment to the luckless Policarpio.

The dictator intervened, however. Policarpio's life was spared; he was sentenced to prison and later exiled to Salvador, a neighboring republic.

The country of Honduras, over which General Christmas held sway, was slightly larger than the State of Pennsylvania, with less than 600,000 population. The land was rich in undeveloped natural resources, but was settled in the mountainous and jungle areas. Her capital, Tegucigalpa, is said to be one of the only two capitals in the world which do not have railway connections.

Peace having been restored, the job of dictator and police chief became rather boring to the American hoghead, even with a residential palace of his own and the adoration of black-haired Spanish beauties. He craved fresh excitement.

Word drifted in that trouble was brewing in the South American country of Venezuela, and that President Castro could use a combined railroad engineer and soldier of fortune to organize the government forces against a possible revolution. This looked like Lee Christmas's meat. Obtaining a leave of absence, he hurried over to Venezuela, where he immediately was created a general in Castro's army.

But the foes of Honduras, who had only been waiting for General Christmas to leave, broke out with fresh trouble. Nicaragua declared war upon the Manuel Bonilla administration, claiming that Manuel's predecessor had given them rights over certain border lands.

THE rail dictator hastened back to Tegucigalpa and took command of an army of about 14,000 men, but arrived too late. The Nicaraguans, with the aid of Honduran traitors, managed to win a decisive battle. President Bonilla was forced to flee, while General Christmas rallied his old guard of two hundred men, some of them railroad boomers from the States, and made a determined stand in the mountains.

For a while it looked as though the Christmas star were again in the ascendant, but the enemy, with thousands of men, overtook the old guard at Mani, a two day's march from the capital. Undaunted, General Christmas led his gallant two hundred in a desperate sortie, hoping to cut through the hostile iron ring.

The trapped men put up a brave

fight. Sixty of them were killed, and more than one hundred, including General Christmas, were wounded; the rest were scattered. Even with a broken shoulder b l a d e, the man from Louisiana was attempting to reload his gun when he was captured and thrown into the very dungeon to which he had mercifully sent Policarpio, the ex-president, some time before. Zelaya was inaugurated president in the white palace.

That night Christmas managed to get word to one of his comrades, Guy R. Moloney, a tough Scotch-Irishman who had fought by his side in more than one revolutionary campaign, but this time it seemed that Moloney could do nothing to save him.

Next morning, as a blood-red sun shot up behind the palmetto trees facing his prison, the deposed dictator of Honduras was led out to meet a firing squad. Well, it was all over now, General Christmas decided, but he'd tell those dogs what he really thought of them before they put a slug of lead through his heart.

Instead of calmly uttering a romantic farewell, as was the custom, Christmas burst into a torrent of abuse at his captors, spouting forth venomous insults too vile to print. When asked where he wanted his body shipped, General Christmas snarled:

"I don't want my body buried. I want it to remain on top of the ground."

The corporal in charge of the firing squad gaped at him.

"Why you not want to be buried?" he asked.

"Because," screamed the prisoner wildly, "I want the buzzards to eat me and then scatter my remains all over every one of you!"

Infuriated, the c a p t o r s argued

Federal Troops of Honduras Being Drilled by General Christmas at the Barracks in Tegucigalpa

among themselves as to a more suitable way of putting the dictator to death—something cruel, such as gouging out the eyes or peeling off the skin a little bit at a time.

And while they were debating and preparing certain instruments of torture, Moloney came to the rescue with a party of Manuel Bonilla's men, who had survived the carnage, and whisked General Christmas away to safety!

This time Christmas headed for Guatemala, a tough journey through the jungles. While there the ex-dictator recuperated from his wounds and went back to his old love—railroading.

Meanwhile, he kept a weather eye on the changeable politics of Honduras. His friend, Manuel Bonilla, had collected several thousand dollars in gold and had sent an emissary across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans to buy rifles and Gatling guns to blaze another trail to the president's chair. The emissary, however, once safely out of sight, found other uses for the money, and Manuel was left holding an empty bag.

THEN, in 1911, Manuel amassed some more gold. This time he entrusted it to General Christmas, who sailed to New Orleans and purchased an old United States gunboat, the "Hornet." While in the Crescent City he was besieged by newspaper reporters clamoring for interviews.

But he was wise, and he denied that the "Hornet" would take any munitions to Honduras for another uprising. The ship cleared suddenly for Cape Gracias, Honduras, and after being safely escorted to the three-mile limit by a United States revenue cutter, turned back and went to Ship Island, Mississippi. There Bonilla, Christmas, Florine Davidi, and Guy Moloney, who was a machine gun expert, loaded on arms, ammunition and food supplies, and the long distance telephone from that point mysteriously stopped working.

As soon as the United States officials learned what had happened, they promptly indicted those men for violation of the neutrality laws in equipping a military expedition against a friendly nation. But the birds had already flown! The Washington government thereupon ordered the battleship "Tacoma" to Honduran waters to watch the "Hornet" and see that she did not violate American neutrality.

This surveillance did not disturb the wary engineer. Christmas gathered an army in Nicaragua and one night, without warning, marched them across the border. Simultaneously he assembled off Puerto Cortes a smaller force, including a lot of boomers and foreign soldiers of fortune, and in a combined attack, led by Moloney's machine gun squad, he captured the town in the face of a storm of bullets.

Once again Manuel Bonilla unseated a president of Honduras, with the intrepid Yankee resuming his former rôle of dictator. Once more General Lee Christmas enjoyed the luxury of a palace, and the beautiful belles of Tegucigalpa flocked around him. It was a boomer's paradise, if ever there was one!

His biographer, Hermann B. Deutsch, writing on "The Incredible Yanqui," characterized Lee Christmas as a roughneck and a bum, whom he described as a cave man with a ready dribble of sentiment on tap for sentimental occasions, devoted in his way to the woman of the hour, and utterly indifferent to her when the hour was past; but he never failed in loyalty to his male comrades. He was married three times.

Christmas was the original of *Clay*, the hero in Richard Harding Davis's popular novel, "Soldiers of Fortune." He and the author were close friends. Christmas was a general in the armies of five Latin American republics—Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador, Guatemala and Venezuela—and was instrumental in placing five presidents in office by revolutions.

The son of a soldier, warfare was in his blood. Off and on, he fought for twenty years. The challenge of his bad luck back home on the Illinois Central was the turning point in his life.

Where chance led, Lee Christmas followed, moving from one snap judgment to another and taking what Fate sent his way. Seven times he was wounded—thrice in one engagement and four times in separate battles—and escaped many attempts at assassination or execution. On several occasions he was reported as having died with his boots on. In fact, the rumor was spread so often that it became a standing joke in newspaper offices, and editors printed the headline: "Christmas Dead Again."

AS a measure of self protection General Christmas occasionally retained a gunman as his personal bodyguard. One of these fellows, a boomer named Edgar Smith, wrote this description of his employer for the *New York Herald Tribune Magazine;*

"Before me stood a medium-sized man dressed in an ordinary suit of clothes, with a flopping white hat on his head that was pinched to a sharp crease on top. His hair at the temples was snow white, his face was brown and seamed. His mouth was wide, but the lips were compressed and his nose was not what one expected of such a man. One expected the curved beak of a bird of prey, but his was not.

"His eyes were a dim blue. The pupils appeared to stare out from the entire eyeball, keen black spots, very piercing. I confronted a man in whom all human feeling was dead.

"Smiling, he thrust out his right hand and gripped mine with a steely claw. Later I learned the reason for this tremendous grip. The other arm, although it appeared natural, had been riddled with bullets and was almost useless, so that all the strength was in one arm."

Edgar Smith first met the dictator at a hotel in Guatemala City. After a brief conversation, Christmas said:

"You are just the man I want. I've been shot treacherously from under tables and in the back. I can't trust the natives."

Thus he hired Smith, nominally as aide-de-camp, but actually as private bodyguard. The salary was $125 a month and all expenses.

At the time the United States entered the World War, Christmas was Military Inspector of Honduras. The veteran of many Latin American campaigns was eager to fight for the Stars and Stripes. Resigning his official post, he hastened to Washington, obtained a personal interview with President Wilson, and volunteered. The President recommended that Christmas be given a commission. However, the army doctors found he was no longer strong enough for active service, as he was suffering from the recurrent effects of jungle fever, besides carrying in his body several bullets, one of them an inch from his heart!

"I'm fifty-five, but as physically fit as any officer in the army," Christmas insisted, "and I'm willing to prove it by fighting any man in the city who is forty-five or more."

Nevertheless, the board was unconvinced, and he was sent to South America to assist the United States military intelligence service there. After the war, he represented American oil companies in petroleum explorations in Central America, until his health broke down from jungle fever and the bullet in his chest. Then he returned to New Orleans, never to leave it again.

While Christmas was in a hospital there his old comrade in arms, Guy Moloney, who was now chief of police of New Orleans, submitted to a blood transfusion in an effort to save Christmas's life. The former hoghead rallied and set about planning a new war.

"Maybe they'll make me president this time," he chuckled. "I've always wanted that job."

But the old warrior died quietly in bed on January 21, 1924, at the age of sixty-one, hoping to the last that he could go back to Honduras and lead another revolution.

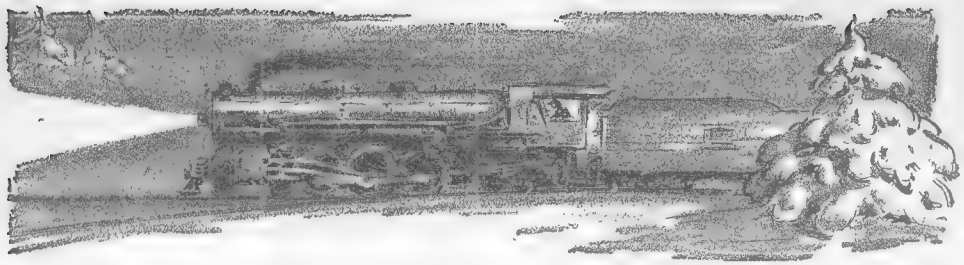
FREE RIDES FOR INDIANS

UNTIL recently, if you had traveled the 124 miles between Bowie and Globe, Arizona, you probably would have noticed that every passing freight train on this road (now a branch of the Southern Pacific) carried from ten to a hundred or more Apache Indians. The practice cut heavily into the railroad's passenger revenue, to say nothing of the chances of a damage suit in case an Indian happened to fall beneath the wheels. But it was an old custom, dating back some thirty-five years, the outcome of a pow-wow between officials and braves.

On May 1, 1895, William Garland, then president of the Arizona Eastern Railway, was forced to cease construction on his road at the little town of Fort Thomas, just off the San Carlos Reservation, while he negotiated in vain with the Apaches for permission to build across the reservation to the town of Globe. Then a pow-wow between the redskins, railroad men and government agents was held on the reservation October 27, 1896, but still the unanimous approval of the Apaches could not be obtained.

Later, another pow-wow was arranged for February 8, 1898. This ended in an agreement that the Indians be given $8,000 in cash, full payment for any personal or tribal property damaged or moved, and free rides for all Indians for thirty years!

These free rides often called for the stopping of a train at some whistling post, where it was forced to wait while the buck and his squaw, with their children, saddles, blankets, pans, buckets and other household equipment were loaded and safely located. The average red man preferred to ride an open flat or coal car where he could see the sky and surrounding country, apparently scorning anything so enclosed as a coach.



The Western Union Kid

Out of the Storm He Came, a Shivering Bum Homesick for the Chattering Brass

By CHARLES W. TYLER

Former Fireman, B. & M.; Author of "Clear Iron," etc."

WHO he was or where he came from, no one knew—knew little and cared less. Timmy McCarty appeared one day on Doane Street, Boston. (This was a long, long time ago.) He shuffled through the rear door, or messenger entrance, of 109 State Street, then the Western Union "main" in that city, and landed a job as "trotter."

They gave him a number and a cap that was much too large, and sent him out to learn the ropes. Timmy became adept in the art of tramping the streets, a dime novel in one hand and a batch of messages in the other.

The corner gangs taunted him. Timmy fought back, singly and collectively; fought them as he had fought for everything since he could first remember. He wanted to be called "De Western Union Kid! See?" And he was.

The Kid took to Morse as a duck does to water. He learned the code in Western Union branch offices in Boston. The thing was in his blood. It was his natural element, the key and sounder.

He graduated, at last, from the streets and a number to Timmy McCarty, operator. But he was still the Western Union Kid.

Then he began to drink, and drift—Cincy, Chi, Frisco, Jacks, and way stations. He went to the top of his profession—and back to the gutter from whence he had come, all in a too brief span of years. "Rum-dum." A booze-fighter, haunting the old mains, hunting for a "PX" (the price of a meal).

He turned to the railroads, looking for jobs in lonely "OS" offices, trying to straighten himself out. But it didn't last long, and soon he would be back in the cities, dirty, bleary-eyed, unshaved. Traveling "under a flag," he took any name that pleased him. And yet he was still the Western Union Kid.

He liked to tell folks what he might

have been. He'd had his chance and kicked it away. But that was all right. He could do as he liked. There was nobody to care how quickly he went to hell. That was his business.

THEN came a night when the Western Union Kid found himself ditched on the Central Valley's River Division. A cold, bleak night, with snow slanting savagely from the northeast. Snow and sleet. Wires sagging with their storm burden. Switches frozen, trains late.

The Kid had slipped aboard the smoker of No. 22, a local, at Middleboro. It was no night to ride the blind or deck a hot shot. A guy would freeze to death. Riding freight also was out of the question.

The storm had caught him too far North. He should have been on his way South before this. He'd have to make Baytown, where he could pick up enough to tide him over until the weather moderated, by hanging around the operators' entrance of the Western Union main. It wouldn't be the first time he'd been "QB"* in this burg.

Watching his chance, the Western Union Kid had ducked into the narrow space formed by seats being turned back to back to make possible the usual arrangement of card tables. It was a tight and uncomfortable spot, but warm. He thawed out, and rode twenty miles before the keen-eyed conductor spotted him.

He grinned ruefully as No. 22 slowed down at River View. A brakeman escorted him to the platform. The steps were slippery. The dingy little depot and the outside world were veiled in white—a blurred, blinding white through which came the muffled moan of the wind.

"So long, you old bum," said the trainman. "Looks like a long, hard winter."

"Who? Me a bum?" cried the wanderer indignantly. "Say, I guess you don't know who I am."

"The Duke of Havalaff?" suggested the brakeman.

"Naw! Listen, guy! I'm the Western Union Kid. See? I worked 'A' N'Yawk, the AP† an' all 'em fast wires in my time. I never got lifted in my life, an' I've paired with the best lightnin' slingers in the country. I just had a little tough luck—"

A few passengers got off and hurried away through the storm toward the warm lights of the little town. The conductor called, "'Boa-a-rd!" a lantern flashed and No. 22 puffed off into the night.

The Western Union Kid pulled his threadbare garments about him and walked slowly along the platform. A baggage truck went scuttling away into the night.

Lights in the waiting room went out. Only the mellow glow from the windows of the telegraph office remained. The subdued clatter of telegraph instruments reached the ears of the man outside.

It always made him a bit homesick, the tick of a sounder and the whisper of a relay.

The Western Union Kid paused outside of the telegraph office, his eye searching the interior speculatively, not to say a bit dubiously. These hick ops were not always open to approach. Too smug and self-satisfied, like all home guards. Take a boomer now, they knew what it was to be on the bum. Maybe this guy on the second trick was a boomer brass pounder. Maybe he'd listen to a tale of woe. Maybe!

*QB, "on the bum."

†AP, Associated Press.

BUT the second trick operator at River View was not a man. It was a woman, and most certainly there was nothing in her set, scowling countenance to encourage a ragged vag of the key. Little chance that she'd let a 'bo toast his shins a bit before the half-open door of the small pot-bellied stove in the corner.

A sour-looking old dame, this one. They hadn't ought to have grandmas like that thumping a trick. Well, perhaps the third trick guy was a better bet.

"I've got to get in somewhere," the Kid told himself, "or I'll freeze as stiff as a board. No use tryin' to ride anything out of here tonight."

There was the calaboose, of course, but them hick jugs was no picnic, and the judge might hand him thirty days in the morning.

The Western Union Kid sidled around the corner of the station and stood for a little huddled against the side of the building out of the wind. He shivered. Winter! Winter with a vengeance. And no overcoat. Summer underwear, too. He had sure waited too long before heading for Jacksonville this year.

What to do? The telegraph office looked mighty inviting—all but that granite-faced female at the key. She'd probably telephone the local John Law if he so much as stuck his head in the door.

Man, that wind! The Kid's feet were frozen. Low shoes, and a damned thin sole, if anybody should happen to ask.

"Here goes nothin'!" the Kid told himself, straightening his stooped shoulders and dabbing a grimy paw at a frosted nose. He moved toward the door of the telegraph office. "She might be a reg'lar guy, at that."

FOR over thirty years Almira Burnham had worked one wire on the Central Valley's River Division. From Baytown to the Hudson every railroad man knew her. She was stern, adamant, with a caustic tongue and views concerning the male of the species that were not at all flattering.

Men spoke of her as the "old maid" at River View. And yet they respected her, even as they derided her.

Young brakemen who had not had the pleasure of making Almira Burnham's acquaintance, and who came storming into the telegraph office for the first time profanely wanting to know this or that in loud roisterous tones, always slunk out in a meek and subdued manner.

The things that the lady on the second trick could say to a man usually left him limp and gasping, and he seldom made the mistake of bulging into Miss Burnham's bailiwick in a like tempo again.

"See here, mister," she would thunder in cutting tones, "what hog yard were you brought up in? Wipe your feet! Close the door! And don't set that lantern on the table!"

That was Almira Burnham. Sixty-three years young. That she was a maiden lady was a pretty generally accepted fact on the River Division, a thing that the woman herself made no effort to correct.

Her life before she came to River View was a closed book—closed to all except Pat Regan, superintendent. They had both come from the same little Vermont town. At twenty Almira Burnham had been a telegraph operator at the country depot, perched there beside the tracks above the Connecticut River. Pat Regan then had been a youngster of ten.

The year that Pat had graduated

from high school, Almira Burnham married Chet Stewart. Stewart was an op himself, a careless, easy-going, handsome fellow.

About that time young Regan's folks moved to the city, and Pat got a job on the railroad. Some years later, returning to the old home town on a visit, he heard the rest of the story.

A son had been born to Mrs. Stewart, a son in whose life the click of telegraph instruments played a part almost from the first. The boy was the one thing that the woman lived for now, since Chet had taken to drink. There were many bitter quarrels, and life became unbearable for the woman. She demanded at last that Chet choose between herself and booze.

Sullen, ugly, unreasoning, the man made his decision. He left home, slipping quietly away down the unknown paths of the world. But he did not go alone. He took the boy with him—not because of any particular devotion for his son, but because he wanted to hurt the woman.

A year or two later Chet Stewart, drunk, walked off a dock in Boston and was mercifully drowned. There was nothing on the body by which to identify him, and Chet passed out of the picture as an unknown.

Back in Vermont a grief-stricken woman closed the door on her yesterday and walked down the road to the station. She was going to begin again somewhere else. She would follow the wires across the horizon to a new world. A cheap little grip she took. That and her own name, Almira Burnham.

The years passed. Almira, cold, grim, unsmiling, continued at the key. She was as much a part of River View as the depot itself. Seven days a week Almira sat in at the telegraph office. She chose the second trick because she had long come to dread lonely evenings—and the busy hours at the station between three and eleven filled this dreaded period.

Thus she sat on this cold winter night—a dour, wrinkled woman with unsmiling eyes, sitting at the key in the telegraph office at River View. Outside the wind howled, the snow pelted the windowpane and the entire Central Valley staggered from the impact of the storm.

THE door of the telegraph office opened slowly. Snow swirled savagely across the threshold and a cold draft rudely invaded the comforting warmth of the room.

Almira Burnham turned her head slowly, a sharp rebuke on her tongue. But her lips clamped tight over the unspoken words. She stared at the strange apparition framed against a background of swirling flakes.

There stood a 'bo, a gaunt creature clothed in threadbare garments. Hesitant he was, plainly doubtful of the reception he would get. Evidently he was poised for instant retreat at the first show of hostility.

The Western Union Kid's teeth chattered in spite of himself. His eyes went to the stove and the warm glow of coals, visible through the half-open door; then back to the woman. The grimy fingers of his right hand tugged at the visor of his shapeless cap, and he bowed stiffly.

"Gee, but it's a tough night outside, lady," he pleaded. "Could I come in an' get warm for a few minutes?"

Almira Burnham's particular abhorrence was tramps, and in this classification she included boomers. There were agencies to take care of vagrants. The town jail was the place for those

who inadvertently strayed into River View. At best, they were a bothersome menace.

The woman was on the point of informing the intruder brusquely that the local police usually provided accommodation for bums, but she didn't. Instead, she found herself staring at him with some degree of tolerance.

"Well, shut the door!" she snapped finally. "Don't stand there like a ninny, letting all Greenland in here. Where did you come from on a night like this, anyway?"

"It was the brass buttons on that local," explained the Kid, edging toward the stove. He spoke without rancor; it was all a part of being a bum, getting kicked off trains. "I was headin' for the big burg, an' doin' fine until his nibs pulls me out from between the seats." He fought off a little spasm that shook his entire body. "Geez, ain't it funny how a guy gets the jigs—when he c-comes in out of—the c-cold?"

"Hump!" sniffed the lady at the telegraph table. "If you'd get a job and stay put, you wouldn't be out freezing to death on a night like this."

"I had a job," said the other. "I had dozens of 'em, but my dogs always gets loose on me, an' just as quick as I catch up with 'em, they're gone again. My dogs—an' booze."

"Booze! I would have suspected as much. What's your name?"

"Timmy McCarty," he answered promptly, "better known as the Western Union Kid."

"The Western Union Kid?"

He nodded. "Yuh. You see, I'm a brass pounder, miss. I worked all the fast ones—until I went rum-dum."

The sounder barked the River View station call, and the woman turned slowly in her chair and reached for the key. It was a "31" order for No. 8. The heavy Pullman train from the West was already bowing to the will of the storm. She was one hour off the advertised.

ALMIRA BURNHAM at last pushed back the pad of yellow tissues and got up. She went to a cupboard, took out a coffee pot. She put water in the pot and set it on the stove. Her keen eyes seemed to bore straight into the soul of the Western Union Kid. He fidgeted and shivered.

The woman frowned. "Guess you're hungry, ain't you?"

The Western Union Kid eyed the coffee pot, then wet his lips with his tongue and drew a long breath. This was a little bit of heaven he hadn't expected. The old dame *was* a reg'lar guy after all.

"Marm," he added, "I don't know what it is not to be hungry." After a pause he added frankly: "Mostly when I get a couple of dimes I buy a hooker of booze."

"You're a fool!" the woman retorted. And then, in a more kindly tone: "Guess you thought it was smart to drink at first."

"No'm." The Kid shook his head reflectively. "I thought if a guy didn't drink he wouldn't get to be nobody. My old man could lick six cops when he was soused."

The train wire sounder sputtered a moment. A relay on the shelf in front of the window began muttering a subdued call. The woman turned to change a spring-jack at the bottom of the switchboard. For a while she was busy testing—trying different set-ups, grounding first this wire and then that, east and west.

The Western Union Kid watched, his ear tuned to pick up the terse tele-

graphic idiom that rattled from the sounder.

"I bet that Western Union wire chief in the main is pullin' out his hair," the Kid chuckled. "He's lost two more trunk lines, an' they're tryin' to make a patch through Worcester an' Springfield. But their lines ain't no better. It's goin' to be tough to get anything through by mornin'."

"The only train wire we've got," the woman said grimly, as she at last turned from the switchboard, "is that old Number Three commercial iron, and that has a bad swing."

Summit, to the west, reported Extra 2679 pulling in to clear No. 8. A few moments later the dispatcher was again busy flashing train orders. Extra 2679 would run as Second No. 8, Summit to Baytown.

"What's the idea of runnin' an extra as second section to a hot shot?" asked the Western Union Kid.

"The 2679 is Number 441's return," Miss Burnham explained. "That is one of the fast freights. They're short of motive power at Baytown and they'll need that engine for 441 tomorrow. The crew is on short time."

"O. K.," said the Kid.

An extra, double-heading west, came panting laboriously up the grade. The two big freight haulers stopped outside of the telegraph office, and the conductor and head brakeman hurried into the little room at the corner of the depot.

"Any time on Number Nineteen?" demanded the conductor.

"What would you do with any time on Nineteen?" Almira flung back tartly. "You've been two hours on the hill, and you'll be two hours more making the hump."

"Helper ain't steamin'," growled the trainman. "Had to stop three times an' blow 'er hot an' we pulled a lung* startin' the last time."

"Well, you'd better pull in at the water tank," said the woman. "Nineteen is thirty minutes late, but they're not giving time yet. Got trouble enough keeping the wheels moving. Only one wire in here right now. Everything will be down before morning."

GROWLING fretfully, the conductor and brakeman went out. Five long-drawn whistle blasts shrilled above the wail of the wind. A few minutes later the two big engines eased back for the slack; then began their laborious task of starting the heavy train, the hoarse bark of their exhausts hurling forth a challenge to the slashing white tempest.

Almira reported the departure of the extra. A few minutes later Summit, seven miles west, OS'd No. 8 by. The limited was "carrying green." Extra 2679 began to creep toilsomely from a passing track with its all too heavy-laden string of multi-colored cars. On its headlight it carried now the numerals, "2nd No. 8."

Second No. 8! A sullen demon, disturbed from its slumbers, moving petulantly onto the River Division's eastbound main iron, there to become a plaything in the hands of the bold and rampant storm gods.

A sluggish, unwieldy giant, this Second No. 8, as she crawled forth, her movement hampered by cold and snow.

A slow, labored exhaust, interrupted by occasional petulant blasts from the stack, as the big hog "lost her feet"—the sharp squeal and plaint of chilled wheels on a frosted rail—the creak of cars and draft rigging—the added bur-

*"Lung" is slang for draw-bar.

den of snow and ice on car roofs and a treacherous path under a tablecloth of white down the long trail of the hurricane deck—all these masked a lurking something that spelled disaster.

Bill Holman, grimly exultant that the way had been cleared for the speedy return of Extra 2679, nursed the big engine for all there was in her. It had taken three attempts before he had been able to get the heavy train in motion.

There was a slight grade against him, but a half a mile east of the passing track the rails dipped downward for fourteen miles on a one-and-a-half percent grade—down past Hillcrest, River View, Wayland and on to Lynchburg.

Quick the long train picked up speed as the wheels tipped over the hump. Double green showed on the automatic at the summit as Bill Holman squinted up at it through the driving snow.

No. 8 would drop down the hill quickly. The freight would lag a little because of the twenty-miles-an-hour speed restriction that applied to all eastbound freight trains between Summit and Lynchburg.

The limited, however, would be in the Lynchburg station nearly ten minutes, which would bring the freight close on her tail, there at the red home signal around the bend.

Jimmy Gilman picked up his lantern and swung from the fireman's seat to the deck of the 2679, buttoning his coat in preparation for his task of beating back over the storm-swept car tops to set up retainers.

"How many, Bill?" he called.

Bill Holman hesitated an instant before replying, as he checked the duplex air-gage. It read seventy for the brake pipe and ninety for the main reservoir. Everything was all right, apparently. And yet he had a strange feeling of uneasiness.

"Turn up thirty tonight, Jimmy," he said, referring to the retaining valves which act as a safety measure on the down grade. "We want everything under control, with that high iron job ahead of us."

GILMAN pulled on his gloves, slipped the handle of his lantern over his arm and climbed onto the tender. He shook his head and blinked as the full fury of the storm struck him.

It was a nasty night. Nasty and cold. He moved slowly back along the rightly named hurricane deck, his body bent to the slashing northeaster.

Leering and triumphant, the storm gods looked on. It was all a horrible joke. Thirty retainers! Thirty cars, dragging their brakes, like boys on a double-runner with their heels down.

That was how it *should* have been. But already something had happened—and the devil's own was riding Second No. 8!

Caught by the pull of the one-and-a-half percent grade, the freight quickly increased its speed, with full tonnage lending its thrust to the forces that drove it on.

Bill Holman, confident of his ability to control the train, did not immediately make a service reduction.

At last he swung the handle of the brake equipment, making a service reduction of some twenty pounds. But nothing resulted.

A terrible premonition struck deep. He waited. Then, fearfully, he made a second reduction. Only a brief blow from the train pipe after the first release. *They were on the hill without brakes!*

Way across—into the big hole—

went the brake handle. Emergency! But there was only a slight gurgle. The heavy train was rushing on, faster and faster.

"We've lost our brakes!" Bill Holman's voice rose above the din of their going. "We're riding into hell!" He snatched at the whistle cord, and a shrieking wail ripped through the storm like a cry of a lost soul. "Get out and start tying 'em down!"

With a frightened oath the fireman leaped to obey.

The engineer applied the engine brake, but it made no impression against the horde of snarling demons behind. He fought her into back motion and opened the throttle, knowing as he did it that it was a futile effort.

"We've got a frozen train line," he told himself, "right behind us a few cars. Either that or somebody turned an angle cock."

He whistled again, a blood-curdling scream.

Bill Holman's first guess had been right. A frozen air hose three cars back was the cause of the trouble. And added to this tragic little kink in the ordinarily smooth order of things, the brakes on the rest of the train line back had been drained by a slow leak there at Summit.

Bill remembered other trains that had gone wild on the hill. Men would always talk of them. Death and disaster had followed in their wake. And now *his* train! They would pile up on a curve somewhere—or race down the grade and plunge into the rear of No. 8 at Lynchburg!

THE train wire sounder at Red River exploded into a mad and imperative summons.

RW, RW, RW—HC.

Tests but a few minutes before had revealed that No. 3 had failed. River View had a ground on to the east, thus making possible communication with Hillcrest and other stations west.

Almira Burnham answered the call with a brief, "I—I—

I-I—RW.

Came a chattering stream of frantic Morse characters, pounded out by a wild-eyed operator at Hillcrest.

2nd 8 by hr out of control. Whisling fr brakes.

Almira uttered a little cry and turned again to the switchboard. She took the ground off the train wire, hoping that, by some miracle, it might have been cleared. No, it was still open. She dropped hopelessly into her chair.

The Western Union Kid made several hurried tests, but the sleet had played havoc with the wires. Earlier efforts to reëstablish communication, before the failure of No. 3 had revealed that all lines were in trouble between Lynchburg and River View. The last contact to the east had been with a Western Union lineman west of Lynchburg.

"Looks like the big bust is between here an' Wayland," exclaimed the tramp operator excitedly. "If we could only raise 'em down there. Bet they got a wire east."

"It's no use," replied the woman. She was trembling. "Wayland is just a flag station, with an agent in the daytime. The office is closed at night. The agent lives a mile away."

The Western Union Kid went to the door. He was muttering fitful little oaths, which punctuated vague and wild declarations.

"Dammit, we got to get to Wayland!

Got to do it! Man, that hog an' her blasted string is goin' to hit 'em plenty. Got to get goin'."

"You can't get to Wayland!" cried the other in exasperation. "Don't talk like a fool!"

"Ain't there no speeder in this burg?" demanded the Kid. "Ain't there? What kind of a dump is it? Got to get down there—"

A LANTERN appeared from the direction of the freight shed. Both Miss Burnham and the Western Union Kid ran to meet it. Dan O'Brien, section foreman, had been clearing snow and ice from main line switches in the yards with some section hands.

"Four Forty-one's return passed Hillcrest out of control!" screamed the woman. "It's running as Second Eight, and the limited is just ahead of 'em. What can we do? Can't get the dispatcher. Everything's failed."

"We can't do nothin'," declared the foreman, "only pray to God they can wind up brakes enough to check 'em."

"The hell we can't do nothin'!" snarled the Western Union Kid. "Ain't there a speeder or a hand-car or some damn thing in this town I can ride? I just got to get over to Wayland, I tell you!"

"You're crazy!" stormed O'Brien. "If they can't tie 'em down on the freight, she'll go through like a bat out of hell. You'd be killed!"

"An' there's plenty more goin' to be killed if I don't make a stab at it," the Kid flung back. "I *gotta* make it!" His voice rose shrilly. "Get out somethin' with wheels on it, you big Turk. Come on!"

Dan O'Brien started away in a blundering run, the wanderer of the key on his heels. Just across the tracks was the blurred outline of the tool house.

"There's the signal man's speeder," panted the section boss. "It's faster than the hand-car. You might—"

"I will!" rasped the Kid.

The door was slammed back and together they lifted the three-wheeled vehicle to the rail.

"Why don't you go down the westbound?" the section foreman wanted to know.

But Almira Burnham, gray hair tossed about her face by the wind, was there with an instant counter to this suggestion.

"No! They called a crew in Lynchburg over an hour ago to go west. They'll be coming up the hill light. You'd only be going against 'em. Anyway, Number Eight cleared the eastbound rail of snow just a few minutes ago. It will be easier going."

"Put a maul on here," snapped the Western Union Kid. "I got to bust the door."

"And the lantern, Dan!" cried the woman breathlessly. "The lantern—quick! He'll need a light, and no time to try and get a kerosene lamp going."

A moment later the big foreman was pushing the speeder with all of his might, while the lone rider swayed back and forth, throwing himself into his task with a strength born of desperation.

"Holy Mother, pray for him!" choked O'Brien, as he gave a last shove.

"The Lord moves in mysterious ways," said Miss Burnham, her eyes misty with tears.

The Western Union Kid turned his head. "One good turn deserves another," he shouted back over his shoulder.

A moment later the slashing flakes

had closed about the 'bo on the speeder and he was lost in the blackness.

THE clock in the telegraph office at River View ticked the all too swift parade of seconds. A minute passed. Two. Three. Four. Five. A five-minute handicap in a race with death, the Western Union Kid had.

Plunging, careening, snarling she came. Second No. 8! She hurtled out of the snow-lashed night. A charging boiler-front, rimmed with snow, a dim-lit cab, crashing drivers and a lurching engine. Behind, thundered a train of drunken cars, flanges shrieking, wheels spitting fire.

The speed was so great that the trainmen on Second No. 8 could do little more now than cling desperately to brake-wheels. Bill Holman, face drawn and haggard, was still at his post. The whistle once more screamed its hysterical warning.

There was the hope that the operators on duty at Hillcrest and River View would get a message to the first section in time for the limited to pull into the clear at Lynchburg. If it held the rail, the runaway could be brought under control on the slight grade immediately east of the Lynchburg yards.

Three miles west of Wayland the Western Union Kid glimpsed a tangle of wires at a spot where a pole had given away. Everything down. That was the way it looked.

Chances were, the man on the speeder told himself, there'd be something east of Wayland. This might be the only bad break on the hill. He felt sure he'd get a wire down there.

All he had to do now was to beat Second No. 8 to the black and deserted little telegraph office that stood as the finish line in this desperate race between a train running wild and a man-driven little speeder. That was all—just make Wayland.

Stinging particles cut at the face of the Western Union Kid. The wind eddied about him in savage gusts, snatching at his garments and making it difficult to get his breath. Except for vague and ghostly shapes that now and then appeared for a fleeting instant, he could see nothing. The blizzard engulfed him.

Suddenly a headlight winked through the blackness and a black shape trundled past on the westbound track. It was an engine and caboose. A startled oath burst from the man on the speeder. His nerves were keyed to a high pitch.

"That's the light hitch the old dame spoke about," he muttered. "Damn thing liked to scare me to death."

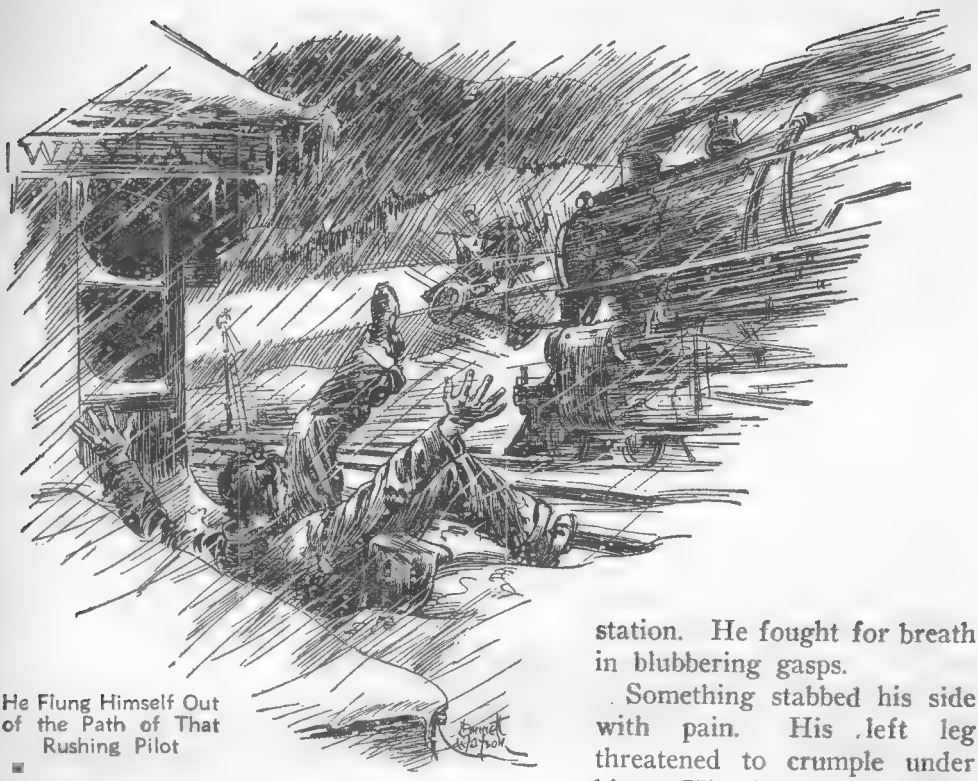
He pumped with all his might, jerking back and forth until it seemed that his arms must be wrenched from his gaunt frame. He certainly was in no physical condition to stand the gaff long. Soon he'd be fighting on nerve alone.

Now and then he turned his head to glance fearfully over his shoulder. Little chance that he would get more than a moment's warning from the charging freight. It would be up his back before he knew it.

He had no way of knowing how far he had come, or yet of the distance that remained. Wayland was somewhere down the hill. He hoped it was close.

A GREEN switch lamp cast its winking gleam through the storm. The man on the speeder, now little more than an animated snowball, saw it. He was getting close. The rails broke in a long curve. Cars in a passing track loomed close on his right.

And then, roaring out of the night



He Flung Himself Out of the Path of That Rushing Pilot

there behind him, came Second No. 8. There was the flash of a headlight and a crashing iron thunder of the runaway train, now bearing down on the midget speeder and its rider.

No time to use the brake, no chance to save the maul or the lantern; scarcely time to save himself. The Western Union Kid flung himself from his seat in a desperate dive out of the path of that rushing pilot.

The snow between the rails of the westbound tracks cushioned his fall. He rolled over and over in a furry mass of white, while in his ears there echoed a terrible din of wheels and trucks. His hurtling body came to rest at last beside a bit of raised planking. It was the platform of the little depot at Wayland.

He dragged himself to his feet with an effort, and blundered toward the station. He fought for breath in blubbering gasps.

Something stabbed his side with pain. His left leg threatened to crumple under him. His face was scraped and bloody, but only one thought persisted in the brain of this frail and ragged wanderer.

The key! He just had to get to the key! Just let Lady Luck give him a smile, and he would come through.

Every second was precious. No time to waste hunting for something to break down the door, and he had no strength to waste on futile efforts. One way in, and only. With bare hands the Western Union Kid smashed the glass of a window in the little bay of the telegraph office, and then dragged himself across the sill.

He cut himself unmercifully, but neither knew nor cared about his wounds. He had reached his objective. A wire was here under his hands. If only that thin-drawn bit of iron was still riding high to its cross-arm perch between here and Lynchburg!

The Western Union Kid fumbled for a match, but there was snow in the pocket. He was going to plug in the local set. He could do it in the dark in a blundering fashion, but he might get a commercial circuit set up, and he wanted that No. 3, the train wire last in use.

His eye caught a faint, yellow gleam from the little pot-bellied stove in the corner. There was a trace of fire yet on the grate.

He reached for a pad of train order tissues on the telegraph table. He ripped away a dozen sheets, jerked open the door of the stove and tossed them onto what remained of the coal fire. They flared up.

The Western Union Kid found the brief illumination thus afforded sufficient for him to make out the numbers pasted on the side of the switchboard. His bleeding fingers caught at the little plugs feverishly.

He cut in No. 3, grounding it to the west; then reached for the key. Already the murmur of the relay and the click of the sounder had told him that the wire was good to the east.

He pounded out a call. He knew the Lynchburg letters from his brief efforts in the telegraph office up there at River View.

NB, NB, NB—WD.

THE Lynchburg operator strained toward the chattering sounder in the resonator on the table before him. Who in hell had opened up the office at Wayland? One of the linemen, he reasoned, as soon as he answered, the Morse from Wayland was rapped out in a furious burst:

Clr the eastbound! 2nd 8 wild! By hr. WD.

The operator sprang up, yelling at a half a dozen railroad men lounging in a room near by. They dashed down the stairs. There were warning shouts, lanterns waved madly and trainmen raced into action.

Two terse blasts broke from the dome of the engine on First No. 8 as a brakeman bawled at the cab. Followed the immediate hiss of releasing air and the quick cough of the exhaust from deep in the throat of the big Pacific. Couplings jerked and the cars began to move.

Down in the yards a switchlight glowed red, a lantern moved up and down. Weaving in off the main went the varnished cars of the limited. At last the marker lights showed in clear, and the switch again flicked to green.

Almost before the switch points had lined the iron of the eastbound main, there came a blasting screech of a freight engine's whistle, crying through the storm from just around the bend.

A headlight stabbed the snow-laden blackness and a rocking locomotive careened from the tangent and flung herself at the Lynchburg depot. Cars borne by thundering wheels streamed behind at a speed that no man dared estimate. The miracle was that the runaway had stayed on the iron.

A smashing blast of snow swept the platform as the iron-tipped tornado lunged past, and Second No. 8 was by—with First 8 safe in the clear with its precious cargo of human freight.

Far on past the yards to the east, Bill Holman, a hero in his own right, brought the freight to a stop. A switcher came out with a yard crew to lend aid to the nerve-shaken trainmen on Second No. 8. The frozen air hose was cleared, the brakes pumped up and the long drag backed into the yards.

Pat Regan, superintendent, was in

Lynchburg that night, and he was one of the first to talk to Holman, and give him a pat on the back.

"Yeah," said the engineer, who had recently emerged from a brush with death, "but who in hell was the bird coming down the hill ahead of us on a speeder?"

"A speeder?" cried Regan. The light of understanding suddenly dawned. "The hell you say!"

"The hell I do!" declared the engineer. "It popped out of the blackness right under our pilot as we were passing Wayland depot. We hit that thing, and knocked it so high I bet it won't ever come down. There was somebody on it, but I don't know whether they jumped or not before we socked 'em. It was that close."

"By damn!" cried Regan. "I see it all now. We had lost our wires somewhere east of River View. Not a circuit was working through when you tipped over the hump. Hillcrest must have got a flash to River View that you were out of control, but Almira Burnham couldn't raise us here. So somebody grabbed a speeder and started for Wayland ahead of you. Might have been that old girl herself, I don't know."

"If it was," said Bill Holman reverently, "I'll kiss the frozen-faced old grouch every time I go through there for the rest of my life."

"I'll kiss her anyhow," declared Regan, "because if she didn't ride the blasted speeder herself, she was responsible for the one who did. By Judas, *that* was railroading!"

ALMIRA BURNHAM and Pat Regan met at the hospital. Two veterans of the River Division. Both were stern-faced, rough-spoken, big-hearted. A lovable pair of human beings, half ashamed of their own finer qualities.

"You here?" growled Mr. Regan.

"Well, what of it?" barked the woman. "Can't a body visit the sick if they got a mind to, without answering to a brass hat?"

The superintendent eyed Almira Burnham closely. She was stiff and formal in her Sunday best, but there was a strange light in her face, a hint of moisture in her eyes and a slight quiver of the lip when she spoke.

He was a little puzzled. He already knew something of the story of the night before, but he wanted to know more of it. He wanted it from Almira Burnham herself.

And she told him—told him of the 'bo who came cringing in out of the storm, told him of the Western Union Kid, the wistful wanderer, who had stepped into the breach, offering to pay with his life for a cup of coffee and a kind word.

"Huh!" grunted Regan, swallowing a lump with an effort, and blowing his nose noisily. "So that was the how of it. I'll be damned! Hur-rump! Humph! Brass pounder. A boomer, eh? Good man to have around. Let's go in and talk to him—you and me."

The Western Union Kid, for all the torment of his bruised and torn body, was warm and content. Everything was white and clean. The bed was comfortable. The doc and the nurse smiled at him and spoke cheeringly. Outside, the sun was shining on a world of dazzling white. It wasn't such a bum break for a guy, at that.

Almira Burnham and Pat Regan came and stood by the bed, looking down at him.

"How're you feeling, brass pounder?" the superintendent inquired gruffly.

"Swell," declared the other, wincing from a flash of pain. "I—I ain't been so comfortable for years."

"It was a terrible chance you took," said the woman. "I want to be the first to tell you what a brave thing it was to do. We all owe you a sight more than we can ever repay."

"Aw-w, geez, lady," the Western Union Kid protested, "it wa'n't nothin'. I'd do it again. Y' know, it was tough to be on the bum last night, an' that old telegraph office was sorta like heaven. With the instruments clickin' an' that shaded light an' fire in the store—an' that mug of Java! Say, I coulda gone to hell with a cheer after that."

"I want to see you when you get on your feet again," said Regan in a sympathetic tone. "What did you say your name was?"

"The Western Union Kid!" came the reply. "I usta be called Timmy McCarty, but that wa'n't me real name. Me old man was Chet Stewart, an' he—"

"Chet—Stewart!" Almira Burnham gasped. "Why—why—"

Suddenly she was not a sour-faced old woman any more. Her features glowed. Sunshine was there. Sunshine and tears. She turned to Pat Regan, rested a hand on his arm, and said:

"That's my boy!"

A BOOMER'S REVERIE

WHEN the days are long and woods full of song,
And the grass grows wild and free,
And the day's as bright as a hog's headlight
Through a night of dark immensity;

When Springtime's come and insects hum,
And the wood dove coos to his mate,
And a joyful note comes from the throat
Of some big long through freight;

When they whistle off and give a cough,
That means they're on their way.
My heart's right there where the headlight's glare
Plays on the ribbons that takes 'em away.

There's more delight on some wild night,
When the rain is pouring down,
In riding a "through" to scenes that are new
Than switching cars in town.

There's a musical sound as the wheels go 'round
And the miles go racing by.
It kind of relieves a heart that grieves,
To feel you're as free as the birds on high.

Don't tell me a word of the home-guard bird
Whose pay's as sure as fate;
If he likes it, all right, but it's beat a damsite,
Making the miles on a long through freight.

—ANONYMOUS, clipped by Roy Phillips, Mart, Texas.

Famous ENGINEERS

by Stookie Allen

CHARLIE FROTH-INGHAM

CHARLIE WAS BORN IN 1845. BEGAN RAILROADING AS A LABORER ON A GRADING TEAM ON THE OLD KENOSHA, ROCKFORD & ROCK ISLAND. (NOW CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN).

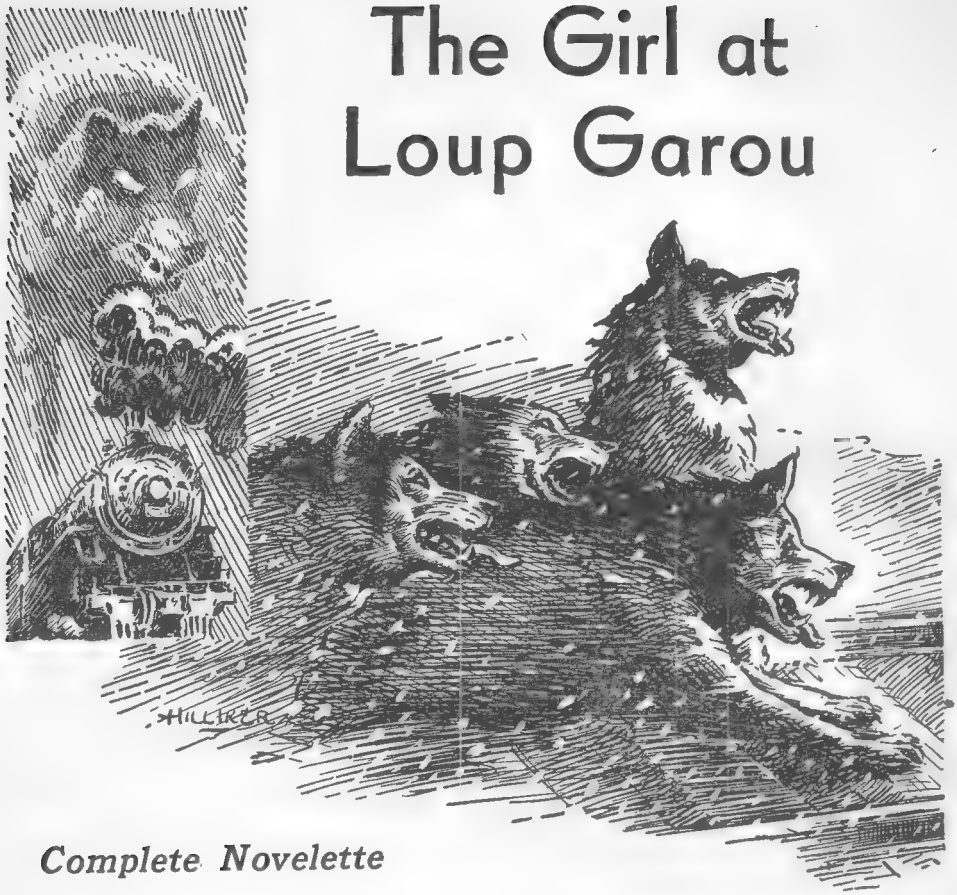
WHEN 18 HE HIRED OUT AS A C. & N.W. FIREMAN, AND TWO YEARS LATER WAS RUNNING A LOCOMOTIVE. WHEN RETIRED ON JAN. 1, 1916, HE HAD BEEN AN ENGINEER FOR 50 YEARS!

ON JULY 4, 1876, A SPECIAL TRAIN CARRYING CO. C, FIRST REGIMENT INFANTRY, ILLINOIS STATE GUARD, WAS WRECKED NEAR BELOIT, WIS. ALTHOUGH HE NARROWLY MISSED BEING KILLED, FROTHINGHAM STUCK TO HIS POST AND STOPPED THE TRAIN, THUS SAVING THE LIVES OF MANY SOLDIERS. FOR THIS HE WAS GIVEN A MEDAL AND A RESOLUTION OF THANKS FROM THE STATE GUARD.

HE LIVES AT 1246 JENIFER ST., MADISON, WIS.

Next Month—DANIEL WILLARD (B. & O.)

The Girl at Loup Garou



Complete Novelette

THE long freight wound up Rattlesnake Mountain, high in the Canadian Rockies, and went in the siding at Silver Cliff to meet No. 8 and let No. 1 by. Having inspected their train as good brakemen should, "Gyp" Scott and Terry O'Brien went over the top, entered the cupola through the side window, fished paper bags from leather grips, and began a midnight lunch.

Red-headed, freckle-faced, still in his early twenties, Terry had been born in the Province of Manitoba and reared in the State of Arkansas. Gypsy Scott, black-haired, dark-complexioned, meticulously dressed, was a native of the Ozark Hills. Ever since the night four years ago when he had pulled Terry out of the burning wreck of an oil drag, down below Muskogee, they had been booming together. This fall Terry had persuaded Gyp to come north and help run the trains of the Dominion while her sons were gone to war.

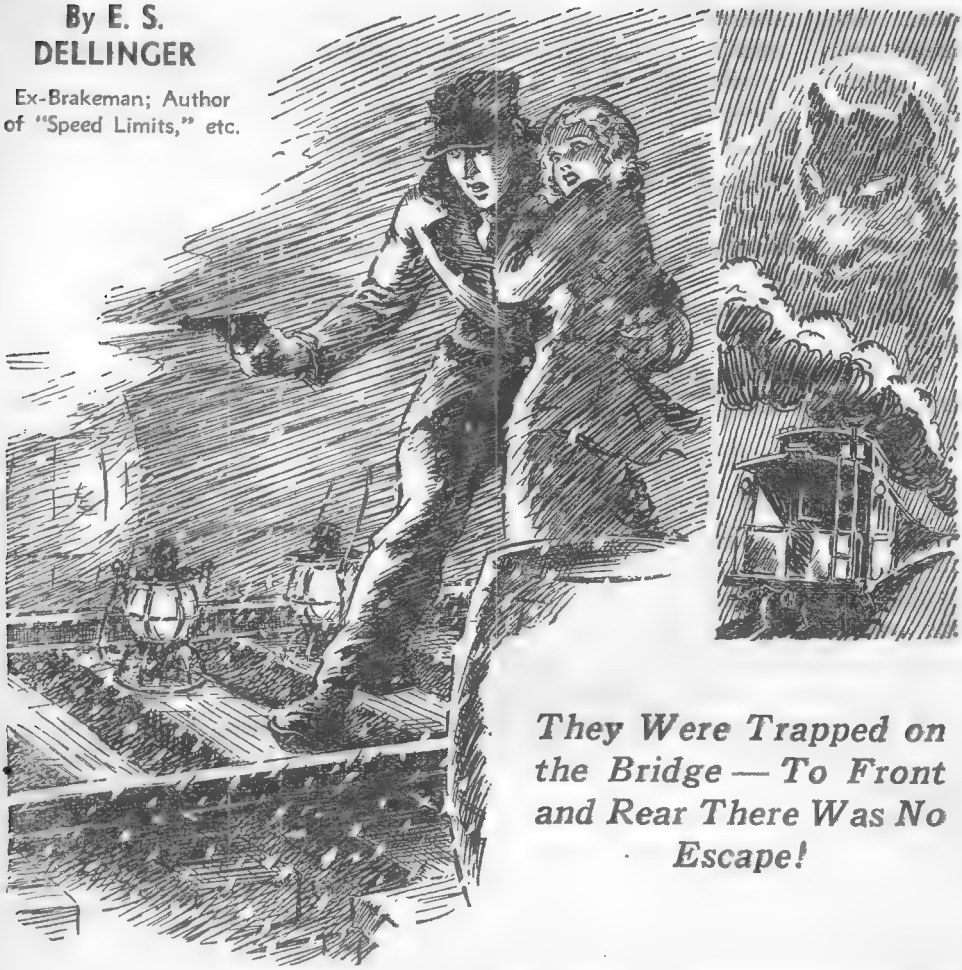
They were making their first trip.

While they ate Conductor Graham entered from the rear, made notes on a delay sheet and came to join them. Swinging into the seat opposite Gyp, he handed over a single sheet of tissue with its clearance.

"We're following Number One down the hill," he told Terry. "She'll be by in forty minutes."

By E. S. DELLINGER

Ex-Brakeman; Author of "Speed Limits," etc.



They Were Trapped on the Bridge — To Front and Rear There Was No Escape!

"O.K., Cap," breezed Terry. "We'll feed the face an' be over at the head, ready to open the gate."

Gyp, who worked the rear, unfolded and read the order:

Extra 5206 East has right over Number 43, Eng. 5374, Devil's Gateway to Loup Garou.

"Loup Garou!" mused Gyp. "Werewolf, huh? Helluva name for a railroad station."

"Is rawther queer." Old Bill Graham did not look up. He tamped a load in the short stemmed pipe and lighted it. "The tunnel ahead of us comes into a canyon of the same name." He made no further comment.

Terry finished his lunch and went to the head end. Shortly before midnight No. 1 passed; and No. 43 followed her out.

As soon as they emerged from the tunnel, Gyp and Terry hit the tops, setting air retaining valves so the engineer could hold the heavy train on the twenty-five mile grade into Devil's Gateway. By the time they met a half mile of the canyon was behind them. In the soft light of the waning moon, they peered about.

The Loup Garou was a box canyon. The level floor, a scant quarter mile in

width, was covered with gigantic spruce trees. Walls of gray granite rose sheer for a thousand feet. The canyon ended abruptly at the east, as if some giant had cut through the mountain with a scroll saw, and lifted bodily from its setting the irregular chunk of granite which the waters of ages had worn away.

"The Loup Garou, huh?" Gyp said again.

"Sure would be a spooky spot to go flaggin' at one A.M.," Terry said with a laugh.

Gyp shrugged.

A mile rolled backward under scorching wheels. Brakes groaned and muttered. Box cars bucked and jostled. The two buddies stood side by side watching the gash of the Loup Garou unwind.

While they watched the whistle sounded. It was two short blasts, the answer to a signal. They listened. The echoes bounded back and forth like the echoes of a gunshot in a lonely vacant cabin. Before these echoes died away the whistle sounded again. This time a long blast was followed by three short ones—the signal to Gyp to go back into the canyon and protect the rear end of the train.

Gyp was not perturbed. He trotted back over the train to get his lantern and fusees, and a moment later disappeared around the curve.

Terry went to the engine. When he slid into the cab a uniformed passenger flagman from No. 1 was talking to the engineer.

"What's the matter, pard?" Terry asked.

"I don't know, buddy," the flagman answered. "The hoghead kicked on the air an' we stopped just around the curve."

Engineer Mike Mulcahey pulled No. 43 down against the rear of No. 1. Terry and Mike went with the flagman to the last coach of the passenger train. While they waited No. 1's conductor came back.

"What's up, Squiers?" queried Mike.

"Gaston keeled over," the conductor spoke softly.

"Gaston!" cried the flagman. "You don't mean he's—"

"Dead as a door nail," finished the conductor. "Fireman said he looked at him once, said he was sittin' up straight as a string. A minute later the air went on. He went over to see what was wrong, and Bert Gaston was stone dead."

"Well, if that don't beat hell!" muttered Mike. "Reckon they'll call *this* heart disease."

"This damned ghost walk's sure got it in for that Gaston family," Squiers said slowly.

"Three of 'em!" muttered Mike.

Terry, Old Bill Graham, and Mike Mulcahey went with the two passenger men over to the head of No. 1. They were there a long while.

Questioning the flagman, Terry heard briefly the story of the canyon.

WHEN white men came, the place had been the haunt of a pack of timber wolves. Trappers had come into it—and had not gone out. Other trappers built up legends. The pack of wolves was led by a "werewolf"—a "Loup Garou." The trappers had named the canyon—and had shunned it.

The English had come. They had been skeptics. They had explored the canyon and had built the railroad through it. Both during and since construction things had happened. Copious records kept by them showed a

natural cause for every catastrophe which had occurred. According to these records, there was nothing unusual about it. The fact that the Gaston family practically had been wiped out during the last fifteen years was due solely to the law of chance. So was the fact that most of the trouble had come during the month of February. And the fact that the ever-lessening pack of timber wolves returned for a few days to the dismal reaches of the canyon was due to the habits of the beasts themselves, hunting the decreasing game supply.

Here the flagman had shrugged significantly, as though he himself were a bit skeptical, and had volunteered the information that over at the rooming house in Devil's Gateway was an old breed trapper, a man who had lived a hundred years within sight of the snow peaks hanging over it. This old man, so the flagman said, had explained it all in one brief sentence.

"*C'est le Loup Garou!*"

Terry looked at the flagman, rasped out one word.

"Bunk!"

Finally Mike Mulcahey took charge of the passenger engine. Terry fired the freight and the fireman ran it. They went on in.

The Little Blond Lightning Slinger

IT was this same morning, shortly after Bert Gaston had died, that Marie Gaston began figuring in the lives of the two boomers; and Terry, contrary to custom, met her first.

Now, Terry was not a ladies' man. Gyp Scott was. Ever since they had been booming together, Gyp had dolled up, had ridden the caboose, and had kept an eye on the women. Terry had worn rough clothes, had worked the head end, had taken the raps, and had looked after Gyp. Feeling that he owed his life to his handsome partner, Terry had followed like a faithful hound.

If Gyp craved amusement at stud or draw, Terry rolled up his sleeves and took a hand. True, Terry had no luck at cards; and his hands were clumsy. Gyp's luck was good, and his fingers were slim, sensitive, and supple. In fact, more than once Terry had bruised brawny fists on boomer mouths which dared suggest maybe Gyp's luck was *too* good, and his fingers *too* nimble. So engrossed had Terry been in looking after Gyp that it had been four years since he had had a new suit of clothes, or the price of a smiling date.

On this September morning they drifted down into Loup Garou. It consisted of a lone telegraph office, a passing track, and a house 200 yards away, where the day operator lived with his wife and two babies. As they rounded the curve, the fireman called across the cab:

"Hi, git that order over there, will yuh?"

Now Terry had grabbed thousands of orders from an engine step. He had often boasted that in six years' braking he had never missed a hoop.

This morning, whether it was the sweet, tear-stained face which peered fearfully up at the gigantic engine, or the graceful curves of her small lithe figure, Terry was not able to determine. He always declared, of course, it was because he had glazed his eyeballs peering into the red hot firebox. Whatever the cause, he got his blue eyes tangled up in a fleeting glimpse of face and curves and never could get them back on the order hoop.

He missed the hoop as a bungling student would. He yelled at the fireman. The fireman applied the rest of his air. Terry leaped off on both feet, took a spill, and went back for the order.

When he met the little operator, stumbling down the platform, her blue eyes were moist. Her chin was quivering.

"I'm—I'm so sorry, sir!" she quavered. "I guess I was not holding it right. I—"

"That's all right, miss!" Terry assured her. He fumbled with the order a long while, admiringly scanned the tearful face. "Why, yuh see, I missed that order. You wasn't to blame at all. It was me that bungled. Don't you cry another bit about it."

Terry assumed, of course, that the girl was crying because he had missed a "19" order. He did not know her tears were for her only uncle, Bert Gaston, who had just died at his throttle coming down the Loup Garou. It was days before he learned that fact, or knew how intricately the threads of her life were intertwined with the Loup Garou. It was weeks before he and Gyp began to realize how through her the hand of Fate was surely weaving their own lives into the fantastic pattern.

AGAIN Gyp and Terry were on No. 43. Again their drag was dropping down the narrow slit of the Loup Garou. On both sides gray granite cliffs towered toward the stars, and beyond the cliffs rugged peaks glistened white in the dull glow of the waning moon.

One long blast of the engine whistle on the midnight air proclaimed that the train had passed a whistling post; and a second later, a short, sharp toot informed the men that the engineer remembered a meeting point at the lonely station in the haunted canyon.

Even before the whistle sounded, Brakeman Terry O'Brien was hopping nimbly over the frosty tops, going forward to open the switch so Matt Mulcahey could get the train into the clear without stopping No. 6, due shortly from the west. Matt was whistling when Terry leaped the tank and slid down the coal into the deck.

"It's time ye was gittin' over here, ye red-headed son of Erin," roared a good-natured engineer. "I thought it was meself was goin' to have to get out an'—"

"Keep yer collar on, ye blabber-mouthed lung puller," Terry roared back. "Any time your head brakeman's Terry O'Brien, you can figure—"

He did not finish his sentence. Already the green glow of the light at the passing track switch was showing on the short tangent. Terry crawled over the running board, slipped across the steel platform of the 5223, and stood on the four-inch plate which runs along the nose of the pilot. The switchlight swam toward him through the narrow lane in the tall ranks of Alaskan spruce. Among the moss-laden trunks the headlight played on flitting shadows, like the ghosts of dead things. When the green light was fifty yards away he left the step, sprinted to the switch, unlocked it, threw it for the passing track and signaled ahead.

As the engine swerved in past him, he swung himself deftly on the four inch ledge. He did not let the train run by as he often did. In the first place, No. 6 was due within ten minutes; and when a passenger train is that close, a good brakeman stays near the head end so he can do a job of flag-

ging. Besides, Terry remembered things had happened around Loup Garou.

That was one reason he caught the pilot.

The other reason he had not seen for a week. He hoped she was still on duty at the telegraph office on the curve.

EAGERLY he peered into the darkness as the engine rounded the bend. The order board was green. There was a white light wiggling on the platform beneath it. Terry's pulse quickened.

The engine passed the station. Terry swung off the pilot step under pretense of watching the train run by, but he did not watch long. He crossed the main track toward the wiggling white lantern. In the glow of the light from the bay window he caught the glint of green, and beneath the green the unmistakable flash of smiling teeth. He sauntered nearer the light.

"Good morning, op!" he breezed.

"Good morning, brakie!"

The answer was in a piping girlish voice, the kind of voice he had associated with that face and figure.

"How's tricks?"

"Oh, just fine, thank you. How are you?"

"O.K., I reckon!"

The cars were rattling by. Terry tried to think of something else to say.

When nearly half the train had gone his keen nostrils detected a taint in the pure mountain air. An instant later his ear picked up a sound. There was no mistaking either noise or odor. A few cars back from the middle of the train was a hot journal box. It was squealing for grease.

Terry smothered a vicious "damn." The girl looked quickly around.

"Did you say something?"

"I said I had a hot box," snapped Terry.

As if suddenly remembering that she should report to a dispatcher the arrival of a freight train, the young lady started into the office. Terry glanced after her. A shapely hand was adjusting a green tam. Glimpsing hand and tam, Terry was tempted to follow her in, and let Gyp look after the hot box.

Instead of following the impulse, he grabbed the reeking car as it passed and rode it down to clear. All the way, occasional spurts of flame burst from the smoking journal, and continual bursts of profanity from the lips of the brakeman. When the train stopped he lifted the lid of the journal box. Flame shot out. The packing was on fire.

Terry slammed down the lid and started to the caboose. As he came in sight of the office a white light detached itself from the string of box cars, crossed the platform, and disappeared inside.

TERRY'S lips tightened. Gyp Scott had always boasted that once he had his foot in the door of a woman's affections, there was no resisting his advance. Terry had never questioned it. Until now he had never given a hoot.

His step quickened. He fairly ran to the office and flung open the door. Gyp was already perched on the instrument table, his leg dangling and his handsome face familiarly near the girl's.

Terry stopped.

Gyp fingered a green silk tie on his black sateen shirt, flecked dust from a brown kid shoe. He winked at Terry. More than once Terry had seen that wink. For the first time in four years, he felt a surge of jealous rage rising against the partner.

"We've got a hot one over here, Gyp," he informed. "We've got to put in a brass."

"That's too bad, kid," Gyp breathed. "Suppose you run on back to the crummy and fetch over the outfit. Maybe I'll come out an' help brass it. Right now—"

Terry glowered. Gyp smiled and smirked, and winked again. Terry looked down at the little operator. She was blushing, and she did not look at him. With a smothered oath he strode from the office.

The way car rocked and swayed with the violence of his entry. Old Bill Graham, veteran Canadian conductor, looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"We've got a hot one over here," mumbled Terry. "We've got to brass it."

Working furiously, Terry got together the two-man load. He jabbed packing hook and tool into the dope pail. He slammed a ten-inch brass into the dope beside them. He yanked out a screw jack, an iron bar, and an oak block. Finally he filled the water pail at the caboose barrel.

All the while the old Scotch-Canadian was watching him. As Terry began collecting into two hands the load for four, Bill sauntered up behind.

"May I ask where the black haired blighter is?" he queried.

"If you mean my partner, he's over there," Terry answered belligerently.

The old man stuffed a slim train book into a jumper pocket, took the water pail and the jack block away from Terry, and followed him out of the car. As they approached the smoking hot box Gyp Scott came out of the office. He was whistling. The conductor looked at Gyp and then at Terry.

No. 6 ran. The brakemen brassed the journal. By the time they had finished, Terry's little flare had left him. He was whistling and joking, but all the while he was thinking of the little blonde in the lonely station. Old Bill Graham came back before they finished. He eyed the two brakemen again, but didn't say a word.

Back into the Loup!

BILL GRAHAM'S caboose was equipped like a café car. Terry was a first-class chef as well as a brakeman, so they cooked and ate on the car when they were in Devil's Gateway. That is, Terry cooked and Gyp and Bill ate.

Old Bill never spoke that morning, either while Terry was frying the ham and eggs or during the meal. Terry was not surprised, for the conductor was stingy with words.

Terry didn't talk much himself. He kept thinking about a pair of blue eyes, and a green tam, and a mass of flaxen curls. Terry felt strange. Something had come to him which he had never known before. Gyp Scott, in his usual way, discussed the little blonde lightning slinger down on the ghostwalk, wondered if she didn't get lonesome all by herself, reckoned she should be glad to see some he-men come by now and then to serve as protectors.

Gyp did not see the look of fury which swept over the usually smiling face of his partner. Neither of them saw the hard glint which came into the eyes of the old conductor, who in utter silence took it all in.

When he had finished eating Old Bill shoved back the cracker box on which

he sat, fished out the short-stemmed pipe, loaded it, lighted it.

"There's something perhaps I should tell you boys," he said slowly. He looked first at Terry, then at Gyp.

"Out with it, major," Gyp commanded.

Removing the pipe, Bill pointed the stem at his rear brakeman.

"Maybe you should know," he said softly, "that if you want to be happy and popular on this railroad, you'd better watch your step down around Loup Garou."

He arose abruptly and walked to the desk. Terry grinned broadly.

"You mean the canyon ghost?" he queried.

"I mean Marie Gaston." Bill looked at Gyp, not at Terry.

"Marie Gaston?"

Gyp's brown eyes came up in innocent questioning. Terry flushed.

"Yes, Marie Gaston. The girl operator at the Loup."

"Oh! oh!" Gyp breathed the exclamation, arched his brows and looked at the conductor. "Relative of yours, is she, general?"

The old man flushed. With what was an apparent effort to control himself he turned to answer.

"Not exactly. She's Ranse Gaston's kid."

"Don't believe I know Ranse," Gyp replied.

"You don't. He disappeared before your time."

"Disappeared?" Gyp smirked at Terry, who was not grinning.

"Yes, disappeared." The old conductor dropped down on the cracker box and hitched it back to the table.

"Sounds like another ghost story," laughed Gyp. "Is it?"

"No!" Old Bill snapped the answer. "Same one!"

GYP flipped a fag into the coal hod and fished out another cigarette. Terry rolled his own. The short-stemmed pipe was dead, but Bill did not relight it. He stretched both arms across the table in front of him, played with the piece of wood. His eyes took on a far-away look.

"I ran a work train on this job during construction," he began in a low tone. "Old Ranse Gaston—that was Marie's grandfather—had the job on the big trestle, the one three miles below Loup Garou. His camp was in the spruce grove below the trestle. We heard lots about the ghosts in the canyon. Old Ranse scoffed at them. So did all of us, for that matter. We never believed the stuff. Young Ranse had his wife with him. Marie was born down there in the construction camp."

"That so?" Gyp interrupted purposely.

"Yes. Three days after she was born, we buried Mrs. Gaston under the cliff edge. That was in February. Young Ranse almost went wild. A few days later, Old Ranse was working over the gorge. His foot slipped off an icy timber."

The conductor paused, looked from the window.

"Three hundred feet is a long drop," he added, "and Old Ranse had no wings."

Gyp was still smiling, but somehow the smile had lost its meaning.

"After the road was built," Bill continued, "Young Ranse took a job braking. Seemed like he could never bring hisself to leave this canyon, where everything he had except the kid was buried. He brought her Swedish grandparents down—he had married a Swedish girl—and settled them at the mouth of the canyon.

"Thirteen years ago this fall, Ranse

took the job working rear end for me. He wasn't worth a damn as a brakeman. Never was, but—well, we all knew he had the kid to look after. You know?

"One night in February, the seventeenth, I remember, we got a car off the track going down the canyon. There was a lumber train following us. Ranse went back flagging . . ."

"Did he—" Terry began in an awed tone.

"He never came back. Hoghead on the lumber train said he hit one torpedo in the middle of the long trestle. He stopped. We went back to find Ranse. We found the handle of a pocket knife on a bridge timber. The blade was broken out of it. There was a few drops of blood on the snow. They led straight toward the grave under the cliff. We never found Ranse."

"Wolves?" queried Gyp.

The old man shook his head slowly, solemnly.

"Wolves don't eat bones and clothing. No, it wasn't wolves. Brass hats figgered maybe Ranse had jumped off into the gorge. Sixty feet of snow in it. Not a chance to find him, until spring. And there was a landslide that winter."

Terry would have asked other questions. Gyp uttered a laugh which had no mirth in it.

"I didn't aim to tell you boys this tale," Old Bill concluded. "What I started out to say is that the girl at the Loup is Ranse Gaston's kid. She took the job when the War started. Fate put her here in this damned hole to issue train orders. She's young, and she's good looking. She may not be *sophisticated,* but she's got a helluva lot of friends on this division."

Old Bill buttoned the coat and started out. Gyp called after him:

"Thanks for the tip, grandpa!" Then he turned to Terry. Again he was smiling the wise, knowing smile. *"C'est le Loup Garou!"* he quoted.

Gyp played solitaire. Terry washed the dishes. All the while he kept thinking of the girl.

AT the end of the next trip Gyp Scott laid off with a sprained ankle. Terry was entitled to work the rear in his stead, but he did not want to. Always he had followed the engine. He did not feel at home around a caboose.

Besides, he did not like Bill Graham. What the old man had said about Marie, Terry had taken to himself. He resented interference with his first love affair. He was certain he would not like this old bird, who spoke only to bawl a brakeman out.

Consequently when he came to work that night he sent the extra man to the caboose, and he went to the roundhouse for the engine. The conductor and the head brakeman were both there when he coupled on. Old Bill took the short-stemmed pipe from a thin mouth and pointed it at Terry.

"I want you to work the rear tonight, O'Brien," he said shortly.

"Yeah? I'd rather—"

"I don't give a damn what you'd rather! I want you on the rear."

Terry coupled the air and went to the caboose. Before the night was done he was glad he had.

All the way to Sleepy Valley the conductor sat in the cupola and smoked, while Terry sat there and whistled. They did not exchange a dozen words on the hundred miles.

The return trip began in the same manner. It was 2.40 A.M. when they emerged from the tunnel. Terry turned up his retainers and went back half

way to the caboose. They dropped slowly down the long hill. When they came in sight of Loup Garou he went to the left side of the train and sat on the roof of a box car.

The order board was green. The light in the office was burning. Marie Gaston was out with her lantern. Terry lifted his lamp and yelled:

"Hello, kid!"

She wagged hers and yelled back.

Terry grinned, and a genial glow thrilled his being. Immediately he began thinking that if he ever got a chance to make love to that little daughter of the Loup, Old Bill Graham's warning would not have much effect.

The freight rolled on down the hill, brakes growling, flanges squealing. Soon it crossed the high trestle, where the track crosses from the north side of the canyon. This was the trestle built of many lengths of heavy timbers, intricately woven together, and was more than 200 feet high. As they ran off it Terry felt a sudden shock which told him the engineer had set brakes.

A moment later the whistle sounded —a long blast and three short ones— calling out a flagman from the rear. Terry hurried to the caboose to get his flagging equipment. He met Graham on the caboose platform.

"Have you a gun?" the old man asked.

"Hell, no! What use does a brakeman have for a gun?"

"You'd better get one if you aim to work this job."

"Bunk!"

Old Bill went toward the engine. Terry walked back up the track.

WHILE he walked he whistled; and while he whistled he wished for an excuse to go back into Loup Garou.

"Damn shame this couldn't have happened three miles up the hill!" he grumbled. "If it had—"

He peered into the black shadows among the trees. The shadows seemed to be moving. The canyon was lonely. Voices were whispering, and the whisper was echoing through the depths. Terry told himself it was the wind among the trees. What else could it be? The place was utterly deserted, and he was utterly alone.

At the end of twenty minutes the head brakeman came walking rapidly up the track.

"There's a coupla boulders down there in the middle of the track," he told Terry. "One of 'em's big as a house. If we'd gone ten feet further, we'd sloughed into them. Cap said for you to flag back into the Loup an' order out the hook."

"Back into the Loup!" Terry's incredulous heart was pounding.

"Sure. Back into the Loup."

Terry started toward the station. He whistled most of the way. He tried to figure out some things he could say to Marie Gaston. He wondered how long it would be before he had her in his arms.

The moment he came in sight of Loup Garou, he knew something was wrong there. What it was he could not at first determine. Finally he decided the order board light was not burning. That, however, was no cause for alarm. Order board lights often go out during the night.

He hurried into the office. It was empty. The little operator was gone. He called. There was no answer. In alarm, he dashed to the platform. He called again. Still no answer. He looked off through the trees, where he knew the day operator lived in a little cottage.

Then he saw something lying in the middle of the track. He strode to it and picked it up. It was a skeleton frame lantern, like the one he was carrying. The guards were bent and the globe was broken. It was still warm.

Terry looked uneasily around. Finally he looked up and uttered an exclamation of surprise. Twenty feet above the platform, on the narrow steel ladder going to the top of the semaphore, he could see something silhouetted against the sky.

Terry opened his mouth to call. He snapped it quickly shut. It suddenly dawned upon him that Marie Gaston had climbed the ladder to light her semaphore lamp and had not come down.

Heart pounding, he started up the ladder. The thin steel slats wobbled. The figure far up above was jostling. It looked as if his every step might loosen it and send it crashing to the platform.

At the top he found her. In the frantic struggle with fading consciousness she had thrust one leg between two rungs of the ladder, and locked her arms into the cold steel. Thus she was clinging to the steps.

TERRY released her, took her under his arm like a sack of feathers, and descended to the platform. Quickly entering the door, he placed her on a long bench and knelt beside her. She blinked up helplessly into his grinning face. He didn't know what to do.

"What happened?" he queried.

"I—went up the ladder to light the lamp. I guess I must have—fainted."

Tears were slipping out of her blue eyes and down over the white face. In the presence of tears Terry was helpless.

"Be careful where you faint next time, little girl," he advised. "There wasn't no feather bed at the foot of that ladder."

He tried to comfort her. Often he had seen Gyp comforting women when they cried. Gyp always put his arms about them. Terry tried to put his big arms about her. She shoved him away, stumbled to her chair and dropped into it.

For two or three seconds Terry looked on in pained silence. Finally he went to the platform, climbed the ladder, lighted her semaphore lamp. When he came down she was waiting for him.

"I'm—I'm sorry I acted so rude," she said penitently. "I must have been—"

"Oh, that's all right, kid," he answered. He wondered. Girls were never rude to Gyp.

She looked up into his face. His strong arms fairly ached to comfort her. Instead, he led her into the office, had her order the wrecker, and remained with her until No. 1 came down an hour later.

Terry did not mention the occurrence to Bill Graham nor to anyone else, for that matter. But the next night, as they dragged up through the canyon, Old Bill tamped a load in the short-stemmed pipe and called to Terry.

"Hear you happened along at the Loup last night just in time, O'Brien?"

"Maybe."

Terry flushed and lighted a cigarette. The old man was silent for five miles. Finally he leaned over, removed the pipe, and pointed the stem at Terry.

"Marie's a good kid, O'Brien," he said slowly.

Terry did not say he knew it. He said: "Yeah?"

The old man squinted at him for a

long time, shrugged, and climbed down to the desk.

"Blond Chickens"

WHILE Gyp was off the car Terry made the most of his opportunity. When he stopped at the Loup, he went into the office. He was timid. His partner had been looking after the women so long that *he* had never learned how.

Last trip before Gyp returned he began making a little headway. They took siding at the Loup to meet a couple of deadhead equipment trains. Terry looked at the rear of his train hurriedly and beat the head brakeman into the office. Marie smiled sweetly. Terry sat on the table beside her, letting his leg dangle as he had often seen Gyp do. But he felt uncomfortable.

She stretched out a hand on the table, admiring a new wrist watch. Terry beamed. He had slept and eaten on the caboose for two weeks, and would have to do so two weeks more, to pay for that watch. He had sent it to her yesterday anonymously.

"Looks like somebody's got some new jewelry," he remarked.

"Uh-huh. Isn't it cute?"

She held up the watch for his inspection.

"I'll say."

Under pretense of inspecting the watch, Terry captured the hand. She did not take it away.

"Someone sent it to me from Devil's Gateway," she informed.

"Really?"

Terry's blue eyes gleamed. So she knew he had sent it, did she? His heart thumped and battered. Hope was high—too high. He closed both big hands over the little one. The little one was not drawn away.

He looked down into the blue eyes. In them was a mischievous twinkle. Terry saw the twinkle, but he was not good at reading eyes. He was afraid if he moved, the spell might be broken.

Away back at the rear, Bill Graham's light was coming forward. In a moment now—

Marie probably saw the lantern, too. She looked up into Terry's eager face with the same merriment in her shining eyes.

"I'd—sure like to know who sent it," she whispered.

"Don't you—have any idea?" Terry opened his mouth twice before he could voice the question.

Again the blue eyes danced.

"No," she said, frowning, "unless it was that handsome partner of yours."

Terry stiffened. The grin froze. Without bending his head, he looked down. The mischievous twinkle was gone from the eyes.

Terry dropped her hand like a hot potato, grabbed his lantern, and strode from the office, slamming the door behind him.

"So that's the way of it, huh?" he snarled. "Thinks Gyp sent it. Damn these women anyhow!" Then he recalled the twinkle, recalled the soft feel of the hand in his, and the look in her eyes. "Maybe—maybe she was just tryin' to kid me."

Just what might have happened is not at all certain. Perhaps the budding romance would have blossomed before winter closed down, had it not been for another affair.

IT was late October. Tinge of frost was in the air. Winter would soon be coming in dead earnest. Cold

though it was, Gyp and Terry, having turned up their retainers, were sitting side by side on a box car, watching the scenery pass. They rolled down through the Loup, crossed the trestle where Ranse Gaston had disappeared.

Terry was thinking about Ranse and the girl Ranse had left behind. He had not mentioned his infatuation to Gyp. He wondered if he should. Gyp had always discussed love affairs with him. But Gyp had never been serious.

The train threaded through the "Needle's Eye" at the lower end of the haunted canyon and came out upon a delta built by débris from the canyon across the narrow valley of the Grande.

Groves of spruce dotted this delta, interspersed with white stemmed poplar and birch. Under one of these spruce groves, a hundred yards or less from the track, was a little mountain ranch layout. It consisted of log house, log stables for cows and ponies, and a tightly built log lean-to for the poultry.

It was the first time either of the boys had noticed the place closely in the daylight. Even now they did not know that Marie Gaston lived here with her grandparents. Neither did they know that in the stable at the rear was Pinto, the spotted pony on which she rode to and from the station four miles up the canyon.

Her grandmother was in the chicken yard, throwing corn to the flock of white Wyandottes.

Gyp eyed the roughly clad feminine figure. Terry eyed the pullets. A broad grin spread over his face.

"Look at the blond chickens, would yuh?" he said admiringly.

The train wound down the valley. Woman, house, and chickens disappeared. A moment after they had gone, Gyp turned to Terry.

"Yuh know, kid," he suggested, "if sometimes when we're comin' up this hill after dark you'd drop off the head end and make a sashay over to that hen roost and back, we could sure have one swell mess of fried chicken."

"You said an idea," agreed Terry. "Leave it to me."

Terry did not stop to reckon that the flock of chickens meant life itself to the old couple who raised them. More than once as a youth in the hills of Arkansas he had gone possum hunting with his gang; and had wound up by helping stage a chicken roast around a hickory wood fire. In his philosophy, taking chickens from a roost, like taking watermelons from a patch, was not stealing. It was having a little fun with the neighbors.

NEXT trip out the crew was called for 9.30 P.M. They had plenty of tonnage, and one helper engine for the hill. Since they cooked on the caboose, and since Terry was chef, he often dropped back to prepare a midnight lunch on the run up through the Loup Garou.

This night was cold and still, with a cloud curtain hanging low, and a scurry of snow flying through the valley. After Old Bill left the caboose Terry called out to Gyp:

"This is the night we're going to eat fried chicken."

"Sounds good to me," Gyp answered with a grin. "You fetch on a couple, an' I'll have the water hot."

Terry stuffed a flour sack into his hip pocket and went to get the engine on.

Old Bill Graham rode the engine that night because they were going to be on short time against No. 5 at the Loup. He did not ask any questions when Terry dropped off the head end

at the ranch. Brakemen often drop off the head end and let a train run up a grade by them, looking for dragging beams and sticking brakes.

As soon as the engine had gone out of sight Terry snuffed his lantern, eased over the pole fence, and hurried to the chicken house.

The old couple were sound asleep. There was not a sound. As Terry had expected, the door was not locked. In less time than it takes to tell it Terry had gone inside had selected a couple of plump pullets, slipped them quietly into the flour sack, and was making his way back to the train. There was not a hitch. The caboose clanked by, going six miles an hour. Terry swung up the platform and deposited his load.

"Get 'em?" queried Gyp.

"You tell 'em!"

Terry opened the sack. Gyp peeked inside. A pullet chattered. Gyp chuckled.

"You fix 'em. I'll go over an' head us in at the Loup. Tonight's the night!"

No. 5 went down. It stopped at the Loup. That was unusual. Passengers for the Loup were few and far between. Terry wondered. While he wondered, he butchered the white pullets.

Now, if there had been any guilt in his heart, Terry would never have brought those chickens into Old Bill Graham's caboose. In the second place, if he had felt the least bit guilty, he would have thrown out the pan of feathers before the old man came in. He did not.

As they headed out the conductor caught the rear platform. Terry knew the moment he hit the step that someone was with him. He had been grinning all the while thinking about the blond chickens, and the blond girl who within the hour would be on duty at the station.

HE started when a man with a bear-skin coat preceded the conductor into the caboose. Immediately he recognized the visitor as Superintendent Lawson, who often rode the freights with his men.

The official looked about the neat caboose and said with a friendly grin:

"Fried chicken for supper, I'll bet."

"Yes, sir!"

Terry's freckled face flushed.

Old Bill said nothing. He looked at the flour sack which lay on the locker, at the white feathers in the aluminum dishpan. Then he looked at Terry.

"Where did you get those chickens?" he asked.

Terry caught his breath. It suddenly dawned upon him that some folks might not approve. He did not lie.

"Why—I—got 'em—back at the ranch house on the delta," he answered.

The old man eyed him reproachfully. Lawson turned. Terry was standing beside the table, a chicken leg in one hand, a butcher knife in the other.

"What's the trouble, Graham?" asked the superintendent.

"My brakeman here has so far forgotten himself as to steal chickens from a coop."

The old man glowered at Terry. Then he turned from him to the rear platform to watch the train run out. A guilty flush spread over the brakeman's face.

Lawson stopped squarely in front of him, rocked on the balls of his feet, and chewed the butt of a cigar. The official's countenance was serious. He seemed to be studying the culprit.

"Know the old folks down there, Terry?" Lawson asked.

"Nu-no, sir!" returned Terry.

"Wanna tell yuh a little story, kid?" Lawson removed the cigar and held it between thumb and second finger. Terry lifted his head and with an effort brought his eyes to meet those of the official.

Briefly the super sketched the tragedy which had, in the building of the line, driven Grandma and Grandpa Colson to settle on this remote delta.

A big lump came up in Terry's throat. He had never in any way connected Marie Gaston with the little ranch down there in the grove. And the way Lawson told the tale, stressing the life of sacrifice they had lived in order that the daughter of an unfortunate railroad couple might be clothed and fed, made Terry feel like the meanest sort of criminal.

A moment after Lawson had finished Gyp, who had closed the passing track switch, came in. He was whistling.

"How's the feed, podner?" he queried.

"O. K., I reckon," muttered Terry.

Gyp looked searchingly at him, but asked no questions. Terry was glad of it. When the meal was ready Terry called the others and volunteered to watch the train while they ate. When they had finished he himself came down. He managed to get outside some gravy. The chicken he could not touch. All the way in, visions of Marie Gaston and of the old couple who lived in the grove kept flashing before him.

The superintendent did not again mention the matter. Neither did the conductor.

While he was in Devil's Gateway Terry tucked a five-dollar bill into an envelope, composed a note of apology which he planned to leave that night where he had got the chickens. Before sealing the envelope, he told Gyp about the chickens, and the old folks, and read the note to him.

Gyp took it all as a huge joke.

"Don't let it git yuh down, kid," Gyp urged. "Nobody'll ever miss a coupla chickens out of a flock like that."

BUT in this surmise Gyp was mistaken. Grandma Colson knew every chicken in her flock. First thing next morning she missed the two pullets. She hurried in to tell Grandpa. She repeated the tale when Marie came home from work. She repeated it again when Sergeant Walton of the Mounties stopped in on his way to Devil's Gateway to see how the old couple were faring.

They all went out to inspect the roost. The sergeant laid some plans, and that night when he returned from Devil's Gateway he hooked up a bell and a battery and wires which would help put those plans into effect.

Terry, unaware that the trap had been set for him, hopped off the engine passing the clearing. Quietly he slipped over the pole fence and opened the door of the roost. There was not a sound of movement. He could not hear the gentle buzz of the bell in Marie's bedroom. He felt around for something on which to hang the envelope.

Suddenly he heard a step, and a frightened voice quavering:

"Pu-pu-pu-put up your hands!"

Terry knew the voice. There could be no mistaking it. Looking quickly around he saw the glint of starlight on steel. He did not question; he lifted his hands above his head and held them there. In one of them was crumpled the envelope.

By this time he could hear footsteps moving in the house. The kitchen door opened, and Grandma Colson, shiver-

ing in the cold of the mountain night, was holding a lantern.

"Come in here," the voice said.

It was steadier now. It was becoming imperative.

Terry obeyed. He moved toward the light. He thought how easy it would be to floor the old lady and spring away into the night. He did not do it. Grandma Colson stepped back to let him pass her. Marie came in behind, holding the gun in his ribs. He could feel it shaking.

They went on into the kitchen. The stove was warm. Marie closed the door. Grandma lifted the lantern. She looked at him.

"I guess we'll keep you here tonight an' turn you over to the Mounties in the morning, sir," she said sternly.

She lifted the lantern, and its beams fell on Terry's face. Marie started back. The gun wavered, came slowly to her side.

"You?" she whispered incredulously. "You—why—"

She stammered, choked, and burst out sobbing.

"Oh, I never dreamed—" She turned to Grandma Colson. "We—we can't do it," she whispered. "We—we—he's the young man who kept me from falling off the ladder."

The old woman looked again.

Terry licked his lips and the grin came back to his face. He put his hands down, thrust the envelope in his pocket.

"I'm sorry, Marie," he whispered. "I'm—"

"Go 'way!" she sobbed. "Go 'way and don't ever speak to me again."

Terry backed slowly out of the door. The sound of crying followed him, echoed in his ears all through the four mile walk to the Loup Garou to catch the train which had gone off and left him. It kept echoing in his heart for weeks afterward, and every echo was like the thrust of a knife in his soul.

"It Is the Loup Garou!"

IF the story had leaked out, Terry would never have been able to remain on the job. But it did not. Trainmen do not talk; gratitude for his service to Marie sealed the lips of the old couple; Marie herself did not speak of it.

Even so, Terry felt humiliated. He was for pulling the pin on the job and returning to the States. Gyp was not ready to go. When Terry broached the subject, there was reason why he should stay. It did not take an expert to tell what that reason was. Terry knew; so did Bill Graham. Terry did not go into Marie's office. He often went by, and always Gyp was sitting on the table, with a leg dangling. More than once Terry saw a black head close to a blond one, saw two pairs of hands where only one should be.

Always Terry could feel the soft touch of that hand in his, could remember that it had not been withdrawn. He grew glum, almost sullen. Gyp smirked and whistled; and Terry, though he tried to smother the feeling, tried to blame himself rather than his partner, felt a cold contempt growing within him.

As the winter closed in, they began hearing things about the canyon. A fireman had seen green eyes watching at night from the timber. A brakeman, flagging the Loup Garou, had heard noises below the trestle. Another had found tracks in the snow—enormous tracks by the time the tale went the rounds. Old Pierre Le Grande, smok-

ing in the lobby of the rooming house in Devil's Gateway, wagged a knowing head and whispered ominously:

"*C'est le Loup Garou.*"

Terry muttered: "Bunk!"

Gyp did not comment, for he was hard and experienced. But he had been born and reared in the Ozark Hills. His father had carried a rabbit's foot and a buckeye, and had planted his potatoes in the light of the moon. His mother had turned coffee cups, and conjured warts and whooping cough. His chums had in darkness passed graveyards tremblingly, had seen things when they passed, and believed what they saw.

Gyp bought a .45 and kept it on his hip. Terry saw the gun, and he sneeringly asked if it was loaded with silver bullets*. Scott flushed and chewed his nine-on-a-side, but he never left the caboose, day or night, without the revolver.

Christmas was near. Bitter cold made railroading in the Canadian Rockies a man-sized job. Ice froze thick on running boards. Ice daggers hung from tank and engine. The track was a solid glare. Those who had been long on the job warned those who had not to move cautiously.

"Watch your step, boys!" Old Bill warned his brakemen. "Don't take chances. Especially down the Loup Garou. Men have gone out and not come back."

One night Terry was called east shortly after midnight with a train of cattle. All the way up the grade the load seemed dragging heavily. Terry, who was riding the head engine, guessed the rear one was not steaming. Running through the canyon the engineer called him over.

"How much tonnage we got?"

"Nineteen hundred."

"Well, we got some brakes draggin' back there, if that's all."

"Maybe I'd better drop off goin' up through the Loup, an' look 'em over."

"I hate to ask it, slick as it is out, but I'm afraid you'd better. If we don't get a let-up, we're going to stick on the upper hill."

TERRY dropped off at the lower switch at Loup Garou. He could see the green gleam of Marie Gaston's order board. He watched the train run by him. Near the middle of it a car was banging up and down with brakes stuck tight, and wheels running hot.

He opened the bleed cock and ran alongside the car until the brakes released. But immediately they went on again. The hiss of escaping air was audible. Terry knew it was coming from a leak in the branch pipe. The only way to remedy it was to crawl under the car, cut out the air, and then release it.

Terry was no student. He knew that crawling under that car in the ice was a ticklish job. Nevertheless, he swung in under it on the truss rods, turned the cut-out cock, and started backing out.

The car was then even with the station. The train was picking up speed. On the platform he was feeling for his footing. Out of the tail of his eye he caught a gleam of another lantern. The thought shot through his mind that Marie was watching the train run by.

His pulse quickened, and the dull ache in his heart began. He slid from under the car even with the spot where she was standing.

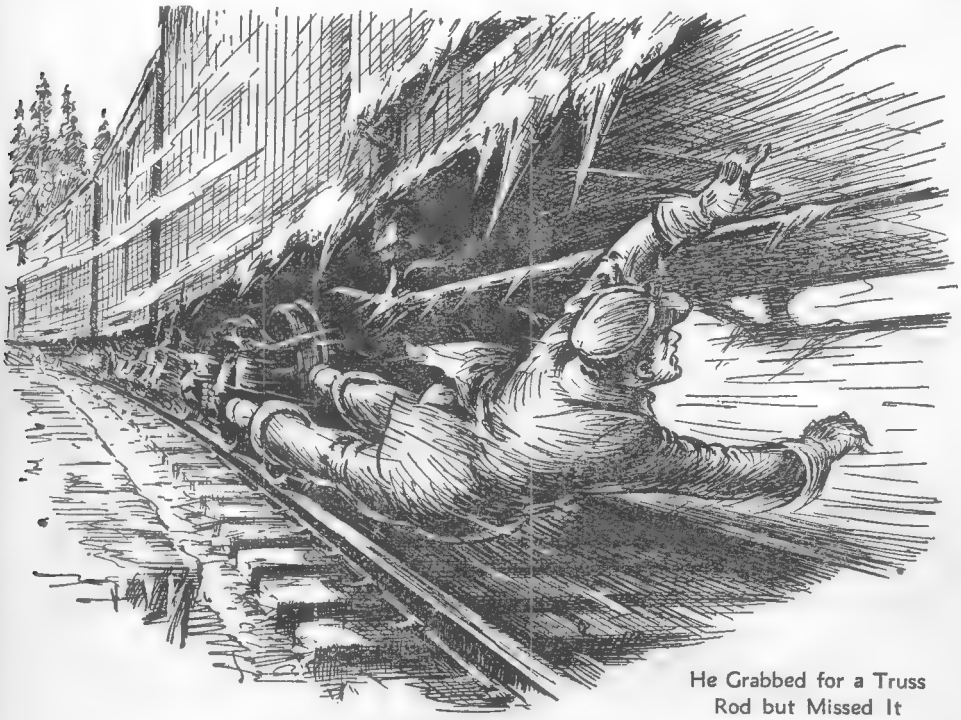
Just what happened during the next few seconds none was ever able to determine. The platform was slippery. Terry was numb with cold. His mind was certainly on the girl. His feet

* According to legend, the Loup Garou was immune to all but silver bullets.

struck the platform, slipped from under him, sent him stumbling headlong.

He grabbed for a truss rod, his hand grazed it, and before he knew what happened, he plunged head down into the tracks.

Marie screamed, then ran around the curve trying to get a signal to the engineer. He could not see her. The train roared on up the grade.



He Grabbed for a Truss Rod but Missed It

Fortunately, Terry had the presence of mind to lie still. Had he scrambled, he would have been cut to mince meat. He flattened himself in the track. The train dragged over him. He expected a low brake beam from every car that passed to catch him and end his life. Fortunately he was lying in a hollow. If the tracks had been blocked with snow as they usually were—

When the caboose came over Marie was crying. Gyp and Old Bill had heard her, had seen her lantern waving a frantic stop sign. The instant the caboose passed she sprang into the track and knelt beside Terry. She grabbed his face and rubbed it with her soft hands. He was not hurt, but he did not try to get up for a moment.

In that moment Gyp rushed out, jerked open the tail hose, and hit the platform. Terry began struggling to his feet, with Marie helping him. Gyp came between them and helped both.

"Hurt?" he asked his partner.

"Naw," Terry answered. "Of course not."

Gyp turned to Marie, put both arms about her.

"There, there," he soothed. "Don't you see he's all right? Not a scratch."

Marie tried to struggle loose. Gyp held her close. Old Bill Graham came down the track.

"What's goin' on here?" he demanded.

"Aw, I climbed under a car to cut out a stickin' brake, an' lost my footin' when I started out."

"Well, don't ever try that trick again. Next time, stop the train and fix it."

Terry turned and strode toward the engine. Gyp was still holding Marie.

A WEEK or two after New Year's Gyp laid off for a trip. Terry asked no questions. But when, that night, Gyp rode with him to the Loup Garou a bitter resentment gnawed at his heart. Mentally tracing back through the years, he recalled the different girls for whom Gyp had laid off.

Terry brought himself together with a start. His mind flashed to another night down below Muskogee. A wrecked oil train had been burning. They had all left him—all but Gyp. A blur came before his vision. In it, he could see Marie Gaston and Gyp Scott—together in the lonely station at Loup Garou.

Terry had a talk with Gyp that morning. Previously it had been none of his business. It was hard to begin now. They were in the siding at Silver Cliff.

"Yuh know, Gyp," Terry began haltingly. "I wish you'd lay off the little girl up at the Loup."

Gyp smiled.

"You mean my Little Marie?"

"Sure."

"What's the matter, afraid the old man might—"

He looked up startled, as if a thought had struck him. "You don't mean you're in love with her?"

Terry was not smiling. His face was lined with misery. He nodded.

"Yuh see, Gyp, I thought maybe—I—But I was a fool, of course."

The smile left Gyp's face.

"I'm sorry, kid," he soothed. "Sorry as hell! but you see—" The smile was coming back. "She's crazy about me. She wouldn't look at another guy."

"I know," Terry broke in bitterly. "They're all crazy about you. They don't give a damn for me."

Just then Bill Graham shoved open the caboose door.

"We're following Number Five out, O'Brien. She'll be due in twelve minutes."

THIS trip and others became history. Tales of the canyon grew in grimness and in number. The wolf pack was back on its beat. It was weeks earlier than usual this year. The practical people merely wondered why. The superstitious groped for sinister motives.

Maybe the Loup Garou was on a mission of mercy—or revenge. Maybe the leader was the soul of Ranse Gaston! Or of young Ranse!

And immediately the leader had become *Young Ranse Gaston.* He had returned to save his orphaned daughter from the clutches of the boomer. Some night—

Terry O'Brien heard the rumors, and muttered his incredulous: "Bunk!"

Gyp Scott heard them—and examined the .45.

On the night of February thirteenth Graham's crew was ordered west out of Sleepy Valley on No. 43. At Silver Cliff they took siding as usual to let No. 1 by them, and followed her out of the block, with a deadhead equipment train behind them.

Old Bill and Terry were on the grouch. They had not spoken a dozen words to Gyp or to each other on the whole round trip. Scott had spent the

last four days hanging around Loup Garou. There had been ugly threats and uglier rumors.

Gyp himself was in no angelic mood. For once he had met resistance from a woman—unexpected resistance.

No. 43 eased through the tunnel. Gyp helped turn up retainers. Terry did not come on back to visit with him after the last one was turned up. He went toward the engine, while Gyp went toward the caboose. A mile above the station they ran over two torpedoes. The engineer whistled. A little farther on a red fusee waved them down. The engineer called for a flagman. Gyp was already going to the caboose for his equipment.

He met Bill heading for the engine. The conductor did not speak. Gyp was running, for he knew the deadhead equipment train was only ten minutes behind them. He would have to hurry. While he was in the caboose, he examined the .45. Every chamber was loaded.

The night was cold and cloudy. The gorge of the Loup Garou was a pit of blackness. Not a gleam of light came from earth or sky, save the ghastly glow of the markers.

The caboose had stopped on a sharp curve in a rock cut. A few telegraph poles away the markers were lost to view. Gyp ran, for he knew there was no time to lose. And while he ran, he kept glancing from side to side. The black wall of the forest hedged him in. Two hundred yards from the caboose he heard the long drawn howl of a lobo wolf. The howl was taken up from a dozen throats. It sounded dead ahead. Gyp quit running. He glanced back. He was alone—alone in the haunted canyon.

Haltingly he moved forward, peering into the night. Not a thing was visible. The howl came again, wild, weird, echoing from a thousand crags until the gorge was full of it.

He recalled the tales of the Loup Garou .... the old tales and the new ones. He had never believed them. But had not strange things happened in this canyon? Had not Ranse Gaston disappeared out flagging? Out flagging just as *he* was tonight?

Suppose there was something to it? Suppose Ranse *had* come back? He remembered that Ranse's daughter was down at the lonely office.

He looked longingly down the canyon. He wanted to flee to the safety of the caboose. But a train was following—following close. He was not yet far enough away to protect the rear end of his own train.

MOISTENING his lips, he started on again, haltingly, falteringly. Before he had gone a dozen steps the weird sound came again.

Again Gyp stopped. In his left hand he held a torpedo with the straps opened. In his right he clutched the .45. The lanterns were on his elbow. Keeping his eyes fixed ahead, he stooped to fasten the torpedo to the rail.

From the forest on the left came a crashing, thrashing sound. He jerked his head to peer toward it. A scant twenty yards away two balls of fire were gleaming close together.

His heart stopped. The balls of fire moved forward. Reflected in the gleam of his lantern was the flash of white—something which rose and fell. The thing moved from the forest to the middle of the right-of-way.

In Gyp's trembling grasp the .45 came up. The hammer fell with a dull click. The first shell had missed fire! Close on the left the forest wall was studded with balls of glistening fire.

Gyp tried to cry out. No sound came. Then, suddenly, as if the thing had been but waiting for reinforcements, it arose in air and came hurtling toward him. He shrank backward, stumbled, fell beside the track and lay still. And at that moment the headlight of the train for which he had waited plowed around the curve.

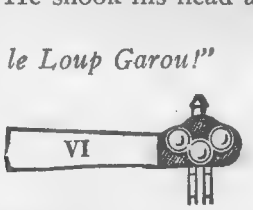
The engineer struck the lone torpedo Gyp had planted. He stopped his engine nose against the tail lights of Bill Graham's caboose. Men rushed back to search for the flagman. They found him lying close beside the track. He was not dead, nor even hurt, but he was in a daze.

Serious-faced men found the gun with a shell which had missed fire. They carried him into the Pullman and rushed him to Devil's Gateway.

Practical men sought tracks in the canyon. They found that a deer had come into the right-of-way, had stamped about in the snow, had leaped the track and disappeared. They found that a pack of two dozen timber wolves had come to the edge of the forest, following the deer—and had slunk back into the fastness. The practical ones remembered that a swallow deer when running carries a white flag which looks "spooky in the lamp light." The practical ones chuckled.

Old Pierre Le Grande did not chuckle. He shook his head and whispered:

"C'est le Loup Garou!"



Thirteen Years to a Day!

FOR a couple of days Gyp Scott stayed away from the railroad, stayed away from Marie. He told Terry in no uncertain terms that he was pulling the pin to head for warmer climes. Terry argued with him at first, but in the end agreed. He'd make one more trip when his turn came tonight, and would quit when he got back. They'd hit the train again. That was on February sixteenth, thirteen years to a day since Ranse Gaston had disappeared.

Terry was called for a manifest. Old Bill was surprised to see him.

"You back on the car, O'Brien?" the conductor queried.

"Naw," snapped Terry. "I'm in Saint Louis."

Old Bill grunted and went out.

They took siding at Loup Garou for No. 1. Terry went into the office. Why, he could not have said. Perhaps to get one more look into the face of Marie Gaston before he left her forever. Marie was not on duty. He casually inquired of the extra operator who had taken her place.

"She's down home, now, I believe," the latter told him. "Her grandfather's very ill. She had to lay off."

"Oh!" Terry went on back to his caboose.

The next night they were called east on No. 43.

They made the run to Loup Garou without mishap. The operator was out with a lantern. He waved. Terry waved. They went past the station at 1.40. Somewhere below Terry saw an object moving down the trail. It looked like a horse with a rider. He wondered. Few came into the canyon on horseback.

The train ran over the high trestle, the trestle whence Old Ranse Gaston had plunged from an icy timber in construction days, and where Young Ranse Gaston had left a knife with a blade broken from it.

They ran on down through the narrow lane between the Alaska spruces. They passed the delta where Ranse Gaston's wife had been laid away nineteen years ago. Terry looked out that way and remembered that just beyond the screen of trees was a grave kept by the Colsons and Marie Gaston.

It was just below the grave that something happened. What it was Terry did not know at the moment. He felt the air go into the emergency and felt the jostle and jam as cars rammed down from above. He did not know that the engine had left the rails and that Matt Mulcahey was trying to stop before he would turn turtle into the river.

Terry listened, looked toward the rear. Twelve cars away, he could see the green glow of a marker. While he was watching, the engine whistle broke into the whispering echoes of the canyon, calling out a flagman. With a shrug, Terry turned and hurried over the top. Halfway to the rear he met Old Bill Graham.

"Know what's wrong, boy?" the conductor queried.

"Not the slightest idea," Terry answered.

Old Bill looked at his watch. A frown creased his forehead.

"I presume you'll have to go back," he said.

"Sure I'll go back," Terry answered. "Any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Do you have a gun?"

Terry laughed.

"Never owned one in me life," he said. "My fists. . . ."

"Wolves have been

A Scant Twenty Yards Away Two Balls of Fire Were Gleaming

seen in the canyon recently," the conductor broke in. "My .45's in the stationery drawer. You take it."

"Is it loaded with silver bullets?" Terry asked quickly.

The conductor flushed, but did not laugh.

"Don't be foolish, boy!" he warned. "Take the gun and keep your eyes open."

Old Bill went forward, and Terry went back. Slipping into the cupola through the side window, he dropped down to the floor. The stove was glowing. He stretched out his hands toward the warmth. Beside the door the red light sat on the neatly scrubbed floor. Terry looked at the bail. Four torpedoes were fastened where he had put them on leaving the terminal. He picked up the lantern, lifted two fusees from the rack overhead, slipped them spikes up, in his right hip pocket, and stepped out to the rear platform. He had not taken the gun.

DOWN at the Colson ranch Grandpa's checkered life was drawing to its close. Marie moved softly to and fro. Since nightfall the old man had grown rapidly worse. Uneasily the two women watched, listened to the tightening cough, to the labored breathing. Ten o'clock came, and eleven. Grandma called Marie into the kitchen.

"If we only had a doctor," she said. "He might do something."

"I—I can get him," Marie whispered fearfully.

"Child, you wouldn't dare. You'd have to ride alone to Loup Garou and call him."

"I know, but I can do it," the girl answered bravely. "I've ridden it twice a day for the last six months and more."

"But not at night."

"Pinto knows the road."

"But the wolves!"

"I'm not afraid!"

She lied bravely. During the last weeks while she had been riding to the Loup in the early evening, she had been frightened within an inch of her life. She tried to still the wild beating of her heart.

At 11.30 she went to the barn, saddled Pinto, and led him through the gate. He snorted uneasily, but the girl did not heed. She mounted and rode up the canyon.

Ever since she had been working at Loup Garou she had ridden up in the evening and down in the morning, spending part of her off hours at the Colsons' and part of them with the day operator's wife at the Loup. It was a lonely five-mile ride.

The trail was narrow. It had not been built for a bridle path. It crossed the chasm over the railroad bridge—the bridge on which Marie's father had disappeared. Pinto was the only horse ever to have crossed it, and he made it by carefully picking his footing over the ties. Often friends had warned Marie that some time his foot would slip between the timbers, that a train would come down the hill and catch them upon the bridge. She had laughed at their warning. She thought of it tonight, as she wound up the trail through the darkness.

Pinto shied and snorted. She followed the trail to the trestle, then stopped to listen. Far up the gorge she heard the whistle of No. 1. She waited. The train came down, headlight burning through the trees, lights gleaming from the Pullmans.

When it had gone she did not wait, for she knew no train would come from the west for a long while, nor from the east for at least ten minutes.

The ties were slippery where the water, dripping from the tanks of many engines, had frozen. Pinto moved cautiously. A misstep would send him to death, and her with him. But Pinto had crossed that bridge many times. He made it safely.

It was 12.50 when they arrived at Loup Garou. The operator sent a message to the doctor in Devil's Gateway, received an immediate reply. He would be on his way.

She waited by the stove. She learned that No. 43 would soon be by and nothing else till No. 5.

At 1.10 she started home. No. 43 passed her on the curve above the bridge. A feeling of uneasiness came over her. This feeling was augmented when from somewhere up the canyon she heard the distant cry, as of one wolf calling others to the chase. Pinto threw up his head and whinnied. Ahead of her lay the bridge—the bridge where her grandfather had gone down to his death, where her father had gone back flagging and left the handle of a broken knife.

With beating heart, she urged the pinto up the grade, urged him out upon the icy structure. And behind her the eager cries of a wolf pack filled the canyon.

MEANWHILE, as Terry swung down to the ground something caused him to halt abruptly. It might have been the sound of a boulder catapulting from high up on the canyon wall. It might have been reason, it might have been the thing called hunch.

He returned to the platform, sheepishly opened the door, took Old Bill's .45, hefted it, slipped it into the right pocket of his mackinaw, and put a handful of shells in with it. Thus armed, he left the caboose and trudged back up the track, flagging the Loup Garou.

Terry was not afraid. He had never known what it meant to be afraid, but all the way he felt a sort of sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach.

Once he heard the distant cry of a timber wolf. He stopped to listen. But only the echoed cry came from cliff to cliff and died away into silence. He crossed the delta where the side canyon emptied into the Loup. Unconsciously he quickened his step. But he did not do a job of short flagging. He counted off the twenty telegraph poles required by rule and planted two torpedoes on the north rail.

The upper one was at the lower end of the long trestle. He looked up the canyon. Above the trestle he saw two balls of fire flash once, flash again and disappear. He looked a long while, but the eyes did not again appear. Finally he turned back down the track. At the point where the trail went into the strip of forest he stopped.

The snow was ruffled. He looked more closely. On the trail leading onto the trestle were tracks—two kinds of them. One was made by a solid hoof. He looked more closely. Often he had seen the tracks of Marie Gaston's pony going out on the bridge. These, he knew, were Pinto's tracks, and they were not many hours old. A puzzled frown swept over his face.

Why had Marie Gaston gone to the Loup tonight? She was laying off. Her grandfather was ill. He recalled the moving object which he had seen on the trail as he came down.

He looked at the tracks again. The other tracks looked like dog tracks. There were many of them, as if many dogs had gone up the trail. In places they had completely obliterated the tracks of the pony.

Terry returned to the end of the trestle and looked up the right-of-way. He could see nothing, and the only sound which hit his ears was the low moan of the wind through the spruce trees. Shifting both lanterns to his left arm, he left his right hand free to play with the .45 in his pocket. Again he wondered why Marie Gaston had gone up the gorge tonight, but there was no answer.

TURNING, he trudged down the trail for almost a quarter mile. The snow which had threatened since morning was beginning, first a thin screen of fine mist, then flakes which grew larger and larger. He stopped to plant one torpedo. Thirty minutes passed. Forty. He wondered what had gone wrong with the train, why he had not been called in.

He stamped his feet and slapped his palms together to keep up the circulation. He pulled off his right glove, unbuttoned his mackinaw and looked at the watch. It was 2.27. No. 5 would soon be due from the east. He would be glad when it came. He listened.

And while he listened, a sound came —a wild, weird, unearthly scream which sent goose pimples crawling along his spine. Terry tried to place it. Never in his life had he heard anything like it. It was not human. It sounded like the whinny of a horse in pain or deadly terror, and like the scream of a panther on the rampage.

He looked down the track. He fingered the gun. He looked up the track, prayed for the sound of a locomotive whistle. None came.

Turning his head from side to side, he listened to the echoes which bounded back and forth across the canyon. He could not determine whether the sound had come from above or below, or whether it had come from the cliffs high up toward the rimrock.

After a long while, he heard the cry repeated. This time there was no doubt about it. It was coming from up the track, from up toward the trestle. Again Terry looked longingly in the direction of the caboose. Just out of sight a pair of welcome red tail lights were gleaming. He dared not go to them. No. 5 was now past due. Before he could get to the caboose she might come roaring down the grade, strike the torpedoes, and, seeing no flag, drift into his train on the curve below.

A third time that weird cry came, the cry which he could not identify. This time, before its echoes died out, another mingled with it. There was no mistaking this one. It could come only from a woman. Before its echoes died away to whispers, other cries came, were augmented until they filled the canyon—the howls of a wolf pack on the run.

For many moments Terry had been thinking, had been trying to connect those cries with the track of the pinto pony in the snow. Suddenly he realized that Marie Gaston had gone to Loup Garou and was returning. He knew that Pinto had at last made the fatal step and was down in the trestle.

Still holding two lanterns in the crook of his elbow, he turned and started running up that track. Again and again the wolf cry was repeated, and the woman's was louder. He wondered if she were coming toward him.

SECONDS passed. The snow fell in a heavier swirl. He came to the trestle. Out there upon it he could hear the woman's screams, the unearthly cries of the dying pony, and all black against the falling snow, he could see

the huddled heap with a pair of eyes between him and it.

The eyes started toward him. Frequently he had heard that wolves will run from fire. But the presence of his lantern did not deter this gaunt form. It crept to meet him over the icy timbers.

He stopped. Maybe it was not a wolf. The oft-repeated saying of Old Pierre came to him. Terry flung the thought from him, muttered the one word, "Bunk!" It did not sound convincing now.

Nearer, nearer, came the thing, its teeth bared. Terry's hand tightened on the pistol grip. Slowly he advanced. The wolf did not retreat.

Terry drew back the hammer, lifted the pistol. The gaunt form was crouching. It was a scant dozen feet away. Just beyond it was the pied outline of the pony threshing on the trestle. Near it was the cowering figure of Marie Gaston.

He looked at her. Since she was in his line of fire, he dared not shoot. He sidestepped toward the north. The beast sidestepped with him.

He lifted the weapon. His hand shook a trifle. The barrel came in line with gleaming eyes. He crooked his finger, and the gun leaped and spat flame. The beast backed slowly away.

Again he raised the weapon. The thing turned broadside to him. Again his finger crooked, and the gun leaped. Fire streamed from it. The thing uttered a startled cry, plunged toward him. He dodged. It went over him, snarled, kicked, lay still between the rails.

There was no time to lose now. Terry whirled from the thing he had killed to the huddled heap upon the trestle. He set his lanterns on the timber.

He took Marie in his arms, lifted her to her feet. He looked toward the east. Balls of fire were gleaming through the darkness.

One glance at Pinto confirmed his first theory. A nervous hoof had finally missed its step, and the pony was down with a broken leg.

"We've got to kill him," he whispered. "We can't leave him here for the wolves to eat alive."

Marie sobbed. Pinto looked piteously up at them. And while he looked, Terry lifted the .45 and placed a slug between his eyes.

THE pack snarled and howled. The smell of blood set them wild. They surged forward over the narrow bridge.

Terry lifted the gun and emptied it. They scarcely recoiled from the flashing fire. Tremblingly he broke the gun, clipped out the empties, put loads in. Marie clung to him.

Again the pack turned loose, and the echoes of their howls filled the canyon. Terry prayed that the crew might hear them and hasten to his rescue. He prayed that No. 5 might flash 'round the curve.

He looked down at the struggling body of the pony. When the train came down the hill the engineer would never see the pinto on the trestle until it was too late to stop. Might not the animal derail the engine, send it into the chasm?

Eyes gleamed. Terry lifted the revolver to fire again. He selected a pair of eyes, tried to hold the gun upon them. As his finger closed on the trigger Marie uttered a terrified scream.

"Look!" she cried. "Look!"

Terry took his eyes off the pack in front and turned to follow the direction of a pointing finger. Behind them,

not fifty feet away, other eyes were gleaming. They were trapped on the bridge. To front and rear there was no escape.

And then, like the flash of light in darkness, Terry knew what had happened to Ranse Gaston. Alone in the canyon, he had been trapped upon the bridge, just as he and Ranse's daughter were tonight. With wolves on both sides he had found his knife, had sought to take toll from the rushing pack. The blade had broken. Ranse had not remained to be devoured. He had leaped.

Terry glanced down into the chasm. There snow lay deep, and more was falling.

Clutching the girl in his arms, he cowered backward. The trap was closing in. The wall of eyes was drawing nearer. Just behind the dead body of the pony shadowy forms surged in and back. Then the forms were wiped out and only eyes remained.

The dense black darkness closed upon them. In the act of moving, of reaching for the lanterns on the tie, his foot had slipped. His hand had bungled. The lanterns had turned over, had slipped and plunged downward into the depths of the canyon.

Terry lifted Old Bill Graham's revolver to fire again and again. A yelp followed the last shot.

Empty gun in hand, he turned to the women. Her panic was gone now. With death staring them in the face, she had grown calm.

"Marie," he whispered.

"Terry!" an arm tightened about his waist. "Why—why didn't you come back to me?"

He folded her more closely. His lips found hers. Her arms kept tightening about his waist. They held the mackinaw more closely. As the mackinaw tightened, Terry felt a something hard and sharp in the small of his back. He flinched.

With a cry he freed his right arm. He flashed it to his hip. It came back with a long cylinder, pointed at the tip.

His red fusees! Until now he had forgotten them.

Trembling so much he could scarcely hold one, he fumbled with the cap. Already the beasts were devouring the unfortunate pony. Already the ones to the west were creeping nearer.

He scratched the sanded surface of the cap to the phosphorus. Light burst upon the scene, a brilliant red, sputtering flare which made the whole bridge as light as day.

In the light the gaunt forms tumbled over each other, scampering for cover.

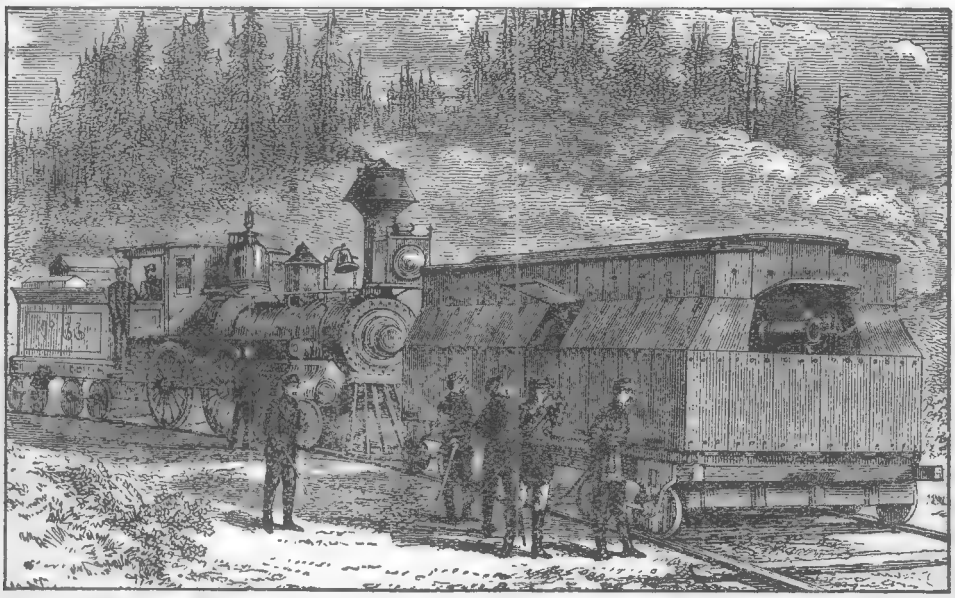
Terry followed them from the bridge. Far up the canyon the whistle of No. 5 was sounding. Carrying Marie in his arms, he ran to meet it. He waved the fusee. The whistle answered his signal as fire shot from wheels. The Pullmans stopped, and Terry carried her into the rear one.

A MONTH later they were married. Gyp stood up as best man. Old Bill Graham gave the bride away. It was a pretty wedding. Even Gyp said so.

Pierre Le Grange was not there. He heard about it. He fingered the broken blade of a pocket knife. It was rust-eaten and almost destroyed. For many years it had been in the body of a timber wolf. Pierre's youngest son, skinning the beast at the bridge, had found it. The old man held the blade between his thumb and forefinger, wagged a knowing head, and to a new brakeman who had listened to his recital of the legend of the canyon he whispered: "*C'est le Loup Garou!*"

TRUE TALES OF THE RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses



Railroad Battery Used on the U. S. Military R. R. During the Civil War

My Most Perilous Trip

By E. R. FRANKLIN

As Told to Si Stoddard

BACK in the summer of 1863 I was one of the big delegation of Northerners that started on a now-famous Southern tour. We were under the direct supervision of Brigadier-General Thomas, who at that time had not yet fallen heir to the title of "Rock of Chickamauga." Exhausted by hard fighting and long marches, we were intrenched on a spur of hills around Chattanooga. It was far from being a pleasant situation, and unless we received reinforcements in short order, it was only a matter of time before we would be garnered into the fold by the Confederate General Bragg or die of starvation.

Forty miles eastward, General Stockton, with a command of about 30,000 men, guarded a pass in the mountains. Had he been aware of the danger to us there would have been nothing to it. But Bragg was a real soldier, and he took pains to see that no information of our plight leaked through his lines. The 40 miles separating the two Union forces were heavily guarded day and night. It seemed impossible for a messenger to elude the wary foe, and our

force was inadequate to fight its way through.

Confident in their strength, the Confederates had not destroyed the railroad line between the two Federal camps, figuring they had us at their mercy and that the line would be needed by themselves in the future.

With the exception of a few of the older ones, Bragg was in possession of the better classes of locomotives belonging to the road. But after discussing the situation with members of his staff, General Thomas decided to make a bold attempt to break through Bragg's lines by way of the rail line.

Volunteers were called for. Needless to say, a great number of us jumped at the chance. By good luck one of the volunteers was a man who had formerly been employed on the road as an engineer. He was familiar with every mile of the pike, and on numerous occasions had demonstrated his resourcefulness and bravery. Naturally he was the first to be selected. I'm sorry I can't recall his full name, but I remember he was called Jack. A captain was picked to carry the dispatches, and I was picked to do the firing. The best engine in camp was made ready for the trip, but it was nothing more than an old scrap heap.

A dark, cloudy night was selected for the getaway. With a storm threatening, the soldiers and artillerymen guarding the line would be seeking shelter.

"Get all the oil and grease you can find," Jack instructed. "I've run this old mill before, and she uses more oil than any on the road."

When we started off about 10.30 P.M., every tallow-pot was filled to the brim, and the rod cups simply oozed. Valve oil wasn't as plentiful in those days as it is today, and a favorite substitute was ordinary tallow, melted down.

With the eyes of the entire corps on us, we started out, the old steam kettle wheezing and snorting. As Jack widened on the thumblatch throttle, and began working the Johnson bar up the quadrant, the old scrap heap picked up speed.

WE received our first message two miles from the starting point. It came in the form of a rifle ball that plowed its way through the cab, but fortunately struck none of us. It sounded the key-note in the prelude that was soon to follow.

"No chance to slip through this crowd," Jack shouted. "We've got to make a run for it and trust to luck. Try to melt the firebox, boy; I'll want steam. I'm going to take everything she's got."

The captain climbed down from his perch on the left hand side to assist me in tossing wood into the firebox. The gage needle started to climb. But fast as we traveled, the bullets traveled faster, and those Southern boys were shooting close. How we slipped through that hail of death is more than I can say. Flashes of light split the darkness on all sides. Then out of the night came a tremendous boom. A battery had joined the infantrymen. A solid shot was followed by a burst of grapeshot that cut the top of the cab to splinters, but luckily struck no vital part of the engine, and missed the three of us. One ball knocked the bell support from its moorings and sent the bell, still ringing, into the bushes along the right-of-way.

Clear of the battery we had a brief respite, but it was not for long. Approaching a junction several miles up the line, we were forced to run the fire

of two more small batteries. While the reception from these was lighter than that of the first, and their shots were no so well aimed, a new danger suddenly presented itself. On a siding, all fired up and ready to go, stood an engine, which Jack recognized as one of the best and speediest on the division, capable of running rings around us.

He had hardly ceased speaking when one of the last shells fired by the battery burst almost directly overhead. While it failed to slow us up, a splinter sent me bleeding to the deck. It looked as if I was out of commission. The captain showed he was equal to the task expected of him by continuing to bale in the wood. Several other shells broke harmlessly in the air, and by the faintness of their explosions, we realized we had passed the range of the last battery. As the sound of the last boom faded in the distance, a rifle ball splattered against the boiler head.

"We're beyond the batteries," the dispatch bearer shouted. "That musket ball was fired by one of the pickets this side of their line."

By this time I was sitting up and taking stock of myself. I was feeling anything but comfortable, but much as I pained, I retained a vivid idea of our situation. Suddenly my ear detected a strange sound.

"They're after us!" I screamed.

The captain turned toward Jack, a pitying smile on his face.

"The kid is delirious," he remarked.

Jack straightened and glanced back down the track. For a moment he was silent, then yelled, "Delirious, hell! They're on our trail."

He hardly ceased speaking before a brilliant flash of flame illuminated the treetops.

"That's the reflection from their firebox," he shouted. "Pile in the wood!"

Allowing his engine to run wild, he dropped to the deck. He picked me from the floor and trussed me into the seat he had vacated, or rather what was left of the seat.

"Hang onto that throttle, bud, and keep her open. I'm needed on deck," he shouted.

While the dispatch bearer continued to bale in the wood, Jack climbed to the back of the tender, where he dropped a slash bar to the rails. Several extra grates followed suit.

AS we dashed on into the night we strained our ears for the crash of a derailed engine. Anxiously we glanced back in the direction of our pursuer, now shortening the distance between us. But no crash came. Her low slung pilot probably swept the obstacles from its course.

"Five miles more and they'll have us, if something don't happen," Jack shouted, as a bullet from the pursuing engine zipped across the tender and flattened itself against the boilerhead. "And there ain't another thing loose we can drop on the tracks."

It was true. The engine had been stripped when we started on the trip. Then, as if impelled by a sudden idea, Jack began to take off his coat and trousers.

"Get out of your clothes!" he yelled to the captain. "Heave them over the hind end. Maybe they'll catch in his eccentrics and slow him up."

Two suits of clothing went sailing into the night. Again we waited with anxious faces. Then the trained ear of the engineer detected a choking sound and hiss of escaping steam.

"She's caught! She's caught!" he yelled in exultation.

But his joy was of brief duration. From my position above the deck, I had a better view of the pursuer than my comrades.

"Her eccentrics aren't jammed, she's still after us!" I shrieked.

Again the thunder of the pursuing locomotive could be plainly heard, and it was apparent she was rapidly gaining on us.

The distance between us was gradually lessening, and sharp flashes of light indicated the Confederates were trying to end the chase with rifle balls.

Eight miles more and we would be so near to Stockton's lines that our pursuers would be obliged to turn back or submit to death or capture.

"And we're almost there," groaned the dispatch bearer. "Isn't there anything we can do?"

"Nothing except to trust in Providence," Jack replied, as he glanced hopelessly in my direction.

Then he leaped to my side. Something that I was trying hard to say attracted him.

"What is it, bud?" he asked.

"The tallow, why don't you try that?" I gasped.

With a whoop of exultation, Jack dropped back to the deck.

"We ain't licked yet!" he bellowed at the astonished captain. "Come on," he yelled, as he grabbed an oil can and one of the pots of hot tallow from the shelf above the firebox door, and then dived toward the rear end of the tender.

Not knowing what it was all about, but realizing the engineer had some plan in mind, the dispatch bearer seized the second tallowpot and followed.

"Lean over and try to grease the rail," Jack instructed, at the same time signaling me to cut down the speed sufficiently to steady the swaying engine. Gripping the end of the tank to prevent their being pitched to the tracks, the two leaned as far down as they could. Slowly the liquid tallow oozed from the curved spouts of the cans, and when it fell on the rails it hardened from the coldness of the iron. In a short while all the cans were emptied.

Sparks were flying from the pursuer's stack. The men who manned her realized they were getting dangerously near the Union lines and were putting on every ounce of power and speed to overtake us. Success was in sight for them, and in another minute or so they would attain their objective.

Then something happened. For a moment their engine seemed to glide, and there was no immediate slacking of speed.

But in time the drivers started to spin like wild, and their speed began to lessen.

Gazing to the rear, we could almost imagine hearing the engineer shout and then twist frantically at his throttle. Our battered Union engine wreck continued on, and our anxiety gave way to hope. Many sounds had beguiled our ears since we started our trip, but that of the churning engine behind was the sweetest.

Then, suddenly, we were brought to attention by a shot in front.

"The Union outpost!" the dispatch bearer yelled, triumphantly. "Shut her off, bud."

Jack executed the order. I had passed out. I was a limp piece of humanity when willing men in blue lifted me from the wreck of the cab and hurried me to a hospital. The first thing I heard when I regained consciousness a few hours later was a bugle call signaling the departure of the division to the relief of General Thomas.

Captain Ansley's Reward

By H. C. PEACE

WHEN I came to Florida in 1895 the territory between Gainesville and Ocala, where I located, was served by the old narrow-gage Florida Southern R. R., operating between Palatka and Brooksville. Soon after my arrival I hired out for it as baggage-master and flagman.

I shall never forget the many disadvantages in the operation of this narrow gage line. Chief among them was the daily transfer, at Palatka and High Springs, of freight cars from standard to narrow-gage trucks. In those days the Janney type of automatic coupler was just coming into use, while our cars were equipped with the old link and pin drawheads. This added to the danger and annoyance.

I had been with the Florida Southern but a short time when a deal was completed whereby the Plant System (now part of Atlantic Coast Line) acquired ownership of all the narrow gage trackage in central Florida, which included not only our road, but also two connecting short lines, the St. Johns & Lake Eustis, and the South Florida R. R., the latter locally dubbed "The Orange Belt."

Almost immediately Henry B. Plant, head of the system bearing his name, determined that these tracks must be standardized. Hence the call for bids on the change, the terms specifying lowest possible cost, quickest possible change, and most important, no delay to U. S. mails.

Thus a crowd of engineers, representing various construction concerns, assembled in the office of the general roadmaster, in Savannah, Ga., for the opening of the bids. When they were all given the lowest figure was around $75,000.

Such a small cost for such an important piece of engineering would hardly seem exorbitant, and neither did it appear so to shrewd Henry B. Plant. In fact, there is little doubt but that Plant would have quickly accepted that particular bid, had not Captain Ansley, general roadmaster of the railroad, been present.

"I can do it for much less, and overnight, at that," he asserted.

The significant stillness following this bold statement was broken by Plant.

"Surely, Mr. Ansley, you are not sincere in that statement."

"Never more so in my life," replied the roadmaster.

"These gentlemen are all technically trained engineers, Mr. Ansley, and apparently they think you are joking. To be perfectly frank, you would simply have to show me," concluded Plant.

"And that is just what I am asking you to let me do," quickly retorted Ansley.

"I don't think it's possible," reiterated Plant. However, he was not that silly type of successful business man who would have his way regardless of cost, so he courteously consented to meet the roadmaster the same evening and listen to his plan.

Never had Ansley been more in earnest. Clearly and concisely, that evening, he outlined every detail of his scheme, quickly meeting every objec-

tion, convincingly answering every question. At the close of the interview he was rewarded by the assurance from his chief that his plan undoubtedly possessed merit, and that he would take the matter under careful consideration.

Knowing Plant's frugality, Captain Ansley retired that night confident that he had won the big chance to demonstrate his engineering ability. Not for nothing had he worked up from the lowly position of section hand to general roadmaster, slaving all day and studying half the nights to fit himself for just this sort of emergency! On this particular contract he was certain he could and would save the company not less than $60,000, and at the same time boost himself.

AS he had fully expected, the next day H. B. Plant rejected all bids, summoned the roadmaster to his office and instructed him to proceed according to the plan outlined.

From Ansley's office, that same day, an order went out to all division roadmasters over the whole Plant System, calling them to Savannah for a conference two days later. At this meeting he outlined his plan of action, and received their hearty promise of cooperation.

To Division Roadmaster J. S. Jolly, under whose jurisdiction the narrow gage trackage lay, was allotted the work of strengthening the base. He was instructed to have every section gang on his division spend practically all of the next thirty days pulling old short ties and replacing them with standards.

The other division roadmasters were urged to rush their own regular track repairs so as to be prepared to lend as many of their crews as needed for the track widening on Jolly's division.

Meantime, with mathematical precision Ansley figured out and announced the day for the conversion. To each roadmaster he issued advance orders to have the required number of his foremen and their crews at certain designated points along the narrow gage lines on the morning of that date. All passenger trains were to get special orders, while all freight traffic would be temporarily suspended.

The plan was that when regular passenger train No. 78 had passed No. 23 about the middle of the afternoon of that day, the two section gangs nearest their point of passage would fall in behind them, one working north, the other south, until they contacted the starting point of the crews next ahead, and so on all along the line.

It worked perfectly. Some men wielded bars and slipped rails, some set gages, others swung sledges and spiked down again, until the last mile of narrow gage railroad in central Florida was a thing of the past.

The following morning found the work complete, with people at every station to greet the monster coal burners, Nos. 25 and 28, pulling the regular passenger trains over the new Savannah-Port Tampa route. I recall that freight engine No. 213, an old narrow gage, had been overhauled and converted to standard trucks. It was so stiff it could hardly round a curve, and consequently was the cause of a mean wreck later on.

It was ten years later that I heard the sequel to the track-widening drama. The old Plant System had been absorbed by the fast-expanding A. C. L. I had long since abandoned railroading to its fate, due to the usual misunderstanding between the management and employee about pay, and was residing in a famous resort town in north Florida, when Captain Ansley came

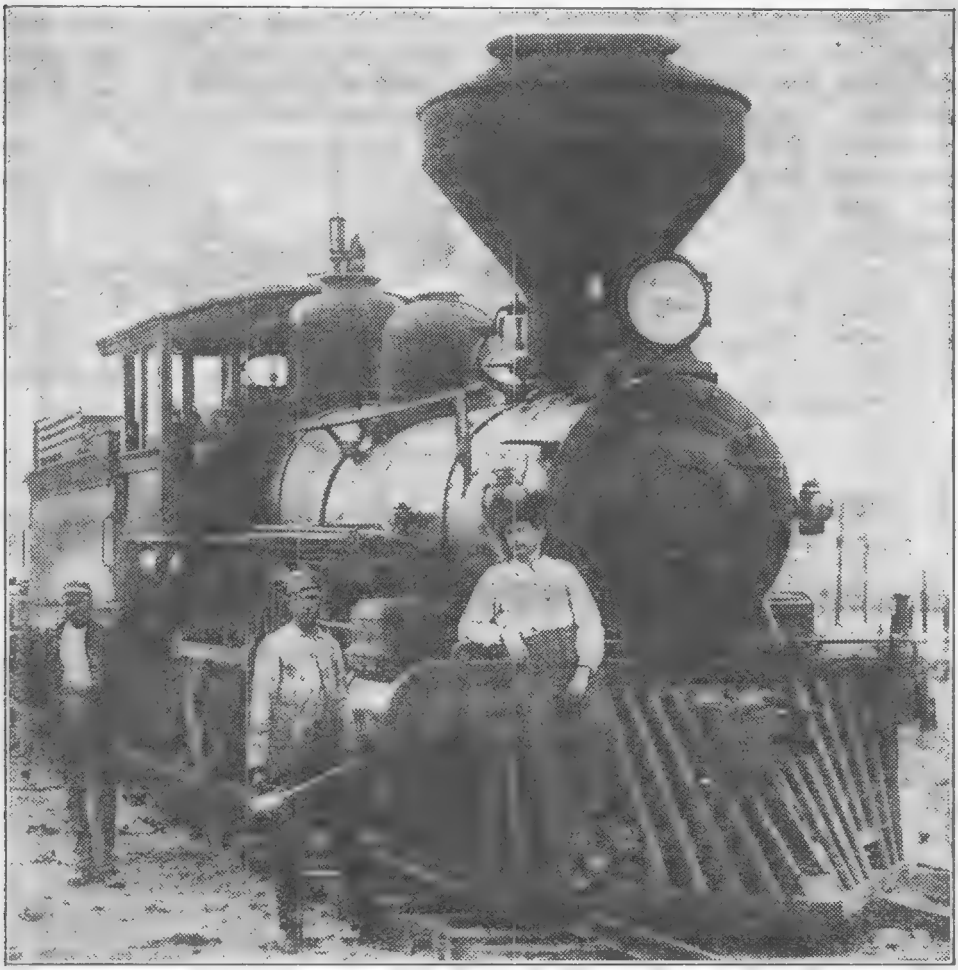


Photo from W. R. Witherspoon, Atlantic Coast Line, High Springs, Fla.

Old-Time Atlantic Coast Line Engine No. 477 and Her Crew. Photo Taken in 1905 During Construction of the Perry Branch in Florida. Conductor Tillman (Deceased) Is Standing on the Pilot; Engineer A. G. ("Plunk") Shouse Is Holding the Oil Can. On the Left Is Negro Fireman Williams

there for his health. He was now old, gray, stooped and broken in body and spirit.

We were sitting on my porch one evening when our conversation drifted to railroad reminiscences. Had I known of his feelings I would have evaded the subject, but I remembered the fine thing he had once done, and I mentioned it the first chance I had.

With tears in his eyes he thanked me for my compliment. Then, brokenly, he uncovered certain bits of his life's story.

"In my office the morning after the gage was widened," he said, "when the dispatchers had assured us that regular traffic was resumed, I was showered with congratulations. I was especially elated when Mr. Plant graciously patted me on the shoulder and complimented my achievement."

"What did they finally do for you, Captain?" I asked.

"Do for me, hell!" he blurted. "Do to me, you mean! Not a thing more did I ever hear from it. But get this straight: I am not blaming anyone in particular. Had not Fate removed my best friend, H. B. Plant, I still believe he would have taken care of me. Neither can I blame the A. C. L. management, who knew so little of me, and of course, had their own men to place, and perhaps the matter of economy to consider.

"Although it was inevitable that certain drastic changes must result from the reorganization, I felt almost certain of being kept on. But I soon found that I had no more standing with the new management than a Mexican dog at a furriers' convention. In fact and briefly, I was fired, and so ended my railroad career."

After that I never saw Captain Ansley again. Nevertheless, I can't help wondering if they had suspected his real value back there in the nineties, would they have let him get away?

The Gould Blackball System

By FRED RICHMOND

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago, a green kid of sixteen, I began railroading on the M-K-T in Kansas; and later drifted down to Texas and got a job braking on the Missouri Pacific (Iron Mountain). In the course of time, after going from one job to another, I was hired as freight conductor by J. K. Painter, the Iron Mountain division superintendent at San Antonio. Then Painter fired me after I had made thirteen round trips.

"Sorry, we won't need you any more," he said curtly. "You just can't make the time."

I knew I was making as good time as any other freight conductor on the division, and better than most of them, but the super would not listen to me, and so I got the royal can.

Now, in those days every division superintendent on the Jay Gould System of Railroads was obliged to keep a list of all employees, a record of those discharged, and the reason for such discharge. These lists were sent to headquarters, printed in pamphlet form and distributed to officials of every pike in the country. As a result, whenever a man applied for work on any road the super would tell him:

"Come back again tomorrow and I'll see what I can do for you."

Then, as soon as the man had gone, Mr. Brass Hat would refer to his Gould literature. If this contained the applicant's name, it was just too bad. The official would reply, when he came back next day:

"I am very sorry, there's nothing doing. Business is poor just now and we are pulling off crews."

Well, that trick was sprung on me. Superintendent Painter put me on the infernal blacklist, and after that I met with rebuffs every time I tried to connect with another railroad under my own name.

Naturally, I wasn't exactly tickled to death by all this. I went to a lawyer and told him the whole story. I said I wanted to prosecute the Gould System, but had no money.

"Would you be willing to handle the case for a fifty-fifty contingent fee?" I asked. That is, if we should win the lawyer could keep half of whatever money was collected as damages. If we didn't win he would get nothing.

"It's a risky thing, bucking the Gould System," the attorney responded, "but I'll take the case, provided you can get hold of a blackball book with your name in it."

So I got in touch with a friend, a conductor on the Santa Fe at Ottawa, Kansas, my present home town. He wrote back he would try to locate one of the books for me.

A few days later the book arrived. It had 39 pages; each page contained the name of 100 former employees of the Gould System who were blackballed for various reasons. Some of the best known boomers in America were included in that list of 3,900 names.

With this evidence my lawyer brought suit at Waco, Texas. In fact, two suits. I proved at the trial, by forcing the railroad to produce the train sheets, that I had made more round trips "on time" than any other freight conductor on the division during the period of my employment under Superintendent Painter.

I lost both suits, but the resultant publicity caused the Gould outfit to recall their old blackball books, and no new ones were issued. Thereafter an honest railroad man could apply for a new job without fear of being hounded.

BUT that wasn't the only blackball in railroad history. Another one dated from the great Pullman strike* of 1894—which was conducted by the American Railway Union under the leadership of Gene Debs. This walkout failed and the Union was broken. Then the strikers began seeking jobs on other roads. But their former employers refused to give them service letters, and established a blacklist.

This continued until some man brought suit against one of the railroads and was awarded damages. Thereupon the roads saw the light. Any man calling for a service letter would get it. These letters would set forth his record with the company and end with, "left the service of his own accord."

But there was a catch. W. F. Knapke, a boomer trainman now living in East St. Louis, Ill., describes the situation as follows:

"Two young brakemen, Smith and Jones, went into the office of a trainmaster looking for a job. Smith asked the trainmaster's clerk:

"'Hiring any brakemen?'

"'Let's see your service letter.'

"Smith gave him the letter. The clerk took it into the next room, returned in a few seconds and handed it back, saying: 'Sorry, can't use you.'

"The same process was repeated with Jones, except that the clerk said to Jones: 'Come back this afternoon and fill out an application.'

"Both these young brakemen were about the same age and had about the same length of railroad experience. Both service letters read very much the same. So the applicants naturally wondered why Jones had been hired and Smith rejected. Finally in closely comparing the two letters the men happened to hold them up in front of a strong light and noticed the 'watermark' in the paper. Both watermarks depicted a crane, but Jones' crane stood with head erect, while Smith's bird had its head hanging down as though with

*See "*The Pullman Strike Mystery*," by James Deegan, in Aug., 1933,* RAILROAD STORIES.

a broken neck. This indicated that Smith had taken part in the Pullman strike."

And that is how the railroads punished "dynamiters." Even today, despite the ruling of Joseph Eastman, Federal Coördinator, that railroads must permit their employees to join any labor organization without being discriminated against, the so-called company unions still fatten on the official sanction of brass hats. But there is no more Gould blackball system. I am glad I helped to break that up.

An Unlucky Locomotive

By JAMES W. EARP

Conductor on the Rock Island

WE were waiting for the carmen to test the air on the Extra 5022 when a switch engine rolled by on the track next to our train. B. L. Wheatley, supervisor of fuels and lubrication for the Rock Island, turned to me.

"See that switch engine's number?"

I nodded. It was the 436. He smiled.

"I never see that engine that I don't think of another engine of like number that came to Horton some forty-four years ago. Her career was one of the strangest I ever knew. If you will add the numerals, 4-3-6 together, you will see they total 13. For the superstitious that might account for the bad luck that hounded the 436. Personally, I am not superstitious. But the fact remains that the 436 lived up to its reputation of an unlucky locomotive to the end."

He told me the story.

IT was back in 1889 that the 436 came to Horton, Kansas. The Brooks Locomotive Works had built her for the C. K. and N., otherwise the Chicago, Kansas and Nebraska Railroad. She was first assigned to passenger work out of Chicago. An engine wiper noticed her number.

"This is an unlucky engine," he told a brother wiper. "Anytime the numbers on an engine make thirteen, you got a bad luck hog. If I was an engineer I wouldn't want to run her."

As if to prove the engine wiper's statement the 436 hit a street car a few days later and killed eighteen persons outright. The story of the 13 was taken up by the newspapers, and the publicity given it made the officials send the engine to the Colorado Division.

If they hoped to change the engine's luck by the move they were mistaken. The 436 went through a bridge one night and into the river, killing Engineer Bob McCormick and injuring Fireman Dick Hanley so that he never worked again.

They brought her back to the Horton shops to be repaired. She needed it. A more dilapidated engine I never saw. But the mechanics fixed her up as good as new. When all she needed was a coat of paint the painter assigned to the job fell off her and broke his neck. He was dead when they found him. This incident did not add to her popularity as you can imagine. Engineers and firemen who were superstitious avoided her as they would the devil.

I was firing out of Horton then; was an engineer when the Rock Island bought the road. Our main line ran through St. Joseph, Missouri. For some time a feud had been raging between the Union Pacific and the C. K. & N., due to the fact that the C. K. & N. had made an agreement with the U. P. to use its tracks between Beatrice and Lincoln. Evidently the U. P. had changed its mind after signing the agreement. And try as it might, the C. K. & N. could not get the U. P. to live up to its contract. A court ruling, it seems, declared that since the C. K. & N. had never used the tracks as per the agreement, it was being deprived of nothing by not being permitted to use said tracks. But, on the other hand, if it once used the tracks the contract would be binding on both parties.

Determined to break in and get the use of the tracks, the officials of the C. K. & N. decided on a bold stroke. Eight crews were sent from Horton to Beatrice with orders to get in on the U. P. tracks by hook or by crook, and to stay there until they did break in, if it took a year. The 436 was one of the engines to go. George Smith was the engineer's name. I was fireman on the 483 with Engineer Carnahan.

So up to Beatrice we went, all tickled at the chance of having a little fun and maybe a few fights. On our arrival at the connection we found a bunch of Union Pacific engines lined up in such a way as to foul their line and prevent us from getting out on their tracks.

AFTER a day or two of useless waiting, we took counsel among ourselves. Some wanted to give battle and run the U. P. men off. Others wanted to do something else. Finally one of the conductors unfolded a plan that sounded the most feasible. He knew a U. P. engineer. He would try to get him off his engine. If he did one or more of our men were to take possession of the engine and use it to push the other engines out of the way.

The conductor got the engineer off his engine. How he did it I never knew. As soon as he had accomplished his purpose he yelled to us:

"Go to it, you devils! Get to it!"

We went to it. Two of our men climbed into the cab of the engine and got busy. The engineer threw the Johnson bar in the forward motion and gave her steam. That was as far as he got. The other engineers for the U. P. were on the job with their reverse levers and the captured locomotive never moved off its spot.

Well, we retired beaten, but not admitting it. What we might have tried next is hard to say. Without warning we were called off. The U. P. had surrendered. The C. K. & N. was to have the right to use their tracks and we were to return to Horton. The feud was over.

That night saw four extras going back to Horton. Carnahan and myself were on the last extra, the 483. Engineer Smith was just ahead of us on the 436. The two extras ahead of us were leaving town about the time we backed on to our cabooses. Smith was oiling around the 436 when Carnahan and myself strolled over.

"You ride with death when you ride on that engine," Carnahan told Smith.

Smith laughed. He was not at all superstitious. A few moments later the conductors showed up with the orders. Both of us had meet orders with No. 95 at Bern. The 436 with Smith at the throttle left town like a whirlwind, and we followed.

Just out of Dubois we were flagged by George Morley, the rear brakeman

on Extra 436. He was badly hurt and at the point of death, but he had managed to get back far enough to signal us and keep us from piling into the wreck ahead of us, where the 436 and No. 95 had met in a head-on collision. The old oil headlights we had in those days were not the far-lighting electrics that were to come later.

We nosed down to the scene of disaster. Both engineers had been killed in the accident. I think the firemen were, too. The conductors and other brakemen were dead or nearly so. I grew sick as I thought how close we came to being in the same fix, would have if it had not been for Morley.

Of course, there was an investigation. The findings told the whole story. The first two extras had made Bern on No. 95's timetable schedule. No. 95's engineer and crew, coming along and seeing the two extras in there, took it for granted they were the two extras mentioned in the order.

That was the end of the 436. No, they did not scrap her. Engines are not so quickly discarded as that. Once more she was taken back to the Horton shops and overhauled, but when she came out she was numbered 571.

Perhaps those in charge figured a change in numbers might mean a change in luck. The fact remains that the newly numbered engine was sent to Herington, Kansas, and worked out of there for years without a single recorded mishap. The funny part of it all is that no one noticed that the numbers 5-7-1 also totalled thirteen!

The Boomers' Corner

I WONDER what the old-time boomers are doing now that the railroads are not hiring men. I certainly get a big kick when I see some of their names in print. Where are Jack Wilkenson, "Hew Haw" Mike, Cordory Bill, "Col." Billy Nesbit, "Three Finger Slats" S. P. Kelly, and "Two Town Boomer" Smith from Columbus, O., and "Speakeasy" Johnson from Buffalo, and "Kansas City Kid" Vaughan and "High Pocket" Cooke? I worked with those old-timers, having a record of 16 different trunk line jobs and a few switching jobs around industrial works.

Who recalls the night Matt Carrington, P. R. R. Camden Div., fell over the tame trained bear which was sleeping in the freight house at Hellonetta, N. J.?

I would like to sit in the caboose again and listen to Jimmy Riley of Phillipsburg, N. J., play "My Wild Irish Rose" on the flute. And how Carrington could play the popular tunes on his accordion!

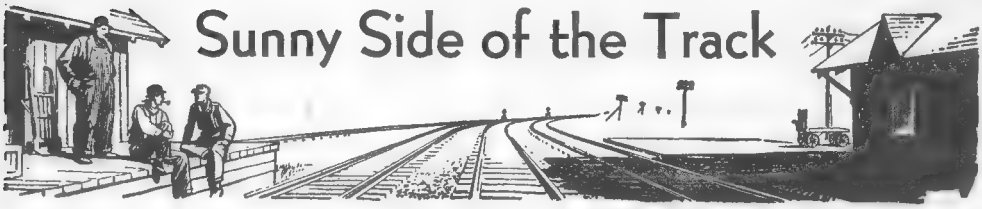
I have heard lots of stories about "cornfield meets," but I'll wager that there aren't many car hands who have seen a meet order with a canal boat. However, you can ask any car jockey on the Lehigh Valley or C. R. R. of N. J. or the D. L. & W. if he ever saw them make a meet order. He can not only tell you that he has seen them, but that they are still doing it on the Lehigh Canal between Bristol and Coalport, Pa.

Trainmaster A. G. Dowson on the P. R. R. at Cleveland once told me it cost the railroad $1,000 to educate a brakeman. All I can say is: "If they paid that much in training me without getting back $999 they were short changed."

I have lots of regard for the student brakeman, for I don't think anyone ever pulled any bigger boners than I did on my student trips. I pulled all the common ones such as reading the orders and then throwing them out of the engine cab window on the single iron. I went to work without signal oil in the hay burner, and asked the Bix Ox to fill my lamp. One time when I had hold of some first class equipment, including a dining car, I gave a shake-up signal, pulled the pin, and gave it a kick down the track against a band of box cars, damaging quite a bit of fine cut glass ware.—C. H. BRADLEY, 100 Columbia Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.

* * *

How about printing a story on the Cincinnati Southern (the old Q. & C.), which the Southern Ry. has taken over? I worked on this road as a fireman from 1905-1907; on the C. H. & D., 1907-1911; returned to the Q. & C. for 2 years, then worked as brakeman on the Big 4 and C. L. N. out of Cincinnati. I dare say they roll box cars between Somerset, Ky., and Oakdale, Tenn., 127 miles, faster than any place in the country!—GEO. LA BLANCHE, 2995 San Marino St., Los Angeles.



Sunny Side of the Track

A YARDMASTER'S LAMENT

OH, it's great to be the yardmaster
In a shanty nice and warm,
While the snakes are sorting box cars
Out in the snow and storm.
But then there comes a query
From the bosses up the line:
"Why in the name of heaven
Can't you get them out on time?"

And the yard is corked up tight;
The dispatcher is insane;
He wants to know how soon we'll take
Those reefers off the main.
The roundhouse foreman's swearing,
Says he'll lose his very soul
If we don't hurry up and spot
Six or seven cars of coal.

Three telephones at elbow,
Jangling all the time.
The hump jack's gone back to the house,
Injector will not prime.
Section foreman is a-cussing,
Says he's going to blow
Before he spends another night
A-sweeping at the snow.

The yard crab's cough is getting weak;
She's dying; that's a fact.
Her taller says he can't make steam,
Not with that sand and slack.
Somebody's got one crossways,
On the ground in Number Seven.
The dinger thinks, that 'side of this,
Hell must be just like heaven.

He jumps up from his chair,
Tearing madly at his hair,
And his eyes are gleaming
With an icy glassy stare.
The snakes all say Y. M.'s dumb,
Just another false alarm;
And why the devil didn't
That guy stay on the farm?

Oh! It's great to be the yardmaster
In a shanty nice and warm.
But I'd rather be a switchman
Out in the snow and storm.

—Guy Gordon Walker.

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED

A FEW years ago the "Pennsylvania Limited," No. 2, eastbound, arrived in Pittsburgh with 14 cars. The train, too heavy for the mountains on that division, was made up in two sections. I was on duty as operator at a point midway between Pittsburgh and Altoona. The following message was thrown to me by the conductor on the first section of No. 2, and signed by him:

"Station Master, Altoona: Arrange to hold first section of No. 2 at Altoona until the arrival of second No. 2, as passenger in lower 8, car 39, wants to get his pants which he gave the valet to press before arriving in Pittsburgh and are now on second section. He wants to get up but does not have other pants."—E. K. Walker, New Florence, Pa.

* * *

BARN FOR THE IRON HORSE

JIM HOULIHAN, a veteran hogger who had never before traveled in the snow country, made his first trip on the Canadian Pacific, running through about forty miles of snowsheds.

"How do you like railroading in this country?" the fireman asked at the end of the trip.

"Bedad, it's all right," said Jim, "but it's the only time I ever run an engine in a barn."—W. F. Knapke.

* * *

RAILROAD LINGO

A BRAKEMAN on the C., M., St. P. & P. was being tried for assault and battery on a switchman. On the stand he was testifying:

"Judge, I gave the hoghead a highball to slip the rattlers over the transfer, and this pie-faced snake—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the judge. "What kind of language do you speak?"

"The same as everyone in West Milwaukee," replied the brakeman.

Then the judge inquired gravely: "Is there an interpreter present who can speak West Milwaukee?"

"Goin' on Forty Years I Have Dreamt of Such a Moment as This . . ."

His Last Quarter

By HERB HEASLEY

Chief Line Clerk, El Paso Terminal, Texas & New Orleans R.R.

TWENTY-FIVE cents in cash and a dollar's worth of pie-book! Old Pete-Cawley grinned and returned his total assets to his pocket. A ceaseless winter drizzle beat a soft tattoo upon the window; the tiny gas heater had gone out. Old Pete shivered and spat contemptuously on the floor. "Regal Hotel, Railroad Men's Headquarters!" A prize dump among the many flop houses he'd seen in his day.

"Tomorrow," they had just told Pete, "you'll pay up or—"

He had always been a boomer. Even when the day of the boomer had passed, old Pete couldn't seem to stay with one railroad for long. In blistering weather and blustering, his life had been spent mostly on wheels. A link-and-pin veteran, he knew the game from A to Izzard; but he had waited too long to tie down and start pushing his name up the rounds of a seniority roster.

A man simply had to have lots of "whiskers" to hold a railroading job these days. So Pete hadn't batted an eye when he got his expected cut-off letter that afternoon—even though it meant, to a man of his years, that he was through with the rails forever!

No use for a fellow to kid himself; Pete Cawley was through. He was

tired, mighty tired, and a little bit relieved. A fellow can worry so much over a pending disaster that he almost welcomes its coming.

It was tough to leave the game after all these years with only twenty-five cents cash and a dollar in pie-book. Railroading owed Pete more than that. A whole lot more. Couldn't kick, though. He'd lived. He'd seen the sights and he'd had his fun and his grief on almost every high-iron between Boston and 'Frisco.

And friends! Those gems that brighten the dimming memories of an old railroader. . . . Red Regan, originally of the Grand Trunk; Hefty Starling and Stumpy Webb of the Vermont Central, Mike Conley of the Seaboard, Boomer Richards, Jack Neal. But mainly Red Regan.

Old Pete laced his fingers and gazed out at the rain unseeingly through the sooty window. . . . Like brothers they'd been, Pete Cawley and Red Regan, back in those days when the sixteen-hour law was being fought over and Rule G was a distant ideal; back when block signals and remote control hadn't been heard of; and a man could call an official by his first name.

Fifty-fifty on everything, he and Red Regan, back there when the call of the horizon had kept them itch-footing from yard job to road job across the map and back. Boisterous, free-spending, hard-fighting Red Regan! A way about him with the women; and more railroading in him than half of the operating officials!

Then, one day, like brothers they'd split, Pete Cawley and Red Regan. Faces strained and pale, knuckles white; snarling, hot, bitter words that only railroad men of that day could handily lay tongue to—and over a woman, of course!

There'd been other women, but not like Kitty McGhee. Kitty, with a cloud of smoky hair, and strange, tempting gray-green eyes, and an indefinable something that stirred men's blood whenever she leaned close to them across the counter in the yard beanery where she officiated.

No two men could share Kitty McGhee. She was first and last a one-man woman. The fellow who won Kitty's heart would have her for life.

Many had quarrelled and fought over her. Pete Cawley and Red Regan did. To Pete she meant an end of booming, meant settling down to one woman and one job. But Red Regan wanted her, too; and Red had a way about him. He very seldom got married, but he did marry Kitty McGhee. And Pete Cawley—

OLD Pete sighed wearily and sat down upon the squeaky bed. That dead gas heater made the room seem even colder to look at it. He would have to put a quarter in the meter, his last quarter. That would leave him a dollar in pie-book. One buck! Why, old Pete had slipped more than that to many a bum!

He'd never done any bumming himself, old Pete hadn't. He'd made his money hard and spent it easy; he'd been hungry and broke, but he'd never mooched a dime. Pete had taken his fun where he found it, and whenever he went broke—well, there was always another pay day around the corner. In those days life had held a brimming cup to a youngster's lips. Now he was an oldster gazing at the dregs.

Yes, he had memories. . . . Red Regan and the others. Most of them had long ago quietly drifted down the last lead track into the Big Yard. . . . One more quarter to put into the

hungry gas meter. Then tomorrow, not even the comfort of that small stove.

How much gas can you buy for a quarter? Funny he'd never thought about that before. A fellow gets peculiar thoughts in his head when his mind won't face the future. That quarter ought to furnish enough gas . . . plenty. . . . Just stuff those cracks around the door and the window with that newspaper he'd picked up in the yard office that afternoon. Wouldn't take long . . . and not bad. . . . Kind of like going under the ether at the hospital, maybe. . . .

Numbly, haltingly, old Pete spread the newspaper upon his knees and stared unseeingly at it. Mighty tired. Seemed like that cold worked into his marrow. Better snap out of it, though; might get a call for the big hook or the pile driver if this rain kept up, railroad man!

Railroad man! No, not now. No more calls for this railroad man. But he couldn't get those words out of his mind: *Railroad man!*

No wonder! There were the very words in that newspaper headline he'd been staring at. Pete's eyes moved across the line of big black letters.

His breath caught slightly. He arose and hobbled across the room to hold the paper close to the fading light which came through the drenched window. The news item was a press dispatch from a nearby city. To newspapermen it was known as a "human interest yarn." Old Pete Cawley read:

RAILROAD MAN MAKES FORTUNE FROM KIND DEED

Wealth Results From Charitable Act Of Twenty Years Ago

Two decades ago, J. W. ("Red") Regan, well-known local railroad man and secretary of the local lodge of the O.R.C., extended a helping hand to a down-and-out fellow man. Today, that forgotten act of human kindness bore abundant fruit. Mr. Regan was advised by the Trans-National Oil Co. that a test well sunk on property owned by him in Texas had proved a gusher . . .

Commenting on his good fortune, Mr. Regan told a reporter how he acquired the bonanza.

"I was firing an engine on the old West Texas & Rio Grande Railroad some twenty years ago," he said, "when I met a destitute and friendless tubercular victim who was homesteading near Abilos, my home terminal. The head brakeman and I did what we could for the poor fellow, providing necessities until his death some weeks later.

"His gratitude was expressed in a simple will which bequeathed his clapboard shack and a hundred acres of mesquite brush and jackrabbits to my partner and me. My pal and I appreciated his gesture but were inclined to look on it as fool's gold. I threw the deed into my trunk and forgot all about it until a year or so later—after I had married and settled down and the delinquent tax notices found my permanent address. I was for disposing of the property right then, but Kitty (Mrs. Regan), with notions of a chicken ranch for old age retirement, talked me into holding it.

"Some years ago I lost track of the brakeman, my old buddy, who is joint heir to the Texas property. Haven't any idea where he is now, but we hope to find him and turn his share over to him, if he is still alive.

"Maybe he won't be hard to find. I guess he is on a caboose or in an engine cab somewhere in the States or Canada. And probably feeding a hungry bum with his last quarter. Name's Pete Cawley—"

THERE was more to the story but old Pete didn't read further. He stumbled to the bed and dropped heavily upon it.

"'Feedin' a hungry bum with his last quarter.'" Pete's voice rose to a wild cackling laugh. "Yes, sir, my last quarter feeding a hungry bum of a gas meter! My last two bits for a ticket to hell!"

For a long time Pete sat and muttered and laughed, pounding clenched hands upon his knees as he swayed back and forth. Then a warm gleam came into his faded blue eyes. His weather-beaten face lighted with a grin. He arose and addressed the leak-stained, fly-specked ceiling:

"Well, Regal Hotel, you're a mangey den o' stew bums, cockroaches, bedbugs an' rats! Dang yore crummy sheets, you didn't git me, did you? No, sir, you didn't git me! An' you won't! You come close an' missed; an' you won't have another chance at me, 'cause I'm a-leavin' you right now, this very night!

"I'm a-goin' to Red an' Kitty an' tell 'em what a eternal dang fool I've been for all these years. But I ain't a-goin' to tell 'em how near I come to missin' 'em completely. I ain't a-goin' to tell 'em what this dirty Regal Hotel nearly made me do to my everlastin' soul!

"I'm a-going' to put my feet under the table an' eat all my drawbars will pull. I'm a-goin' to set in the parlor by th' fire after supper an' smoke good seegars an' drop ashes on their rug an' lissen to th' rain an' wind outside, an' play with th' kids, if they got any that ain't too growed-up.

"Then I'm a-goin' to do what I always said I'd do if I ever got rich: Hire me a private car to hook on a hot shot's tail an' travel around over th' country. I'll be a-settin' under th' markers an' makin' Mexico signs at every gandy dancer an' footboard yardmaster I pass by!

"I ain't a-goin' to forgit you, Regal Hotel, last resort for down an' out railroad men! I'm a-comin' back here an' buy you! Then I'll scrub you an' paint you—an' pipe every one o' yore filthy rooms for steam heat! But right now I'm a-goin' to put that quarter in the gas meter an' keep me from freezin' t' death."

A heavy pounding at the door interrupted old Pete's rambling soliloquy.

"Come in," he called out.

The door was flung open by a black-slickered, dripping call boy from the yard office. The kid extended his call book. Pete was still holding his two bits above the slot, uncertainly; he might need that coin for something else.

"Work train," the newcomer announced. "Soon as possible, with O'Brien an' Welch. Mess o' rip-rap and ballast to dump in Cherry Creek. She's running full and wild and trying to gnaw our noble railroad in two!"

Pete Cawley continued to stare. "Why me?" he quavered. "I was cut off th' board today!"

"You ain't now, old-timer," the caller said impatiently. "You're plain lucky. They slapped a smallpox quarantine on Miz Dean's roomin' house this P.M. and tied up darn near our whole extry board with it. Flu's got two other guys—and the rest of 'em slipped out when they seen me coming in this weather, I guess. I've blame near shagged my legs off, and you're the last bet. You're elected. Sign!"

PETE hesitated. A blissful expression came over his countenance. "Goin' on forty years I have dreamt of such a moment as this, but never thought I'd live to see it.

"Every rail has this dream in his time—a pretty dream about a call-animal comin' to roust me out on just such a wild night as this—an' ketchin' me with so much o' th' long green in my possession that I could afford to laugh at you, throw the book in your

face, kick you into th' street, an' tell you to take his cussed railroad, jam it into th' blackest pit o' hell, an' heave th' trainmaster in after it!"

The call boy fidgeted uneasily, his pose denoting readiness for fast and prompt flight. Old Pete remained in his trance for a long moment. Then he snapped out of it.

"No longer'n a month ago," he declared in a brisk, conversational tone, "I says to that squirt roadmaster that th' first good wet spell which come along would throw that there bend o' Cherry Creek over ag'in' our right o' way. Mr. Smart Guy, though, he says no. Th' bright engineers an' their blueprints have got that all fixed for, he says . . . An' now look! . . . I hope I see that bozo down there tonight . . . Gimme yore pencil!"

As the kid gingerly proffered his book and pencil, his suspicions of Pete's sanity were confirmed by a remark the old duffer made as he scribbled his name. His eyes were wild, too, and he was smiling humorlessly.

"Oil wells can wait," he mumbled. "Washouts can't!"

"Nuts, plumb nuts!" the call boy told himself. Then: "Thanks!" he said aloud as Pete proffered a twenty-five cent tip—the old boomer's last quarter.

Monkey Motion

"Sure, I'll Save Your Railroad Job; I Could Even Put Sitting Bull on His Feet"

By THE ENGINE PICTURE KID

A BIRD in the hand gathers no moss and a home guard does not see so much railroad scenery as his boomer brothers. Which is why I quit my job as call boy at Citrus on the C. & N. in Southern California and come out here to the Nevada mining country.

Besides, I won a swell motion-picture camera in an engine picture contest, with which I can take shots of locomotive power in motion and other interesting railroad sequences. But not around Citrus, now that the orange rush is over. There ain't nothing there but a study in still life until they start shipping fruit again.

Never do I forget old friends. I am not in Toadstool, Nev., three days before I send a souvenir postcard to Hardshell Higgins, the hogger who is also father of my girl friend, Goldenrod.

"Having a fine time. Wish you were both here," is what I write on the card. On the other side of the card is a fine picture of the new state prison, looking very pretty indeed with all the iron bars on the windows and everything.

Somehow I don't get no answer from Hardshell. Nor from Goldenrod either. That is the way with some people. Out of sight, out of mind.

Things are humming at Toadstool.

That is on the N. U. & W. they are. But I work for the Nevada Midland. The railroad situation is very peculiar down here. Though the town is only a wide spot on the edge of the desert, two standard-gage railroads run through it, on account of both have to use the same pass to get across the mountains just east of town.

The twin pikes are naturally fighting like cats and dogs for Toadstool's freight business. A carload is a carload these days, and shipments of high-grade ore from the Gray Goose gold mine are heavy. It does not take much rock to make up an extra freight drag or so to be hauled to the smelter at Blue Bonnet on the eastern side of the pass.

A funny little guy named Abijah Rogers with bandy legs, a deep chest, a round red face and a voice like a den full of bears, owns the Gray Goose and most of Toadstool that don't belong to the railroads for their repair shops, roundhouses, paint sheds and so forth. This Rogers fellow is doing all his business with the N. U. & W. It is very tough for the Nevada Midland, there being no more mines in Toadstool that is making any money except the Gray Goose.

A LOT of people on the N. M. are very depressed over the situation. Especially Ignatz Montoya, who is the freight agent and ordinarily a very good-looking Mexican. His real name is Ignacio.

"Ignatz," I says as we are sitting in the Greasy Spoon where I am having a fried egg sandwich, "you don't look happy."

He shook his head.

"Happy? What is to be happy these days?" says Ignacio sadly. "My so-beloved railroad say unless I am produce beezniss, I am soon weethout job. Weethout job I cannot marry Señorita Maria Estancia Garcia y Mendoza."

"You can't marry all them dames anyhow," I says. "You ain't no Mormon."

Ignatz don't pay any attention but goes right on with his troubles.

"Every day I have see Señor Rogers. I beg, I plead, I go down on thee so-proud knees of a Montoya that he weel give even wan carload of his rock to the Nevada Midland for pull to Blue Bon-net."

"Yeah?" I says. "Maybe you ain't got the right approach. What does the old billy-goat say?"

"Wan word. How you call it? Nerts."

Well, I can see that this Ignatz don't know a thing about modern business methods, so I says to him: "Ignatz, you have come to the right place for advice."

The agent's face lights up. "You can help?" he inquires.

"Brother," I says, "I am a guy which could even put Sitting Bull on his feet, let alone a railroad job like the Nevada Midland is at Toadstood."

"How?" he asks, paying for my fried egg sandwich.

Pretty soon I have unfolded a swell scheme which with the aid of my motion-picture camera will get Ignatz a slice of Rogers' shipping for the Nevada Midland, and maybe all of it. Pictures ain't like a sales talk, I explain. Pictures don't lie.

"Weel the company stand for it?" Ignatz wants to know.

"They will most likely give us a medal or a raise or something," I says. "Superintendent Philbrick is anxious to get some loaded cars moving out of here so he can make a freight showing for this division point."

So Montoya goes off to see can he arrange for a private showing of motion pictures to Old Man Rogers, illustrating just how things are done on the Nevada Midland, while I brace the trainmaster.

"Forget them dumb ideas," says the T. M., "and listen here, yuh little punk. The crew on Number Eight says you was late callin' 'em this mornin', and Applewaite, firin' twenty-seven, never signed the book yesterday. One more slip, and yuh're canned. If yuh wanta make movin' pitchers, go to Hollywood."

Well, as that is not very encouraging, I decide to see Supt. Philbrick himself.

"Oh, yeah?" snaps the super. "I'm running this division. Not you. If I want any pictures taken I'll take 'em myself."

"Gosh," I says, "I didn't know you was an engine picture fien' like I am, Mr. Philbrick."

After the red has died out of the superintendent's face some, he thumps his desk and yells at me: "What's more, if I ever catch you fooling around with a camera in that glorified morgue we got for a freight yard, I'll break your skinny neck."

He presses a button for his secretary.

"Take a memo, Puddingstone," he snaps. I can tell by the orders he is issuing to the railroad police that he ain't fooling about pictures being took on the Desert Division of the Nevada Midland.

HOWEVER, I am not one to lose heart, except now and then. But the rest of the day I am a little worried. I am waiting to see if Ignatz gets an appointment with Old Man Rogers to show him actual moving-pictures of how railroading is done on the Nevada Midland. If Rogers won't listen to him, we are in a fix as far as our scheme is concerned; and if he does listen, we are even worse off, because now it looks like I won't get much chance to take Nevada Midland movies around Toadstool.

Ignatz meets me smiling. He has the bad news. "Señor Rogers is willing to see thee pictures. Friday night at hees house at seex-thirty. Maybe we weel to catch some of his rocks for Nevada Midland."

"Yeah," I says, kind of gloomy, "and maybe we'll have the pictures to show him."

It is a tough break for us because a couple of brass hats have not got modern ideas.

Two or three times I try to sneak a hundred feet or so of film on the Nevada Midland—or maybe a dissolve shot, with some fade-ins and fade-outs—and what happens? Every time I am run off company property like I was a bum.

"It's no use," I says to Ignatz. "Tell Maria what's-her-name you can't marry her, because you ain't going to have a job because you can't get a slice of Rogers' business because I can't get no movies of the Nevada Midland."

"But," says Ignatz, "we must have some of theese moving pict-ures. I have promised. An' a Montoya's word is as good as his bond." The Mexican's eyes suddenly flashed dangerously. "My frien'," he says, "you said you would get thee pictures. It is nothing, nothing at all for a Montoya to cut the heart out of a man who makes joke with heem."

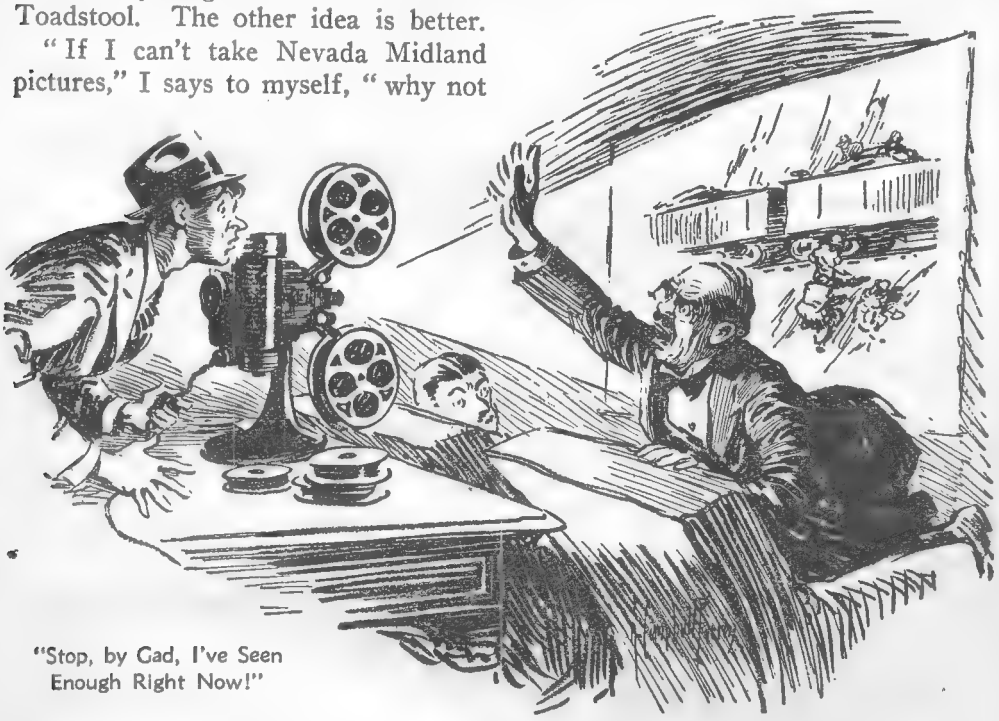
His right hand reaches suggestively for his belt. I can see he carries a long knife there.

"Oh," I says, "that's different."

"It is thee case," says the freight agent solemnly.

Before Friday I have an idea. In fact, two of them. The first is that if I don't have some movies for Ignatz to show Old Man Rogers, I ain't going to live very long. At least not around Toadstool. The other idea is better.

"If I can't take Nevada Midland pictures," I says to myself, "why not take some scenes from the N. U. & W.?"



"Stop, by Gad, I've Seen Enough Right Now!"

Which is what I do, the brass hats over on the other road being live wires and up on their toes every minute. I explain what I have done to Ignatz. All he has to do, after the pictures are shown, is tell Rogers how much better we do things on the Nevada Midland.

"They are the true moving pictures?" asks Ignatz.

"Sure," I says.

"I am satisfy," said Ignatz.

But I ain't so sure he is going to be after Abijah Rogers sees how well they are handling his business on the N. U. & W.

WHEN the time comes, Ignatz and me haul all the apparatus out to Old Man Rogers' house. We take along the portable projection machine, the home silver screen rolled up like a big map, and the films.

"This will be just like a pre-view, Mr. Rogers," I says. "A real private showing of railroad efficiency in action. Only it's the N. U. &. W., because I couldn't get no shots of the Nevada Midland."

"Never mind about that," growls Mr. Rogers. "Did you bring a Mickey Mouse along? A show ain't no good without a Mickey Mouse."

It ain't a very good start. Nevertheless we get Rogers into his most comfortable chair and I turn the lights out and begin showing my pictures. The first sequence shows a gang of men loading Rogers' ore from the tipple into cars. A hundred feet ain't been run

off before I realize that something is wrong. I guess Old Man Rogers does too, for he jumps and shouts:

"Stop it, by gad! I've seen enough right now."

The next thing I know he has found the switch and turned on the lights and is telling us to beat it, the quicker the better! Ignatz don't get no time for his sales talk, which he tries to put on as Rogers shoves us out the door.

"To hell with your sales talk!" Mr. Rogers roars, lifting a boot which is a large size for a small man, and aiming it at Ignatz where he thinks it will do the most good. "I can see, can't I?"

Ignatz ain't in no cheerful humor neither, when he picks himself up off the sidewalk.

"Now," he says, "you dope, you! You have spill the frijoles."

"Well," I says, "Ignatz, you got your own troubles. And I got mine."

In fact, it turns out next morning I have got even more troubles than I counted on. I am not down to the yards five minutes before I am told that Mr. Philbrick wants to see me, and that he ain't happy about something neither.

"You young scalawag!" the super yells at me across his desk. "What's the idea of showing pictures of the N. U. & W.'s efficiency to Rogers? I heard about it last night. Is that your idea of loyalty to the road you work for?" He pauses, then adds: "Let me correct that statement. The road you used to work for."

"I can explain everything, Mr. Philbrick," I says, meaning to tell him just why I had to take pictures of the rival railroad.

"You don't need to," snaps the super.

Right then the door opens and in comes Old Man Rogers with a big grin. He walks like he has just got off a horse. He steps right up to Mr. Philbrick and slaps him on the back.

"Hi, Phil!" he says. "I'm giving the Nevada Midland a chance at my business today. Give you a month's trial, and if I'm satisfied, every car of Gray Goose ore is yours."

Mr. Philbrick is merely leaning back in his chair and making movements with his mouth like a fish out of water. Mr. Rogers points to me.

"There's the lad that did it. He's a funny-looking duck, but he's smart. Don't lose him. He's the smartest kid you got on the division."

"Just what I was saying when you came in, Mr. Rogers. I was telling him about the raise we're going to give him next pay day," says Mr. Philbrick.

"He deserves it," says Mr. Rogers, pulling a handful of cigars out of his pocket and passing them to me and Mr. Philbrick. "Him and that Mexican freight agent, Montoya," goes on Mr. Rogers. "They come up to my house last night and showed me some movies of how things was done on the N. U. & W. That settled it. Pictures don't lie, Phil. What I saw determined me to give you fellows a shot at my business."

"I am sure we can handle it satisfactorily," says Mr. Philbrick, still in the dark.

"I hope so." Mr. Rogers grins again, and waves a hand at me and hurries out of the office.

AFTER he has gone Mr. Philbrick asks me can I set up my projection apparatus and screen in his office, as he would sure like to see the pictures of the N. U. & W. that sold Rogers on the Nevada Midland.

"Show 'em to me just like you done to him," says Mr. Philbrick.

We get the office dark and the screen set up and all and I begin with the scene of the N. U. & W. loading ore cars at the Gray Goose mine. It ain't long before Mr. Philbrick starts laughing. This is surprising to me, because I have never seen him smile before.

I stop the machine just as the unloading scene is finished.

"That sequence ain't so good, Mr. Philbrick," I says. "Old Man Rogers runs us out of the house and wouldn't see the rest."

Mr. Philbrick is still chuckling to himself. "Are the rest just the same?" he asks.

"Oh, no," I says. "You see, I was taking a shot of the monkey motion on the Walschaert valve gear on one of them big Pacific's the C. & N. was running back in Citrus, and when I took them loading scenes I forgot the camera was still set for *slow motion.*"

"Are the other scenes in slow motion, too?" asks Mr. Philbrick.

"No," I says. "The others are all right. Here's one of a train of ore cars pulling out of the siding."

"Never mind it," says Mr. Philbrick. He yanks up the window shades and presses a button on his desk. In comes his secretary.

"Take a memo, Miss Puddingstone."

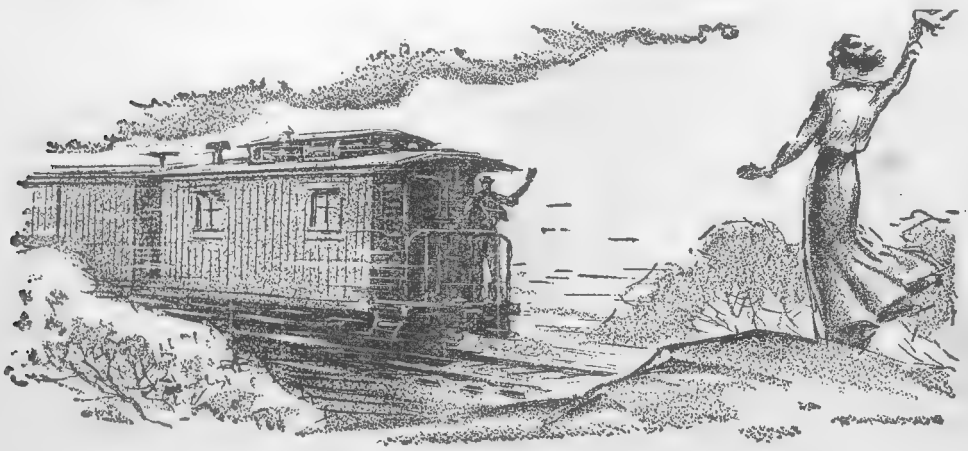
The memo is to the chief of the railroad bulls rescinding the former order about my taking pictures on company property of Nevada Midland motive power and activities. When he has finished dictating it, Mr. Philbrick looks up at me. He has a fine, noble look on his face.

"Son," he says, "I want you to do some movies of our first trainload of Rogers' ore." He shakes his finger at me. "But by gad, if you take 'em in slow motion I wring your neck with my own hands."

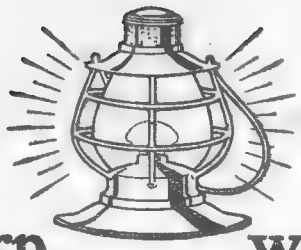
"I won't," I says. "A mistake like that could only happen once in a lifetime, Mr. Philbrick."

The super looks at me kind of funny. "At that, I believe you're right," he says slowly. Then he turns to his secretary again. "Take another memo, Miss Puddingstone . . . to the paymaster."

It is about my raise, and I notice that Ignatz gets one, too, so he can marry all them dames. I drop another picture card to Goldenrod Higgins, telling her the good news. Maybe this time she will answer me, and we can have a double wedding. Maybe.



By the Light of the Lantern



Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Owing to the number of queries, no engine specifications are printed except type, driver and cylinder dimensions, weight, and tractive force (t.f.).

(3) Sign your full name and address as evidence of good faith. We will print only initials, without street address.

(4) Always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary.

(5) Answers to questions are published in this department. Don't be disappointed if they do not appear at once. This department is printed two months in advance of date of issue.

WHAT are the advantages of the steam locomotive over the Diesel-powered locomotive, if any? Everything I read claims the Diesel engine to be more efficient, and yet railroads keep on ordering steam locomotives.

(2) What keeps locomotive boilers from rusting out?—E. K., Sabinal, Tex.

(1) Theoretical and actual operating efficiency are two different things. In the last analysis that type of motive power is best which does the job the most cheaply. In this respect it is hard to beat the good old steam engine, for it still remains the most flexible and simple piece of railroad motive power ever devised. It can meet a wide range of operating conditions even when it is not in first class shape. It has few parts to get out of order, and is not dependent upon outside source of power or a complex system of using its own power. It can be used on jobs which require more than its rated capacity, and yet can be worked far below its capacity with fair results. It is uniformly efficient at both high and low speed.

The Diesel-powered locomotive, on the other hand, is most efficient when running at a certain fixed (generally low) speed, and under such conditions is a great deal cheaper to operate than most steam locomotives. Thus it is well adapted for ships, which run for days with little variation in speed, and it is also being used with success in railroad yard work, where efficiency at low speed is necessary. Perhaps Diesel locomotives will be developed for high speed main line work, but whether or not they will be successful enough to supplant the steam engine is doubtful.

(2) Your question is somewhat puzzling. Iron or steel does not rust in the ordinary sense of the word unless it is exposed to air, and the inside of a boiler, when in use, is never exposed to air. After a long time, however, boilers do corrode and thus wear out. Few very old engines now in service have not been equipped with new boilers some time in their lives.

THE Chesapeake & Ohio is frequently pointed out as an example of what a well-managed railroad should be. What has been its financial record in the last few years?

(2) What is its equipment, valuation, etc.?—R. R., Minot, N. D.

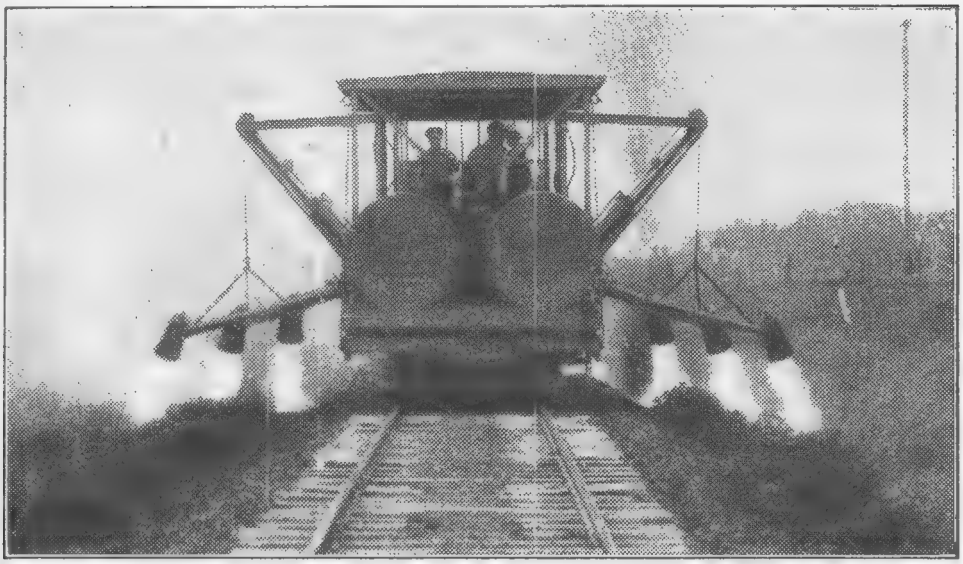
(1) The Chesapeake & Ohio has come through the depression with perhaps the best record of any road in the country. Although its gross income has dropped considerably, it has not dropped as much as that of most lines. Moreover, it has kept a comfortable spread between expenses and income, with the result that even its 1932 net income enabled it to pay a substantial dividend. Following are a few figures showing its record for the last four years:

	1930	1931
Total revenues	$137,173,037	$119,552,170
Operating expenses	86,921,032	74,497,861
Net income	34,132,940	26,696,484

	1932	1933
Total revenues	$ 98,725,859	$105,969,522
Operating expenses	55,965,115	58,326,085
Net income	23,527,754	28,239,810

(After all income and outgo were written off)

Passenger traffic is responsible for only about



No, This Is Not a New Type Engine, a Fourth of July Celebration, or a Dingus to Scare Bus and Truck Drivers. It Is a Modern Weed-Burner, Manufactured by the Fairmont Railway Motors, Fairmont, Minn. It Destroys Weeds and Plants along the Right-of-Way, Not So Much Because They Look Bad as Because They Cause Ties to Rot Quickly, Permit Snow to Drift, and Are a Fire Menace

2½% of the C&O's operating income. In 1932 coal traffic alone brought 89% of its freight tonnage, whereas in previous years it had accounted for only 82-87%. This shows that the demand for the type of coal it carries has kept up. It shows, too, of course, that coal traffic is responsible for the most part of the road's business, and that it is really the big factor in the C&O's financial condition. While capable management has played no small part in this record, any railroad executive knows it is easier to manage a road well when it is in first class shape, both physically and financially, than it is when the line is ready to go into bankruptcy.

(2) The C&O is 3,150 miles long, has 1,049 locomotives, 58,845 freight, 470 passenger and 1,931 miscellaneous cars. Its total valuation (including road equipment and miscellaneous, but not including securities held) is about $524,000,000.

A. S., Chicago.—Following are ten largest railroads (in mileage) in North America. Figures are approximate. See our August, 1933, for additional lines

Canadian National	23,356
Canadian Pacific	17,024
Southern Pacific (incl. lines in Mexico)	16,820
Santa Fe System	13,558
New York Central Lines	11,440
Milwaukee Road	11,242
Pennsylvania	10,892
Chicago & North Western (incl. CStPM&O)	10,179
Union Pacific System (incl. StJ&GI)	10,095
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	9,248

A DESCRIPTION of the new UP streamlined train mentions a new type air brake. What can you tell about it?—L. C. C., Burlington, Vt.

Since the streamlined train is designed to operate at speeds of around 100 mph, and since the UP signaling system, etc., would have to be rearranged if it were to be stopped at ordinary rates of deceleration, a new type of brake was installed. It employs a "Decelerometer," which automatically controls the brakeshoe pressure in proportion to speed. The instrument is a 100-lb. movable weight mounted on ball-bearing rollers in line with the motion of the train. Attached to it is a calibrated spring. When the train is moving at a high rate of speed, the inertia of the weight is naturally great, and thus when brakes are applied the spring is stretched farther than it would be if the train were moving slowly. The distance which the weight moves when the train is stopped determines the amount of brake cylinder pressure. And in order to eliminate a jolt at the end of the stop, the decelerometer is fitted with a valve device which lowers the rate of deceleration just before the train completely stops. Thus it stops evenly and comfortably, no matter what the speed.

Photo from W. L. McAboy, Brockway, Oregon

Rare Old Photo Showing the Central Pacific Yards at Roseburg, Oregon, Back in the Wood-Burning Days. The Three Engines in Service Are (Left to Right) Nos. 1355 (4-4-0), 1543 (4-6-0), 1773 (4-6-0)

IN a leaflet describing the Class H engines of the C&NW the statement is made that a throw of a lever will change these engines from freight to passenger service. How is this done?

(2) How much steam would be needed to propel one of these engines, running light at 20 mph? Is this type equipped with leading and trailing truck brakes?—J. J. A., New York City.

(1) On the C&NW automatic train control limits the speed of passenger trains to 73 mph; and that of freight trains to 50 mph. The lever referred to is simply a small electrical switch which changes the automatic control relay from low to high or high to low speed, depending on the type of service. The capacity, type, speed possibilities and general dimensions of the locomotive are exactly the same in both cases.

(2) Fifty lbs. would suffice. Even less might do, but the water pumps will not operate at lower pressures. These engines do not have leading and trailing truck brakes. Those on the drivers and the 6-wheel tender truck are sufficient, for they give the locomotive 70% braking power.

W. A. E., Paterson, N. J.—The New York, Susquehanna & Western, which runs between Jersey City, N. J., and Stroudsburg, Pa., has 218 miles of track, 2 locomotives, 1,954 freight, 14 passenger and 24 miscellaneous cars. The present line is a result of the consolidation, in 1895, of the old NYS&W and the Hudson River R.R. & Terminal; it also owns the Susquehanna Connecting, the Passaic & NY, the Wilkes-Barre & Eastern, Hackensack & Lodi, and Lodi Branch. It, in turn, is controlled by the Erie R.R., which owns $25,735,417 of its $26,000,000 worth of stock outstanding.

(2) An ordinary box car weighs from 35,000-50,000 lbs., depending on capacity, type, and construction.

WHAT is the history of the old Columbus & Southern?—R. A., Lakewood, O.

In 1887 the Lancaster & Hamden was chartered. It ran for a few years; in 1895 was succeeded by the Columbus, Lancaster & Wellston; four years later it went into receivership and was succeeded by the Columbus, Wellston & Southern. Again, in 1902, it went bankrupt and was reorganized as the Columbus & Southern, which ran from South Bloomington to Lancaster Jct., O., 34 miles, had 3 locomotives, 2 passenger and 8 freight cars. It was abandoned several years ago.

J. P., Martin's Ferry, O.—The Wheeling & Lake Erie R.R. was chartered in 1871, opened in 1878 from Norwalk to Huron, O. By 1883, 170 miles were completed—all west of Valley Jct., O. In 1884 it went bankrupt, became the Wheeling & Lake Erie Ry. In 1899 it again went through receivership and called itself the W&LERR.

Finally it went bankrupt in 1916 and became the Wheeling & Lake Erie Ry. Today it has 168 locomotives, 512 miles of track, 11,305 freight, 29 passenger and 273 miscellaneous cars.

A. H.—The Southern Ry. System is 7,962 miles long, has 2,081 locomotives, 59,972 freight, 1,060 passenger, 3,792 miscellaneous cars.

B. E. B.—In 1932 the Pacific Coast Ry. suffered a $17,216 operating loss, although its miscellaneous income brought the figure for that year up to $7,762 net income. However, on Jan. 1, 1932, it had a total deficit of $475,964, and on Jan. 1, 1933, $468,712 deficit.

The Sierra Ry. had $4,968 operating deficit in 1932, which mounted up to $125,862 for the year when fixed charges, etc., were figured in.

The Ventura County Ry. had $9,913 operating revenue in 1932, which, after fixed charges, etc., were deducted, left it with $5,304 net income for the year. Its total deficit, however, was still $83,324. No figures for 1933 were available at time we went to press.

I HAVE been wearing glasses ever since I was 15. Will this prevent me from becoming an engineman?—D. R. M., Chicago.

If you can pass the railroad eye test without your glasses, you do not have to worry about their interfering with your career as a railroad man. We have known several firemen who wear glasses, and many engineers, also.

HOW does the wheel alignment of a locomotive allow it to take sharp curves?—L. M.

Although the gage of the track is widened at the curve, and there often are no flanges on the center drivers, all locomotives are definitely limited to curves of a certain degree. Outside of the factors already mentioned, merely the lateral motion of the drivers and the leading and trailing trucks take care of the track curvature. Usually a locomotive with more drivers can negotiate a sharper curve than one of the same wheel base with fewer drivers. For example, the Erie 2-8-4 types, which have a driving wheel base of a little more than 18 ft., can take a 20° curve (287 ft. radius), whereas the 4-6-2 type, Class K-4b, with only 13 ft. driving wheel base, is also limited to a 20° curve.

In most cases it is sufficient to consider only the rigid or driving wheel base when talking about ability to negotiate curves. Leading and trailing trucks can be designed to work with almost any set of drivers. Even so, an engine such as you mention (with a 34-ft. wheel base), could not possibly negotiate a curve of 90-ft. radius, were its driving wheel base only 12 ft., which is unlikely. A locomotive taking curves this sharp generally has a driving wheel base of not more than 5 ft.

E. M.—CStPM&O Class J-2, 2-8-2 type, Nos. 422-431, has 27 x 32 cylinders, 63-in. drivers, 190 lbs. pressure, weighs 320,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 59,800 lbs. t. f.

J. B., St. Louis.—The Missouri Pacific has 1,155 locomotives. Write to the Railroad Boosters' Club, 3547 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., for specifications.

E. L. K.—About the middle of Feb., 1934, Boston & Maine engine No. 3689 had run 265,000 miles since last general repairs and 100,000 since last intermediate repairs.

R. M. C., Tionesta, Pa.—The Sheffield & Tionesta was organized in 1901, when it absorbed the Tionesta Valley & Salmon Creek. In 1911 it took over the Tionesta Valley & Hickory. Ten years later it became a common carrier. It runs from Sheffield to Nebraska, Pa., 35 miles, has 2 locomotives, 2 passenger and 44 freight cars. In 1932 it had $4,328 deficit and in 1931 $949 deficit.

H. E. S., Fairville, N. B.—Canadian National Class G-11, 4-6-0 type, Nos. 1084-1102, has 19 x 26 cylinders, 57-in. drivers, 190 lbs. pressure, weighs 147,300 lbs. without tender, exerts 26,600 lbs. t. f. Class H-6a, 4-6-0 type, Nos. 1261-1267 has 20 x 26 cylinders, 63-in. drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 141,300 lbs. without tender, exerts 28,960 lbs. t. f. Class K-1d, 4-6-2 type, Nos. 5517-5531, has 21 x 28 cylinders, 72-in. drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 175,420 lbs. without tender, exerts 29,200 lbs. t. f.

HOW is the Moffat Tunnel (on the Denver & Salt Lake) ventilated?—A. H. W.

Fans are installed at the east portal of the tunnel, so arranged that the direction of the air current through the tunnel may be reversed by closing or opening certain doors. When the ventilating system is working a canvas curtain is lowered over the east portal of the tunnel. The practice is to direct the current of air against the approaching train so that the smoke will blow back over it and maintain clear air in front of it.

A. K.—Following is a list of steam railroads operating in Pennsylvania:

Aliquippa & Southern
Allegheny & S. Side
Bessemer & Lake Erie
Baltimore & Ohio
Bellefonte Central

Photos from P. F. Van Noy, 24 Sullivan Ave., Port Jervis, N. Y.

On the Same Spot 83 Years Later! The Upper Photo, Taken in Port Jervis, N. Y., in 1851, Is No. 105, Built That Year by Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor. Lower Photo Shows Modern 2-8-4 Type of the Erie in Exactly the Same Place. An Article by Mr. Van Noy, Giving Further Details, Was Printed in the Feb., 1934, Issue of the Erie R. R. Magazine, Cleveland, Ohio

Beaver Meadow, Tresckow & New Boston
Beaver Valley
Conemaugh & Black Lick
Cambria & Indiana
Cumberland & Pennsylvania
Coudersport & Port Allegany
Chestnut Ridge
Castleman River
Central RR. of New Jersey
Cornwall
Clarion River (TV)
Delaware & Hudson
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western
Dents Run
Delaware River & Union
Donora Southern
Delaware Valley
Etna & Montrose
East Berlin
East Broad Top RR. & Coal Co.
East Erie Commercial
Erie
Huntington & Broad Top RR. & Coal
Hickory Valley
Ironton
Johnstown & Stony Creek
Kane & Elk
Kishacoquillas Valley
Lehigh & Hudson River
Lehigh & New England
Lehigh Valley
Lake Erie, Franklin & Clarion
Ligonier Valley
Maryland & Pennsylvania
McKeesport Connecting
Mauch Chunk Switch-Back (Gravity)
Mt. Jewett, Kinzua & Riterville
Montour
Monongahela
Monongahela Connecting

Northampton & Bath
New Haven & Dunbar
New York & Pennsylvania
New York Central
Nickel Plate
New York, Ontario & Western
New York, Susquehanna & Western
Pittsburgh & Allegheny River
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie
Pittsburgh & Ohio Valley
Pittsburgh & Shawmut
Pittsburgh & Susquehanna
Pittsburgh & W. Virginia
Pittsburgh, Allegheny & McKee's Rocks
Pittsburgh, Chartiers & Youghiogheny
Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Bethlehem & New England
Philadelphia Belt
Port Lisbon & Western
Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern
Quakertown & Bethlehem
Reading
Steelton & Highspire
Susquehanna & New York
Sheffield & Tionesta
Susquehanna River & Western
Stewartstown
Strasburg
Tuscarora Valley
Tionesta Valley
Ursina & North Fork
Upper Merion & Plymouth
Union
Unity
Valley
Williamsport & North Branch
Western Allegheny
Wilkes-Barre & Eastern
Wilkes-Barre Connecting
Winfield
Western Maryland
West Pittston-Exeter

WHAT was the first long distance air-conditioned train? Which road had the first air-conditioned train between St. Louis and Chicago?

(2) What road does the greatest passenger and freight business between Omaha and Chicago; between Chicago and St. Louis?—P. F., Centralia, Ill.

(1) The "Columbian" of the B&O, May 24, 1931, was first in the country; the Alton's "Alton Limited" between Chicago and St. Louis, June 15, 1932. Other roads between the two cities followed suit within two weeks.

(2) There are no statistics from which such figures can be compiled. The only way to get them would be to write to each of the roads running between the cities you mentioned, but we doubt that they would be willing to give out this information.

H. F., Trenton, N. J.—CS&H stands for Columbus, Sandusky & Hocking; C&M, the Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley; CL&N, Cincinnati, Lebanon & Northern; CA&C, Cleveland, Akron & Columbus, or Cleveland, Akron & Cincinnati; StLV&TH, St. Louis, Vandalia & Terre Haute; TH&P, Terre Haute & Peoria—all now part of the PRR. T&OC probably stands for Toledo & Ohio Central, now part of NYC.

(2) We have no data on builder and date built of PRR locomotives. Suggest you write to M. Flattley, 219 E. Rio Grande Ave., Wildwood, N. J.

X. Y., Minneapolis, Minn.—The Milwaukee Road (CMStP&P) is 11,242 miles long, has 1,649 locomotives, 63,071 freight, 1,166 passenger, 3,291 miscellaneous cars. A complete roster of its engines and short history of the road appeared in our Oct., 1932, issue.

(2) The Minneapolis & St. Louis is 1,628 miles long, has 208 locomotives, 5,480 freight, 97 passenger and 219 miscellaneous cars.

F. J. B., Danbury, Conn.—The Virginian Ry. was incorporated in 1904 as the Tidewater Ry., and the name was changed in 1907. In 1922 it leased the Virginian & Western for 999 years, and at present has 608 miles of track, 175 locomotives, 9,905 freight, 62 passenger and 356 miscellaneous cars. Its main line runs between Norfolk, Va., and Charleston, W. Va.

HOW much do railroads pay for locomotive fuel oil?

(2) Why haven't other roads shown more interest in the concrete roadbed which has been on trial on the Pere Marquette since 1926?—C. B. B.

(1) The price varies, but last year's average was 2½¢ per gal.

(2) Apparently they have, for this roadbed has been inspected many times by operating officials of railroads everywhere. Whether or not another railroad will try it we do not know.

W. E. R., Winthrop, Mass.—The "Janus," Mason double-end engine, was built in 1871, according to most records. Although it was designed for no particular road, it was tried out on the Boston & Worcester and the Western (Mass.) R.R. Finally was sold to the Lehigh Valley, where it ran for a while. See page 86 of our June, 1933, issue for further details.

W. D. S., Lovelady, Tex.—Burlington Class S-4, 4-6-4 type, Nos. 3000-3011, one of which was on display at the World's Fair last summer, and which from the standpoint of weight

From Collection of A. M. Kuch, 1253 Foulkrod St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

Three Crack Rock Island Flyers: The Golden State Limited, Rocky Mountain Limited, and Iowa-Nebraska Limited. All Are Hauled by 4000 Series, 4-8-2 Type Locomotives

is the largest Hudson (4-6-4) type locomotive in the world, has 25 x 28 cylinders, 78-in. drivers, 250 lbs. pressure, weighs 391,880 lbs. without tender (717,900 lbs. with), exerts 47,700 lbs. t. f. —59,400 lbs. with booster.

(2) By adjusting the "Johnson Bar" or reverse lever, the engineer varies the travel of the valves. When the bar is "down in the corner," either in reverse or forward motion, the valves move at full stroke, thereby opening the steam ports for practically the entire stroke of the piston, and thus allowing more steam to enter. As he latches the bar up toward the center of the quadrant the valve travel is decreased and less steam is allowed to enter the cylinders. When this happens an engine is able to travel faster, for the cylinders are using less steam and therefore the boiler can supply it to them faster; also more use is made of the expansive power of steam.

A. W.—New York Central 9500 series, Class H-x, 2-8-2 type, exerts 32,600 lbs. t. f.

IS it true that the Milwaukee Road is no longer painting its passenger rolling stock yellow? —J. W. F., Los Angeles.

(2) What is the color of the Milwaukee's locomotives?—A. G.

(1) There is nothing to such a rumor, according to F. A. Johnson, executive assistant of the line.

(2) Black. For a few trips the engine of the "Pioneer Limited" was painted yellow to match the cars, but this practice was very soon given up.

IS Canadian Pacific high pressure locomotive No. 8000 still in service?—E. W. J., Medicine Hat, Alta.

It is, and has recently been used in passenger and freight service on both the Western and Eastern divisions.

C. W., Sussex, England.—The Niagara, St. Catherines & Toronto Ry. was incorporated in 1899 as a consolidation of the Niagara Falls, Wesley Park & Clifton Tramway; Niagara Central; Niagara Falls; and the Port Dalhousie, St. Catherines & Thorold. It owns the stock of the Niagara, St. Catherines & Toronto Navigation Co. It is 63 miles long, runs from Thorold to Port Colborne, Ont., St. Catherines, Ont., to Niagara Falls, N. Y., and St. Catherines to Port Dalhousie, Ont. Of the $925,000 worth of its stock outstanding the Canadian National owns $924,900.

M. A. B., Baltimore.—For information about the shape and color of the insignia of various roads, ask for their timetables at your city station.

(2) The Baltimore & Eastern was incorporated in 1923 to take over 38 miles of track from Love Pt. to West Denton, Md., and the Centreville Branch of the old Maryland, Delaware & Virginia. It began operating in 1924 and in 1928 acquired the rail lines of the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic. It has 125 miles of track and 3 cars. Controlled by the PRR, it owns no locomotives.

WHERE can I get a book of rules?
(2) What are specifications of Long Island Classes B-53, C-51s, C-51sa, G-53sd, AA-3, AA-4?
—A. R.

(1) The standard book of rules of the American Railway Association, used with slight modifications by all U. S. lines, is divided into 3 parts: train rules, 60c; block signal rules, 40c; interlocking roads, 40c. For copies write to the A. R. A. at 30 Vesey St., N. Y. C. A 709-page, leather-bound booklet containing all three, with their original versions, known as the Standard Code, costs $5.

(2) Class B-53, Nos. 172-175, 191-197, has 19 x 26 cylinders, 51-in. drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weighs 123,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 28,157 lbs. t. f. Now scrapped. Class C-51s, Nos. 251-254, has 23 x 28 cylinders, 56-in. drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 203,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 44,965 lbs. t. f. Class C-51sa, Nos. 255-269, is same except it weighs 208,700 lbs. Class G-53sd, Nos. 141-146, has 21½ x 26 cylinders, 60½-in. drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weighs 188,800 lbs. without tender, exerts 33,771 lbs. t. f. Classes AA-3 (No. 402) and AA-4 (Nos. 403a, 403b) are Diesel-electric.

R. E. A., Omaha.—For books containing rules and operating practice see answer to A. R. A good general book on modern railroading is "Steel Trails," by M. D. Stevers. See page 89 of our Feb., 1934, issue.

A. H. E., Detroit.—The Chicago & Illinois Midland has no 2-10-2 types numbered in a 500 series. Its Class H-1, Nos. 700-703, and Classes G-1 and G-2, Nos. 600-603, are 2-10-2 type. Class A-1, Nos. 500-502, are 4-4-0 type. They have 18 x 24 cylinders, 63-in. drivers, 180 lbs. pressure, weigh 118,400 lbs. without tender, exert 18,800 lbs. t. f. Built by Baldwin 6 and 7 years ago, they are rare examples of modern 4-4-0 types, being superheated and equipped with Walschaert valve gear and piston valves.

X. X., Canada.—We are unable to get specifications of most Northern Alberta Rys. locomotives. Nos. 101, 102, 2-10-0 type, have 24 x 28 cylinders, 56-in. drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weight 390,500 lbs. with tender, exert 49,000 lbs. tractive force.

I HAVE read about the main rod of a locomotive breaking and crashing through the cab. Is this possible and if so, where has it happened?

(2) Are Mastodon and 12-wheel types in use?
—B. F., Chester, Pa.

(1) On most engines this would hardly be possible. However, the rear side rod might break, and if the engine were a type without trailing truck, might smash the cab to pieces. In fact, this very thing used to happen quite frequently in the old days.

(2) The 12-wheel (4-8-0) type is almost extinct, but a few are still in service. We believe the Southern Pacific is using it, and, of course, the new Delaware & Hudson high-pressure engine is 4-8-0 wheel arrangement. The term "Mastodon" is applied to 4-10-0, 4-10-2 and 4-12-2 types. The first is entirely extinct in this country; the second is used on the SP and UP; the third is a very successful fast freight engine of the UP.

R. R. J.—The Alaska RR. has 21 locomotives of various types, among which are 3 Mikados, 1 Mountain, a 4-4-0 and several 2-6-0 and 2-8-0's. The Mountain (4-8-2) type, built in 1932 by Baldwin, has 22 x 30 cylinders, 220 lbs. pressure, 63-in. drivers, weighs 272,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 43,100 lbs. t. f.—54,900 lbs. with booster. Mikados (2-8-2) have 22 x 28 cylinders, 56-in. drivers, 200 lbs. pressure, weigh 240,000 lbs. without tender, exert 42,600 lbs. t. f., 54,400 lbs. with booster. The 2-6-0 types, which were originally 5-ft. gage (having been used on the Panama RR. when the Canal was built) and which were changed to standard gage and put in service in Alaska in 1919, have 20 x 26 cylinders, 63-in. drivers, 190 lbs. pressure.

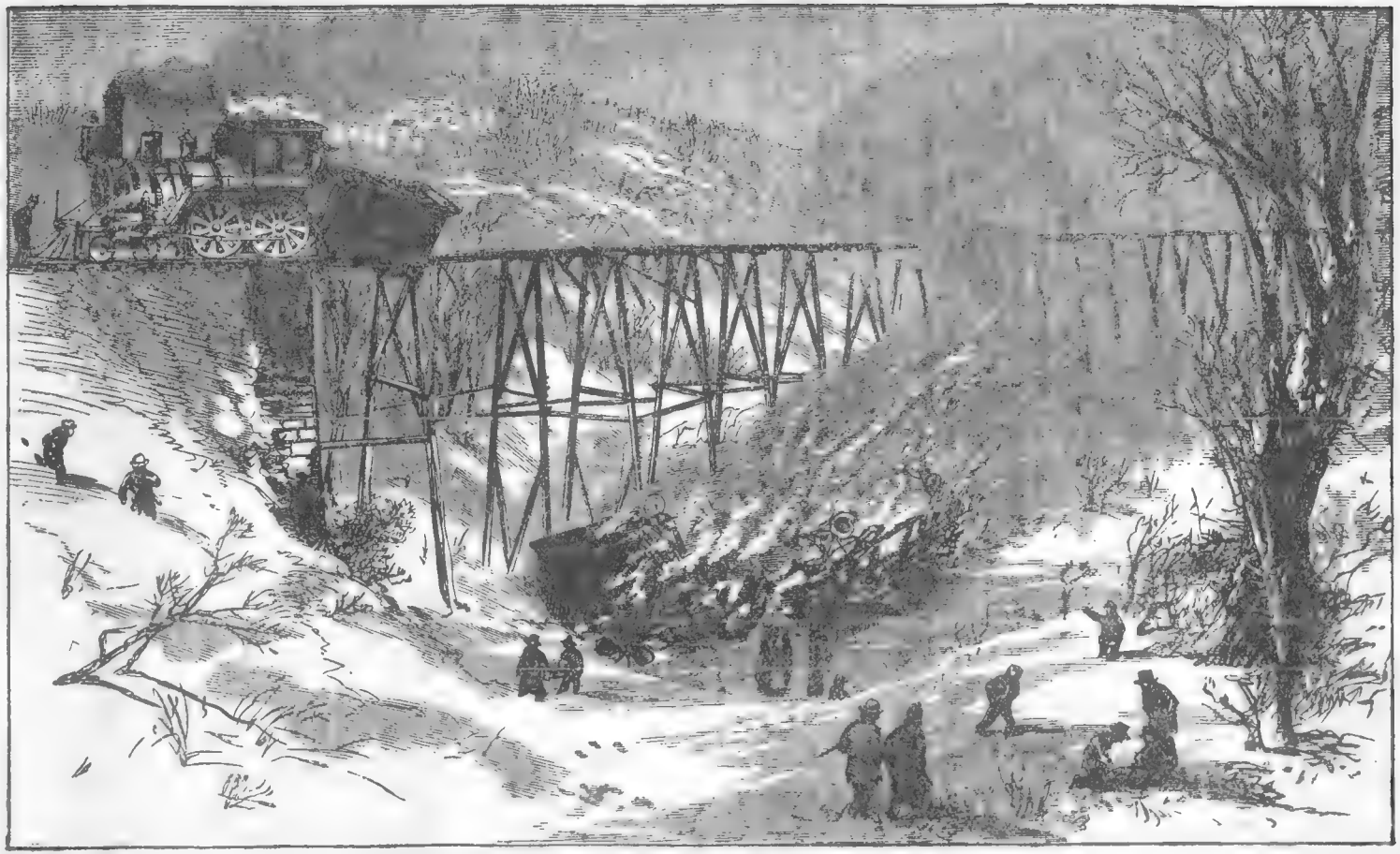
(2) We are unable to get information on motive power of the Alabama, Tennessee & Northern.

R. H., Wilmette, Ill.—Thermic syphons were discussed on page 79 of our July, 1933, issue. Space does not permit us to reprint this item, but suggest you refer to latest copy of "Locomotive Cyclopedia," on file at many libraries.

(2) Chicago & North Western Class E-2, Nos. 2901-2912, 4-6-2 type, has 26 x 28 cylinders, 210 lbs. pressure, 75-in. drivers, weighs 292,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 45,000 lbs. t. f. Built at Schenectady, 1923.

C. S., Farley, Ia.—Great Northern Class O-8, Nos. 3397-3399, 2-8-2 type, has 29 x 32 cylinders, 69-in. drivers, 250 lbs. pressure, weighs 367,000 lbs. without tender, exerts 78,000 lbs. t. f. Photo page 81, July, 1933, issue.

We can find no information about the Dyersville Northern. Perhaps a reader can help you out.



Wreck at Prospect, Pa., on the Old B. C. & P., December 24, 1872

Famous Old-Time Railroad Disasters

(Next Month—"The Firth of Tay Tragedy," by Frederick Westing)

THE PROSPECT WRECK OF 1872

ON Christmas Eve, 1872, one of the saddest railroad disasters in Pennsylvania history occurred at Prospect, Pa., just beyond Mayville, on the old Buffalo, Corry & Pittsburgh Railroad (now in the Pennsylvania System). Train No. 6 was heading north with a load of Christmas mail and Yuletide gifts, and thirty-eight passengers, all in gay spirits, most of them going home for the holiday season. The train consisted of a 4-4-0 wood-burning locomotive, the "N. P. Bemis," one mail-baggage car, and one passenger coach.

Joseph Haire, veteran engineer, and his fireman were on the smoky end. Conductor Fay Flanders was in charge of the train. Other railroad men aboard were Claude Hanson, brakeman; Earl Bacon, mail clerk; Frank Taylor, baggagemaster; Con Maloney, roadmaster; William H. Lee, superintendent of bridges, and Henry Cowdry, machinist employed in the B. C. & P. shops at Corry, Pa. Bacon and Taylor were toiling laboriously in the mail-baggage car, while the engine crew were plugging away in the cab, and the rest of the railroad men were either working or "deadheading" in the passenger coach.

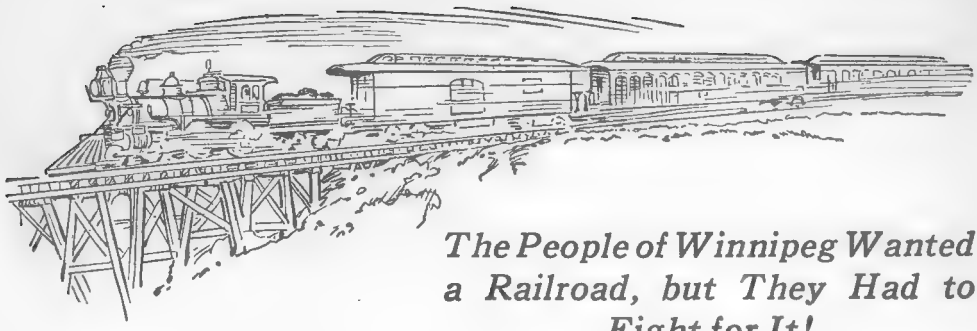
At 1.20 p.m., December 24th, No. 6 train left Corry, and at 3.15 p.m. she left Mayville. North of Mayville the first station was Prospect. About fifty yards from the little frame depot at Prospect the railroad crossed a deep gulch, spanned by a wooden trestle about twenty feet high and 320 feet long, on a steep descending grade going north.

As they neared the trestle Engineer Joe Haire shut off steam. The brakes were partly set and the train was dragging hard; she would probably stop before reaching the Prospect depot. Joe gave two long piercing blasts of the whistle as a signal to release the brakes. Then he was about to increase the steam pressure when, peering backward out of the cab window, he noticed to his horror that the rear truck of his tender was off the rails, while the mail-baggage car and the passenger coach were toppling off the bridge!

As the two cars broke loose and plunged downward into the snow-filled gully, Joe stopped the engine on the far side of the bridge. The tender wobbled and rocked, but finally came to a halt, halfway suspended over the gulch. The old coal stoves in the cars immediately set them afire, the coach burning at both ends at the same time. Injured passengers, pinned beneath the wreckage, prayed aloud and shrieked with terror as the flames crept upon them. When the cars fell, the trucks crushed them in, closing the windows. To render the situation even more desperate, the coach was partially tilted upon its side, so there was absolutely no escape for the passengers on that side!

Those who succeeded in wrenching themselves free risked their lives with magnificent courage in assisting the victims and recovering the bodies of the dead. Some half dozen persons waiting at the station were soon at the scene of the accident, but worked at a disadvantage. No water could be obtained. The snow that was scraped up had very slight effect in staying the flames. Only two axes were available, and the woodwork of the cars was bolted together so firmly that but little headway could be made with them. While these efforts were being put forth, the red demon of fire was steadily gaining. Now and then a rope was put through a crevice, fastened to a form, and the sufferer was pulléd out by main strength.

Eighteen persons answered the last call in that wreck. Their bodies were solemnly placed upon a sleigh drawn by a team of oxen and taken to the freight house at Mayville for identification. The cause of the accident, according to the Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal, was the breaking of a flange on the rear front wheel of the tender's hind truck. This was broken in going around the curve before reaching the trestle.—Harry Heineman.



The People of Winnipeg Wanted a Railroad, but They Had to Fight for It!

Besieging a Railroad

By JIM HOLDEN

ONE of the most awkward battles of history was fought 46 years ago between the citizens of Manitoba and the Canadian Pacific Railway. It marked the end of a long war. Winnipeg business men wanted a railroad to the United States, but the C. P. R. did not want them to have one.

Winnipeggers pointed to general depression, the closing of their fanciest cafés, while the Canadian Pacific said it owed the people of Canada and elsewhere all of $130,000,000, and could not afford to lose any business. This was the state of affairs when Premier Norquay of Manitoba took charge.

"The railroad will be built," he said to the cheering Winnipeg citizens, "at the point of the bayonet if necessary."

Norquay gave a charter to the local railroad, which Winnipeg called the Red River Valley line. It was to run west to Portage la Prairie, also south to the United States boundary, 112 miles away. Although neither Norquay nor the fighting citizens of Winnipeg realized it, this was the beginning in Manitoba of the Canadian National system. The portion of the line south to the U. S. border is also part of the C. N. R.

The Canadian Government at Ottawa vetoed the charter. The Winnipeg people were enraged, held mass meetings, and said unpleasant things in their newspapers about the C. P. R. Norquay issued a second charter. It was likewise vetoed. Winnipeg got fighting mad and decided to build the railroad anyway. On July 2, 1887, the premier dug the traditional spadeful of earth.

Under Canadian laws it was necessary to have Ottawa's permission to cross any railroad. Norquay knew that the Red River would have to cross the C. P. R., but hoped that permission would be forthcoming. To gain time, though, Winnipeg built its line from both ends toward the C. P. R. tracks. The crossing would be near Headingly, about nine miles west of Winnipeg.

The Three Men Who Were Responsible for the "Battle of Fort Wayne" (Left to Right): Joseph Martin, William Whyte, and the Famous William Van Horne

The president of the Canadian Pacific at the time was William Cornelius Van Horne, a fighting Dutch-American who had pushed the railroad through to Vancouver. Ottawa had given him a virtual monopoly, and he intended to keep it.

"The course taken by my company," he said in Montreal, "is absolutely necessary for the preservation to Canada of her own traffic."

WINNIPEG kept on building for a year. Norquay fell, but the battle cry was taken up by his successors, Thomas Greenway and Joe Martin. They stormed Ottawa. Finally Joe Martin got himself appointed railway commissioner for Manitoba. This was considered a good sign, but still permission to cross the C. P. R. did not come. Winnipeg was annoyed, suspected Van Horne of playing politics, and said bitter things about him.

By October the Red River's track was built up to the Canadian Pacific on both sides; a hundred yards was left to go. Joe Martin called Winnipeg men together on the night of the nineteenth. He had a plan.

The workmen entered into the spirit of the thing and sweated all night to complete the track. Martin and his friends got a team and hauled a "diamond" crossing to the spot.

Moving swiftly and stealthily, they pried up the C. P. R. rails and spiked the diamond in place. There was a great sigh of relief from the Winnipeggers who were already counting the wealth which the new railroad would coin.

Martin had the attorney general of Manitoba with him. Twenty special constables were sworn in and stationed to guard the precious crossing.

Morning dawned on the new railroad and the hopeful faces of the twenty Winnipeg constables. Some of their optimism went away, though, when they saw a six-car train pull up on the Canadian Pacific. Hundreds

of men from the local C. P. R. shops alighted from the train. The Winnipeg people felt hopelessly outnumbered.

They also noticed the private car of William Whyte, general superintendent of the Canadian Pacific's western lines. Whyte was probably the most powerful man in western Canada at the time. A kindly, gray-haired Scotchman, he was loved and respected throughout the region, but he was no easy mark. He had brought some special constables of his own.

Whyte and his men came up and looked contemptuously at the crossing, and told Joe Martin to take it away. Martin refused. The super declared:

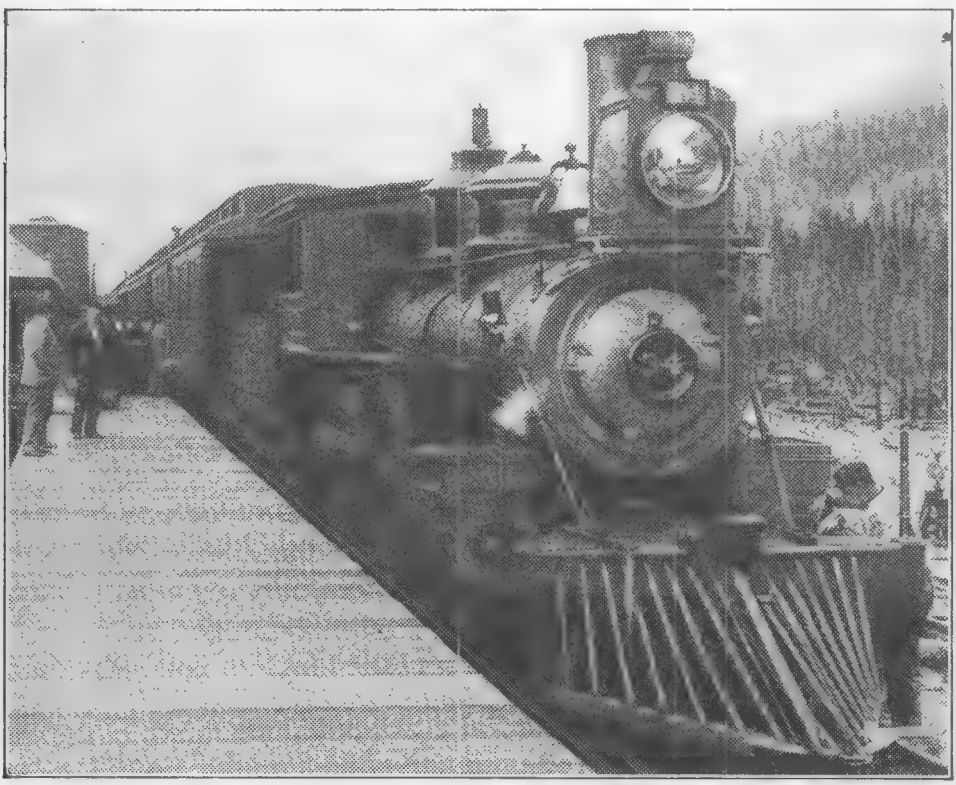
"I don't want to resort to violence, but I will have the crossing removed at any cost."

At a nod from him the C. P. R. men got busy. Taking up crowbars, they approached the track.

"Hold on, there!" said Cox, a deputy from Winnipeg, who was an ex-poundmaster. He laid hands on a C. P. R. man and tried to stop him. Another turned swiftly and struck Cox.

Joe Martin called a halt to the battle, and let the C. P. R. dig up the diamond. It was put on a flat car and shipped to the local yards as a souvenir.

Within an hour Whyte's men had the break in the track repaired. Then Whyte sent back to Winnipeg for an old teakettle of a locomotive. When it was dragged up he had it unceremoniously dumped in the mud at the point where the local railroaders had built their right-of-way.



Courtesy Canadian Pacific Ry.

The First Daily Passenger Train from the East over the Canadian Pacific at Fernie, B. C.

HOWEVER, it was not as simple as all that. The Winnipeg forces retired and sent for all their cabinet officials, as well as the chief of the provincial police. These reinforcements came by the middle of the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 20, 1888, on a special train of four cars, and included about 200 volunteers. Fifty-three had been sworn in as special constables. Most were local business men. Whyte, however, had still more. They were shop men, etc., who were ordered to defend the company's property or quit. They were given double pay for their time, but most of them were unwilling, and were personally on the side of the Winnipeggers.

The chief of police lost no time in telling Whyte's men that their appointments as special officers were withdrawn. Whyte, though, had an ace up his sleeve. He sent for two magistrates whom he had in his private car, and immediately had his police sworn in again.

Martin and his cabinet officials were taken aback. They thought a minute, and then demanded that the obstructions be removed in the name of Manitoba law.

"No," said Whyte pleasantly but firmly. "That engine will stay there as long as you keep on with this idea. My men will remain on guard. I am ready to halt traffic on the whole Western Division and bring in every man to hold the fort."

The Winnipeggers were disappointed, for things looked hopeless. They went back to their camp and sent for more reinforcements, and finally threatened to force a crossing at another point.

When he heard this threat Whyte had a steam hose attached to the engine of his train.

The Actual Scene of the Conflict between the Winnipeggers and the Canadian Pacific, as It Looked on Saturday Morning, Oct. 20, 1888. The Locomotive on the Right of the "Dead" Engine Is under Steam. It Pulled Whyte's Train to the Spot.

From Winnipeg Free Press

"Do you want a dose of live steam?" he asked.

Winnipeg didn't, and withdrew. For five days they waited and gathered reinforcements, hostile, venomous, silent. Then Joe Martin swore in 130 more special constables and ordered up a troop of provincial police, who peaceably set up camp.

Interest had been roused by this time all over Canada and the United States. Newspapers of St. Paul, Minn., a city which was hoping to get some of Canada's traffic over the new line, called the C. P. R.'s position absurd—"ineffable absurdity" was the way one of them put it. Van Horne was caricatured as the "Mogul of Monopoly."

The Winnipeggers talked all day and spent several nights trying to put in a second crossing. Three attempts failed, and the Red River got nothing for their trouble but battered noses and barked knuckles. Both sides began arming for a siege. Winnipeg men took to carrying sticks, while Whyte had a barricade built around the C. P. R. track. It was made of heavy boards, and thus immediately named "Fort Whyte." Inside lay the C. P. R. men, alert.

When night came the Winnipeg people disguised as farmers, crept up on the fort, armed with staves. They pounded on the barricade with their staves. But nothing happened.

When day came injunctions flashed to and fro. Whyte tried to get Ottawa to stop the Red River from crossing its line. No word came for a week. Another week passed. Then the news was announced that Ottawa would not stop the Red River Valley line, but would help the C. P. R. with a much-needed bond issue. This was on Dec. 22, 1888. The war was over. Everybody shook hands; the Canadian Pacific hauled up its teakettle and took it home a little the worse for wear, and the Red River line was soon running trains.

Not long afterward the C. P. R. saw the joke and named a station "Fort Whyte." And although it is two or three miles from the actual battleground it is still a reminder of the day when the people of Manitoba built a railroad in spite of hell and Van Horne.

THE YARD ENGINEER

AIN'T no girls a wavin' at the hoghead on the goat;
But there's lots o' sticky coal dust in his throat.
Ain't no lovely landscape stretchin' far into the sunset glow;
But it's hustle when the head shack signals, "Go!"
Ain't no fields o' wavin' grain.
"Get them empties off the main!"
Ain't no pretty posies bloomin'.
"Shove that box-car into clear!
Forty-three will soon be comin',
So you better keep things hummin'
If you want to stay an' draw your pay as switchin' engineer!"

Never-changin' scenery; same old criss-cross bunch of tracks;
Same old section hands a-drivin' carpet-tacks.
Same old signals showin' red when you want to see 'em white;
Same old headlights loomin' big an' bright.
"Romance is dead." I guess that's true.
"An hour's time on Number Two!"
But I haven't gone in mourning,
An' the reason's very clear;
For in this existence dizzy
I am kept too bloomin' busy
A tryin' to stay an' draw my pay as switchin' engineer.

—L. M. Dunham O'Neil

Property of A. S. Pennoyer, 114 E. 66th St., N. Y. City

Weather Vane, 34 Inches Long, Built at Waltham, Mass., Exhibited by N. Y. Chapter of Railway & Locomotive Historical Society in Grand Central Terminal, N. Y. City. Who Can Supply Details?

Model Steam Engine Fittings

By VERNON SMITH

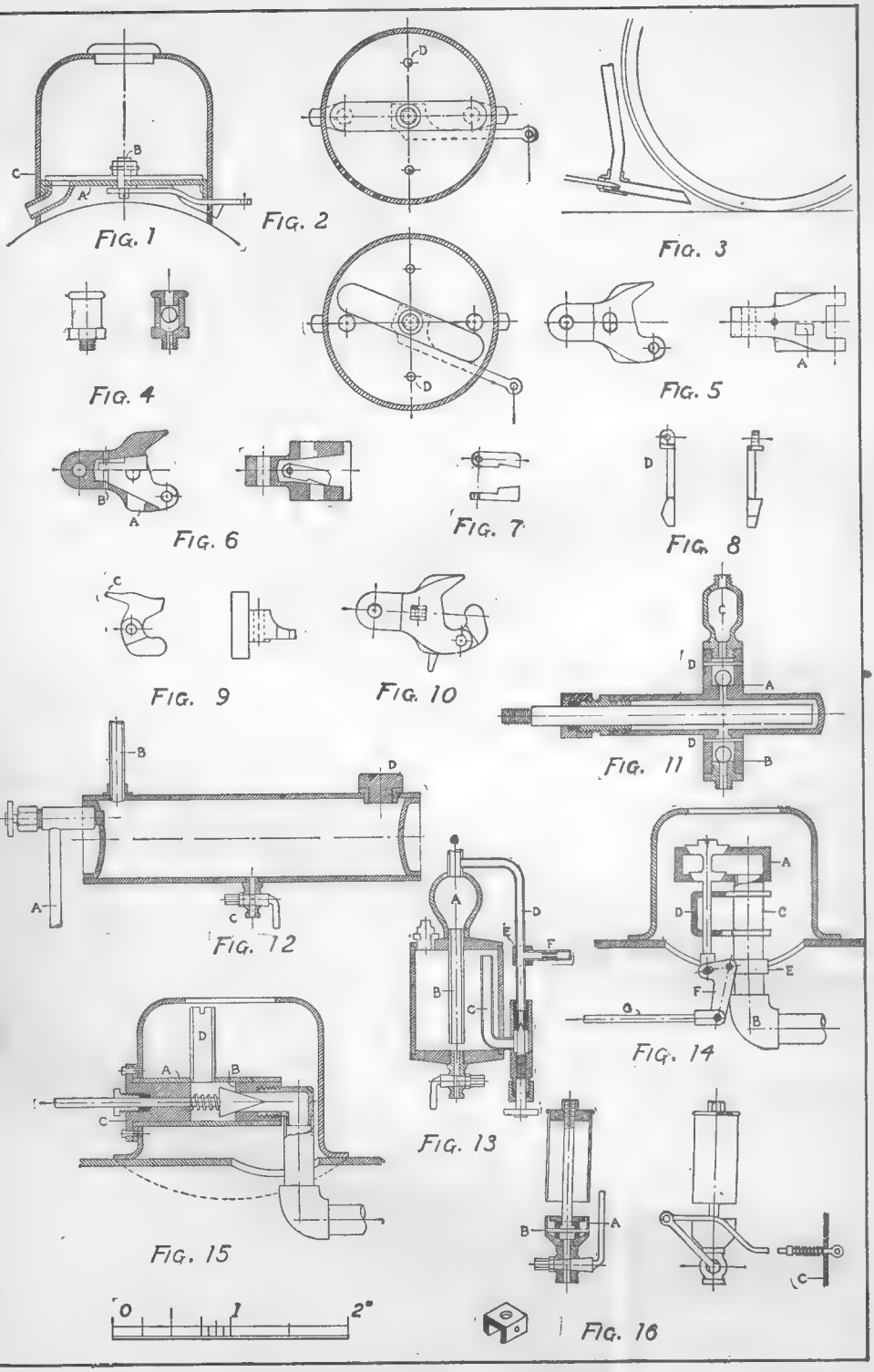
THERE is no doubt about the superior fascination of a small steam locomotive compared to a model propelled by electricity or other power. While it is difficult to build a working steam locomotive without machine tools, it can be done. And if the engine is a good performer, she will be a source of pride and satisfaction to her builder. She will be even more interesting if she is equipped with the fittings which real engines use.

This article deals with realistic fittings for small steam locomotives. Drawings and dimensions are 2½" gage, but can be altered for other sizes.

HAND and steam sanders: Fig. 1 shows the hand sander. The flanged bottom A contains the holes for the sand ports and the hole for the pin B in the center. The narrow steel plate which forms the sand valves is fastened to the pin B by a key which passes through its hub. The sand lever fits over the square end of pin B and is fastened by a key also. The bottom is secured in the dome C by four rivets and sweated around with solder. The two elbows which lead to the sand pipes are screwed into the bottom plate and sweated.

Holes D are for studs to fasten the dome to the boiler. Care should be taken in filing the slot through which the sand lever passes so that the lever is against the slot in front when the valves are closed. The cover on top of the dome should be loose enough to admit air but not moisture. Closed and open position in Fig. 2.

A steam sander (Fig. 3) is a simple thing. However, the sand trap must not be placed just below the dome, as on most American engines, because of the moisture condensed from the steam. By placing it low down, as on some foreign engines, it will give good results. The trap is made from a tee. The



Realistic Fittings for Small Model Steam Locomotives

pipe from the dome leads into the top of the tee and a short pipe leads to the wheel. In the other opening is a nozzle made of 3/32" or 1/16" O.D. tubing. This should be squeezed down to about 1/32" opening at the point. This nozzle should project into the tee at least halfway in order to hold the sand from running out until it receives a jet of steam, which is controlled by a valve in the cab. Very fine dry sand must be used.

CYLINDER relief valves, while not an absolute necessity, add much realism to the small engine. The "click" and the little wisp of steam from the valve chest as the throttle opens are realistic in the extreme. These valves have real uses, for they prevent the cylinder bores and valve faces from being scratched by dirt and ashes drawn from the smoke-box when the engine is coasting, or as railroad men say, "drifting." The model will drift more freely if fitted with relief valves.

Get small oil cups (like the one in Fig. 4) from any model firm and drill a 3/32" hole through the cover. Take a 1/8" steel ball and place it on the hole on the threaded side of the cover and give it a sharp rap with a hammer to make a seat for the valve. Drop a 1/8" bronze ball into the oil cup, screw the cap on, with a smear of red lead on the threads. Then screw the relief valves into the top of the valve chamber on each side of a piston valve engine. The valves may be put in front of the steam chests on a slide valve machine.

On an O-gage engine the two cylinders can be supplied with air by screwing one valve into the superheater header, back of the smokestack, and thus the air will pass to the cylinders.

COUPLER: My model of the Simplex coupler is the only small coupler I know of which opens the knuckle by jerking the pin-lifting lever.

Cut out the coupler body first, taking all measurements from the drawings (Fig. 5-10). Sink a straight 3/16" hole as deep as shown in Fig. 6. Then, with a sharp square file, file the inside to the shape shown on Fig. 6. Drill holes in the top and bottom of the coupler and also cut the hole A in the side of the head. Note that the bottom hole is ahead of the top one.

Next make the knuckle (Fig. 9) and fit it into the coupler. Put pin B through coupler shaft and fit the knuckle lock (Fig. 7).

Try the knuckle in the body. The knuckle lock should drop down and lock the knuckle. When open, it should rest on the curved part of the knuckle. A slight amount of trimming may be necessary to insure a good fit. The purpose of the knuckle tail C is to keep the knuckle from opening too far. Some of the tail can be trimmed off when the coupler is finished.

Next make the pin lifter (Fig. 8). Remove the knuckle from the body and insert the pin lifter from the top, twisting it each way until it goes in. Side D should face toward the knuckle. Now a good jerk on the pin lifter should raise the lock and throw the knuckle open ready for coupling. A top view of the assembled coupler is Fig. 10.

CROSSHEAD PUMP: It can be made very close to scale (Fig. 11) externally and will deliver plenty of water for the average 2½" gage engine. It is patterned after pumps which were used on the Lehigh Valley R. R. years ago. With an inside valve gear the pump can be fastened to the guide yoke, and with an outside valve gear

to the link frame. Suitable brackets are fitted to the pump barrel on each side of the valve chambers to hold the pump aligned with the lug on the crosshead.

The complete barrel can be filed out of a piece of brass or turned with a lathe and then bored out as shown. Drill the cross-water passages and tap out the ends. Set the pump on a wooden block and drop a ⅛" steel ball on the discharge valve seat A. Get a short piece of rod resting on the ball and give it a sharp rap with a hammer.

The suction valve seat B is formed in the same way before being screwed in. Then drop in the regular bronze ⅛" balls. The pins D-D are necessary to prevent the ball valves from fouling the passages above. The air-chamber C steadies the flow of water.

The threaded end of the ram is screwed into the bracket on the crosshead. Do not oil the ram, but lubricate with a little tallow. The bottom connection is the feed pipe from the tender. A by-pass pipe with a valve in it should be put into the delivery pipe between the pump and the check valve. When the by-pass is closed all the water will go into the boiler; when open, it will return to the tank.

LUBRICATOR: the lubricator in Fig. 12 employs the air reservoir as the oil reservoir. The oil feed valve is just a needle valve which can be bought from a model supply house. Pipe A from the feed valve leads to the cylinders. (There should always be a gradual slope of the oil pipes.

Pipe B is connected to the saturated steam side of the superheater header. It could be connected to the turret in the cab, but another valve would be required in order to shut off the steam when filling the lubricator. Its action is as follows: steam, entering the lubricator reservoir through pipe B, condenses; and water being heavier than oil, the oil rises and goes out through the feed valve to the cylinders.

To refill: open drain valve C and drain all water; close drain and fill with oil through plug D. The most suitable grade of oil is Capitol Steam Cylinder or Vacuum "600W."

Fig. 13 is a regular hydrostatic lubricator, a copy of the "Detroit" lubricator. This works well but takes considerable room in a small cab. My little passenger engine is fitted with this "Detroit." The condenser A need not be the shape shown. The oil reservoir is built up of brass. All tubing is best made of copper as this is more workable. Anneal your tubing by heating it light red, then plunge into cold water.

First make the condenser and then thread the tube B into it. Now slip them through a snug-fitting hole in the top of the reservoir and sweat well with solder. Screw in and sweat the drain valve. These drains are just plug cocks and are cheaper to purchase than make. Fit the pipe C which leads to the needle valve and solder where it comes through the reservoir.

The needle valve can be made from brass, drilled and tapped out. The stem is made of steel turned up in a breast drill. Equalizing pipe D can then be connected up with a tee at E. A 3/32" O.D. pipe which contains a choke plug F leads to each cylinder. This plug has a 1/32" dia. hole for the purpose of preventing the steam from the equalizing pipe from filling the cylinders and possibly moving the engine. Pipe G connects to a valve on the steam turret.

THROTTLE VALVE (Fig. 14) is of the regular pattern. The valve box A is a piece of brass hollowed and

drilled out. Dry pipe with elbow B is put into the boiler from the smoke-box end. The stand pipe C is first screwed and sweated into the throttle box. Guide D for the throttle stem is made to encircle the stand pipe; it should be slipped up and sweated in place. Locate it correctly so the clevis on the stem does not strike it when it rises.

Strap E, which carries the fulcrum for the bell-crank F, is fitted to the stand pipe. This strap may be riveted and sweated to the stand pipe. The throttle valve should be preferably turned from bronze, but if care is taken it may be built up. The saw slot on top is for grinding in the valve with a screw-driver. (Valves should be ground in with pumice and water or some other fine abrasive.) The throttle stem is threaded into the clevis to allow stem to be unscrewed for grinding in.

The bell-cranks are made of thick brass plate, and all pins passing through them are riveted over to keep them from coming out. Note carefully that the hole where the throttle clevis is pinned is made oval—on account of the angularity of the valve throw. This throttle valve must be entirely assembled before erecting in the dome, with the exception of the throttle rod G. Screw the assembly into the elbow on the dry pipe after a little red lead has been put on the threads. Lastly, secure the dome to the boiler by six or eight studs. Solder all around.

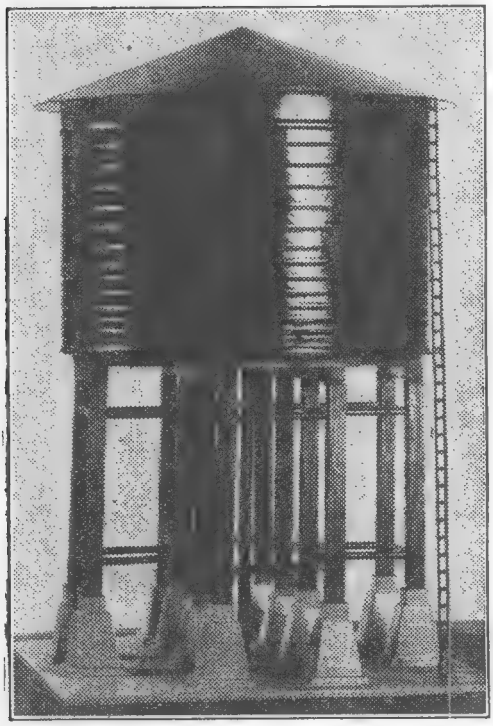
In Fig. 15 is a much simpler throttle valve, of the sliding cone type. Similar throttles, but with a balancing pilot valve, have been used in Russia and other countries. The brass tube A forms the throttle box into which the seat B is soldered. The cone, made of brass, has a stem of bronze screwed and sweated into it. Slip a short 22-gage wire spring over the stem, and also piece C, containing the gland. Put it into the throttle box and sweat it there. Drill a hole and tap out for pipe D. Do not put in this pipe yet. Set the whole assembly on end on a wooden block and give the stem a tap with a hammer.

Put a hole the size of the throttle box in the back of the dome and fit a flange that will make a flat face on it. Smear a little red lead on the threads of the stand pipe and screw on the throttle box until it is tight and until the hole for pipe D is on top. Screw in and sweat this pipe.

WHISTLE: many small locomotives with real steam whistles have them mounted under running boards, deck plates and other strange places, due to the fact that they are out of proportion. This is unnecessary. The whistle in Fig. 16 is so little oversize that it may be mounted on top of the boiler of a 2½" gage engine by setting it at a slight angle. Obtain a plug cock, flatten its handle, and drill a hole in the handle for the whistle rod. The bowl A is made of brass drilled out in the inside and finished on the outside.

Screw the plug cock into the bottom and solder. File out a U-shaped piece (shown in black) with a hole in its top side to take the bolt which forms the whistle stem. File the bolt head so it fits tightly between the legs of the U-shaped piece. Slip the pin B through the whistle bowl and the U-shaped piece, rivet lightly and solder. Make a disk of such a size that will leave a slit not over 1/64" wide all around the whistle bowl. The bell of the whistle is made of a brass cartridge that measures about 3/8" O.D. Fit a threaded top and lock nut to the whistle bell to allow for its adjustment on the whistle stem. Lubricate the plug cock often with graphite and oil.

Model Railroading



Water Tank Built by Rudolf G. Bank

I HAVE just finished building a model water tank (shown in photo) from instructions contained in your June, 1933, issue. Total cost, less than 25¢. The tank itself is a chemical can I got from a druggist. The tin top came from a tinsmith, the wood from cigar boxes, the paint (black and brick red) from a 5 and 10¢ store, and the tiny ladder I purchased from a model supply house. The braces I made from spare copper wire, the splice where the wire is twisted serving as turnbuckles.

In the sitting room of my home is a complete miniature railway. A rare feature of this is the fact that it can easily be taken up and laid down again. It is 0 gage, electrified. In my layout is a 6" Schertzer rolling lift bridge model, which I built. I would like to hear from fans in this locality. All are invited to inspect my layout. I am fortunate in having a wife who cooperates with me in this hobby.—Rudolf G. Bank, 3989 51st St., Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.

* * *

One of the simplest ways of building car and tank trucks is by using a jig such as E. P. Alexander uses for the signal bridge legs (Jan. issue). A discarded section of galvanized furnace pipe will furnish material for truck frames. Cut strips 1/8" wide. First clean by filing or scraping, then solder all joints where necessary. This method can be used on Vulcan and other types by using a strip across the bottom of the frame between wood journal boxes.

The bottom cross member between the frames should have a center 5/16" and sides 1/8". The top cross member should be built to give the car frame sufficient clearance from the wheels. I made my own car wheels by using an old fan motor for power for the lathe and mounted them on large nails which had both ends cut off.

Springs for the trucks were made from 2 small safety-pins, one on each side between top and bottom cross member. Of course, first I made my plans to fit my 2¼" gage, but smaller gage outfits would need smaller journal boxes and metal strips for the frames.—Wm. C. Ostrander, 1211 N. 13th St., Niles, Mich.

* * *

I want to get in touch with anyone in this locality who will help build my model.—C. Unruh, 212 Center St., E. Lansing, Mich.

* * *

I plan to build a model of the Grand Trunk Western's 4-6-2 Pacific, 5600 class, and I need pictures, specifications, etc. Model fans around Lansing, please write.—L. Crowe, 132 Mifflin Ave., Lansing, Mich.

* * *

I plan to build a model of a Western road, 1880 period, with a narrow-gage branch. Would appreciate any pictures, drawings or diagrams that might help me.—Harry Kaste, Newaygo, Mich.

* * *

In building a model of an 1880 period 4-4-0 type engine, I find difficulty with the crosshead pumps. Can anyone help me with suggestions? The model is 4′ long, 6" gage and 1′ 6" over stack; will have a regular tube boiler with 31½" tubes.—Bernard F. Daw, 155 E. 209th St., Euclid, O.

* * *

Am building 0 gage model of the C. & O. F19 engine that pulls the "George Washington." Would like to hear from other builders of C. & O. power.—Delbert Davis, Morehead, Ky.

* * *

I want to dispose of a No. 342 Lionel standard gage passenger train, almost new,

made up of No. 318 N.Y.C. type electric locomotive, two 339 Pullman cars, No. 341 observation car, 8 curved and 6 straight sections of track, transformer and control switch.—Charles C. Brewer, 108 Highland Ave., Lewistown, Pa.

* * *

I wish to dispose of my Lionel 0 gage locomotive and track, also old issues of model magazines.—O. G. Pectol, Falls Village, Conn.

* * *

Modelmakers, please tell me how to build a roundhouse with 6 stalls and a turntable without a pit for 0 gage. I need 0 gage hand-operated switches.—John O'Shaughnessy, 316 Pearl St., Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

Would like to buy some second-hand model scale rail and equipment. Am building a layout to ¼" scale about 15' x 25'.—V. Neal, 28½ W. Fassett, Wellsville, N. Y.

* * *

A good idea for making wheels was given to me by Mr. Shattock. Solder rough type-metal castings (I cast mine in a block of wood turned on a lathe) on an axle which has 6" over on one end. Stick this in the chuck of a work arbor for a ¼ H.P. motor and support the axle with a couple of blocks the correct height with a bearing on the top of each block. Sharpen the end of a file for your tool. It takes 20 minutes to turn it down to the right dimensions.—Richard Garbett, 712 E. First St., Tucson, Ariz.

* * *

Would like to hear from model fans in this vicinity who could help me with an 0-6-0 switcher, automatic couplers, trucks for passenger and freight cars, roofs for passenger cars, etc., ¼" scale. I have built 2 box cars, also 2 flat cars from plans in your Dec., 1932, issue, and am constructing a caboose and a mail car.—Richard Wolf, 6131 Locust, Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Will someone please send me a diagram of narrow-gage layouts?—Richard Knight, 2367 Chancy St., Clinton, Iowa.

* * *

I'd like to get an Ives die-casted No. 1663 model loco, a discontinued type, and would like to get my Ives No. 1122 repaired, which the factory says it cannot do on account of lack of parts.—A. J. Weineman, 94 Sylvester St., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

I need double-truck cars for my 0 gage road, also other equipment, diagrams of automatic train control, etc. Write giving specifications, general condition, date of manufacture, etc.—Daniel Twomey, 5 Maine Terrace, Somerville, Mass.

I want to dispose of model equipment for a 1 3/8" gage electric railroad. I'd like to buy equipment for a 2¼" electric road.—Allen Shapin, 3546 Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

* * *

Would like plans or blueprints of Southern Ry. engine No. 1102, so I can build a model of her. Also would like directions for building a modern loco, ¼" scale, that can have an electric drive installed.—Bob Clifford, Clarksford, Idaho.

* * *

I wish to buy used 0 gage power, block signals, freight equipment and parts for freight cars.—Chas. Baker, 94 N. Grand Ave., Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.

* * *

I need second-hand 0 gage rolling stock; 25 freight and 10 passenger cars, with 4-wheel trucks, long types (about 9", excluding couplings).—Alexander Wilder, 27 Chestnut St., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

In order to build more equipment I'd like to sell my recently built model Multiple-Unit car. It is equipped with an efficient home-made pantograph and will easily haul a trailer. Will send photo and details for 6¢ in stamps.—James Johnson, 71 Hillcrest Ave., Trenton, N. J.

* * *

I have 3 school courses to trade for 0 gage model equipment. Write full particulars. Would like to get trademarks from the Green Bay & Western, Lehigh & New England and Columbus & Greenville.—Chas. Swick, 48 Penn St., Sharpsburg, Pa.

* * *

Will trade "Railroad Stories" from Dec. 1931, to date for 0 gage track.—Fred W. Moulder, 2531 Amherst Ave., Butte, Mont.

* * *

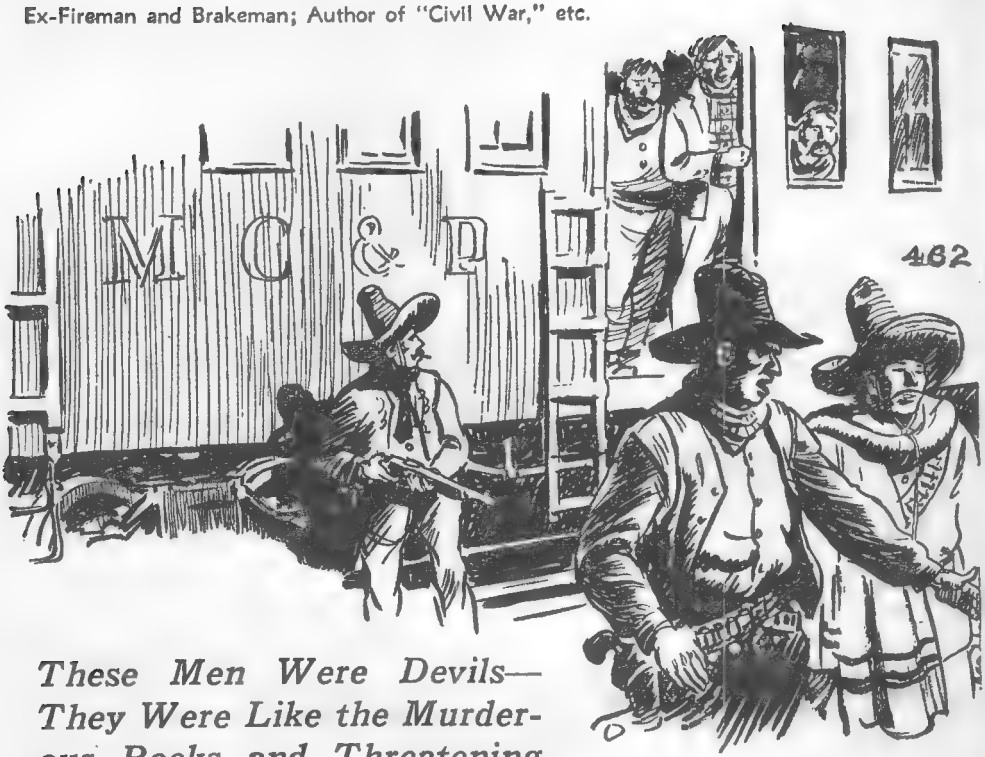
I have completed a model of a 2-8-0 type loco, all made of wood except for metal wheels and drawbar. I bought saw blades and assembled my wood, but first I had my dad cast me a wheel to add to the 7 wheels his printer had given me from old wind-up locos. After I cut and sandpapered the boiler to shape, I made the "wagon top" firebox. Next came the cab, and then I carved the cylinders, exhaust stack, sand dome, etc., by hand. Nails were used for axles, and the chassis was made of tin. It was a problem to mount the wheels. Then I built the tender and painted her.

My next model will be one of the L.I.R.R.'s Class G-5's, 4-6-0 type. I have a station and water tower which I built from data given in your magazine.—Richard Harrison, 620 75th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lost River

By A. LESLIE

Ex-Fireman and Brakeman; Author of "Civil War," etc.



These Men Were Devils—They Were Like the Murderous Rocks and Threatening Canyons in Which They Lived

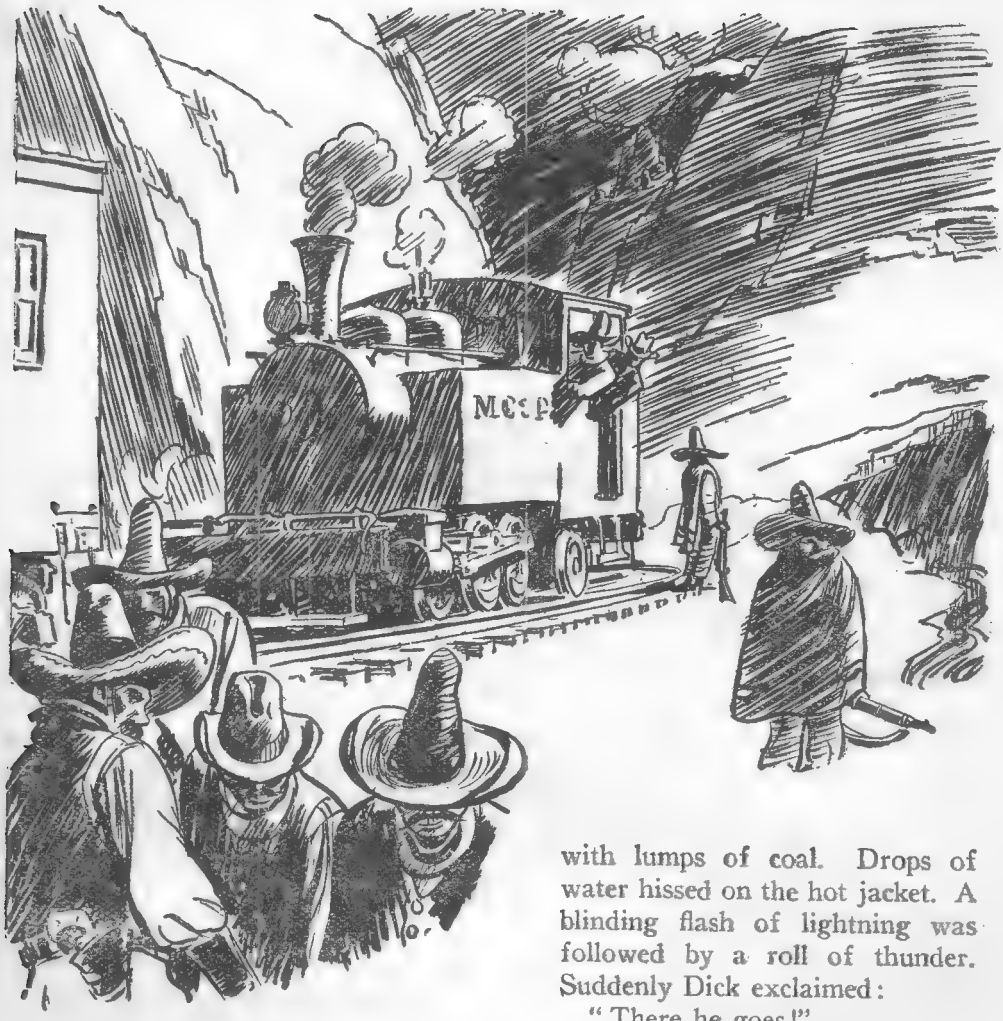
IT was night. A night of rain and wind and rolling thunder. *El Infierno Verde* writhed under the almost continuous lightning glare. Lost River foamed in its straight-walled canyon. The very mountains seemed to shudder under the pounding of the elements.

El Infierno Verde—the Green Hell! An incompleted railroad stretched fingers of steel toward the hills and canyons and roaring streams. With the railroad would come something of law and something of order for this wild land: *El Infierno Verde* would no longer be sanctuary for hunted men south of the Rio Grande.

But the three men in the dimly lit cab of an engine pounding toward Lost River Canyon were not thinking of outlaws that night. Their attention was riveted on an airplane that was attempting to ride the storm.

"He won't make it," muttered old Harry Barkus, who held the 618's throttle.

Brakeman "Slim" Hollins, standing beside him, nodded agreement. "I reckon not," he responded.



Dick Farnol, the fireman, said nothing, but his gray eyes did not leave the pinpoints of light that reeled and tossed over the black hills beyond the canyon.

"No plane ever built could stay in the air on a night like this," declared Barkus. "What do you s'pose they meant by sending out a pilot in such weather?"

"Those Mexicans are likely to do anything," said Hollins.

The wind raged against the cab sides, billowing up from the tender the end curtain, which Dick had weighted down with lumps of coal. Drops of water hissed on the hot jacket. A blinding flash of lightning was followed by a roll of thunder. Suddenly Dick exclaimed:

"There he goes!"

Leaning far out the cab window, heedless of the driving rain, he watched the mail plane lights rush downward like a falling star. They winked out behind a spire of stone. An instant later the stone was outlined by a leaping glow. Dick drew back, and the three railroaders stared into each other's whitening faces.

"Can't—can't we do somethin' to help him?" quavered old Harry.

Dick shook his head. "Fell other side the canyon," he said tersely. "No way for us to get across—thirty miles around through the hills. Besides, if

he stayed with the crate, he's burned to a cinder by now."

"Mebbe he used his parachute?" Slim suggested.

"Perhaps, but if so he'd have a mighty small chance of coming through. These rocks don't make what you'd call an ideal landing field, to say nothing of the wind."

"Guess you're right," agreed Barkus. "We'll report it when we get in and they can send out a searching party. One thing's certain, some folks ain't gonna get the letters they're expectin'."

Silence fell for several minutes. Dick built up his fire, which had been neglected during the tenseness of the aviator's impending crash. The tall fireman watched the needle of the pressure gage crawl up toward 200 and nodded to old Harry to give her the "gun."

As Barkus dragged his injector handle back, water began gurgling through the intake pipe. He spoke to Dick, who was now climbing onto the seatbox.

"Seein' that feller go down reminds me of somethin' I heard over to the yard office yest'day. They told me the Old Man is figgerin' on usin' planes to send men and light materials across *El Infierno Verde* to where the South Line is buildin' this way."

"Jaggers Dunn is liable to do anything," said Slim. "He ain't like no general manager I ever heard tell of before."

"He run the C. & P. up from a single-track streak o' rust to a system coverin' a lot of the States and Canada," commented the engineer.

"Yeah, and now this line into Mexico," Slim added. "Guess he'll be bridging the Pacific to China next."

BARKUS eased the reverse bar down a notch or two as the grade stiffened, and remarked sententiously: "I heard somethin' else 'bout that airplane business."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"The Old Man's decided to give shacks and tallowpots on this line a chance to learn about airplanes, seein' as the road is gonna use 'em. Anybody what wants to, Slim, can volunteer; and the reg'lar pilots will teach 'em how to fly the danged things."

Hollins gave a long whistle. "Excuse me! Them sky-rolling gondolas don't answer to brakes the way they had oughter. You hear anything 'bout it, Dick?"

"Yes," the fireman answered. "Trainmaster told me about it the first of the week." He added after a pause: "I signed up to be a student pilot."

Slim whistled again. Old Harry shook his head in wordless disapproval. The 618 stuttered as her drivers slipped on the wet rails.

Slower and slower boomed the laboring exhaust. Dick humored and petted his fire. Barkus jockeyed bar and throttle with the consummate skill of a veteran of mountain divisions. The brakeman strained his eyes for the jutting cliff that marked the top of the grade.

Barkus poked his head out the crack of his side window, like a mud turtle peering from its shell. He growled as the driving rain stung his face.

"Almost there," he shouted. "Got anything for the hill siding, Slim?"

"Not this time, thank the Lord," replied the brakeman. "We will—hold her, Harry, there's a flag!"

The engineer slammed the throttle shut, dropped the bar to the corner and reached for the brake valve handle. He swore as he banked his window open.

"Of all the blankety-blank-blank places to stop us! Now what you suppose they want up here?"

Several hundred yards ahead, a red light swung across the track.

Barkus ground his train to a stop and waited, still growling. Dick and the brakeman leaned back comfortably, eyeing the approaching lantern through the rain-spattered windows. The apron creaked as the unseen flagman mounted the steps.

Old Harry turned on his seatbox, gazing toward the dusky gangway.

"Now what in hell—" he began.

His voice died to a gurgle that was drowned in the harsh accents of the man with the lantern:

"Elevate! The three of you! Get 'em up high, I said!"

Barkus' gloved hands shot above his head. Hollins raked his fingers against the cab roof. Dick Farnol slowly raised muscular hands to a level with his shoulders. His gray eyes probed the face and form of the masked man in the gangway, coming to rest at last on the heavy revolver which menaced the occupants of the cab.

"Feller, you sure picked a swell crowd to stick up," drawled the lean-jawed fireman. "You'd do better knocking over a blind man's cup and pencils."

"That'll be 'bout enough funny cracks outa you," snarled the gunman. "You shet yore mouth and open yore ears."

"What—what you want?" quavered old Harry.

"I want you tuh do some tall listen-in'," answered the masked man. He glared from the shadow of his low-pulled hat brim. "Now get this!" he went on sharply. "You ain't gonna run this damn railroad across *El Infierno Verde*. If you try, things are gonna happen—damn unpleasant things—like that airplane what just went down. Understand?"

"But—but," protested Barkus, "we ain't got no say about where the railroad goes."

"Yeah? Well, pass the word on to them what has. Now hold this contraption wheah it is for five minutes, and be sho' you know how tuh count up tuh five." He backed toward the steps, gun alert, paused and glowered at the fireman. "You got anything tuh say 'bout it, smart *hombre?*"

Dick's steady eyes bored into the shadow beneath the hat brim.

"I was just remembering," he replied coolly, "that all the jiggers I ever saw wearing tied-down holsters never lived very long."

The masked man stiffened, the muzzle of the big gun jutted forward; then, apparently thinking better of the sudden impulse, he grunted something unintelligible and backed out of sight. The railroaders heard his boots clatter on the steps, crunch against the ballast, and he was gone.

AT Ibarra, fifteen miles farther south, where the 618 pulled her long material train into the yards, Engineer Barkus and his crew told their versions of the airplane crash and the visit from the mysterious masked figure, to an interested audience. The division superintendent was there, the trainmaster, a couple of construction engineers and the super's chief clerk.

The super got busy on the telephone, ordering out a special train loaded with bulls and brawny section hands to search for the missing aviator. While he was barking instructions over the phone, the office door opened and a truly remarkable individual entered. James G. "Jaggers" Dunn, general manager of the C. & P.

Stocky, broad-shouldered, with cold blue eyes and a crinkly mane of white

hair, he instantly dominated the little group of trainmen and officials.

"Mr. Barkus," ordered the superintendent, "start at the beginning and tell Mr. Dunn the whole story."

General Manager Dunn listened without comment. When old Harry had finished he turned a chill gaze upon the super.

"Well," he inquired, "what have you done about it?"

Superintendent Hallihan explained briefly that he had just sent out a searching party. As for the masked man's threat, he was not inclined to take it too seriously. He turned to a grizzled construction engineer.

"What do you think of it, Carney?"

Carney frowned. "My opinion is we're in for trouble. I've worked in this country before and I know the kind of people that hang out in *El Infierno Verde*. They don't make a business of talking through their hats. I'd say take precautions."

"Think we'd better get in touch with the Mexican Government authorities, Mr. Dunn?" asked Hallihan.

Jaggers Dunn snorted disapproval. "We can't look to that government for anything," he grumbled. "I used a lot of influence to get this road-building concession. One of the express stipulations was that we must solve our own problems, handle our own difficulties. The government holds that what happens on our land grants is none of its affair."

He turned to old Harry.

"Now, Mr. Barkus, I want a good description of that bad man who's going to stop us from building a railroad. What did he look like?"

"Gosh, Mr. Dunn," stammered old Harry, "I dunno, 'ceptin' he was tall and kinda broad; he was all masked up."

General Manager Dunn grunted disgustedly. "How about you?" he shot at Hollins. "What did you see?"

Slim grinned. "I didn't see anything much but that gun," he admitted.

"That is certainly illuminating," commented Jaggers dryly. "Did you happen to notice the stranger?" he asked the fireman.

Dick Farnol raised his steady gaze to meet the G.M.'s hard eyes. "Yes, I believe I did," he replied quietly.

Jaggers stared for an instant. "Think you can add anything to what we've just heard about his appearance?"

Dick nodded. "He was an inch or so over six feet, I should judge, big and bony. His eyes were either black or a very dark blue. He wore a regulation sombrero pulled down low and had a blue silk handkerchief tied around the lower part of his face. From the way the cloth bulged out, I'd say he's got a hawk-bill nose. There was a jagged white scar 'bout the size of a dime near the corner of his left eye—bullet wound, it looked like. There was a knife scar across the back of his right hand."

The listeners gaped with astonishment as Dick continued the description:

"He wore a blue flannel shirt, vest swinging open and bat-wing chaps. He carried two Smith & Wesson single-action sixes in tied-down holsters; but his right shoulder was a bit higher than his left, so I figure he's used that right-hand gun a long time and frequent, keeping the left one as a sorta reserve battery, and isn't a real two-gun man." Dick hunched one shoulder to illustrate his point. "Talked in a deep, rumbling voice, but when I made him sore he come up a coupla notches and the chances are that's his reg'lar speaking voice. Talked bad—and is bad."

"Good Lord!" gasped Jaggers, "how the devil did you come to notice all that?"

"I use my eyes, is all."

"And you can just bet, young man, I'm going to keep an eye on you," muttered the G. M. under his breath.

A FEW minutes later, after the enginemen had left the office, Dunn inquired of his division superintendent:

"Who is that fellow, anyhow?"

"On the time sheet as Richard Farnol," replied Hallihan. "Been with us three years, ever since we started building the road and hired some new men along with those we brought down from the States."

Carney, the construction engineer, spoke up. "Farnol was a cowboy before he took to railroading. He worked on ranches in Arizona and down through this tough Sinaloa country. Had quite a reputation as a quick-draw man. Seems he'd just sorta hunch his shoulder and the gun was out of the holster and in his hand."

Mr. Dunn was thoughtful.

"Got the hands, and got the eyes," he mused, almost to himself, seeming to forget for a moment the other occupants of the office.

He had forgotten them, in fact; for Jaggers was thinking of the days of his own wild youth, when he too had been a rider of the purple sage; and he was thinking of men he had known then, men of the old West, whose eyes were of the same cold gray as Dick Farnol's.

IN the meanwhile, Dick Farnol also was doing some serious thinking. Like Carney, he did not under-rate the mysterious menace. Under different circumstances and in another locality, it would have been absurd. But present circumstances were unusual and *El Infierno Verde* was also unusual. As Dick had once observed to Harry Barkus:

"When they finished building the world, they had a lot of odds and ends left over that just naturally wouldn't fit in any place; so they dumped the whole lot down here and never tried to sort it out."

Yes, *El Infierno Verde* was like that, and the men living among those murderous rocks and snarling canyons were just the kind of devils the Green Hell needed to complete its picture.

"This railroading game sure doesn't lack excitement," Dick told himself as he mulled over the happenings of the night. "Well, guess I haven't anything to kick about."

Dick Farnol had taken up railroading for two reasons. One was the promise of excitement and interest. The other was that Dick was not content to spend all his days as a forty-a-month-and-found cowpuncher. He saw in the new railroad Jaggers Dunn was building across Mexico, opportunity; he had read an article on Mr. Dunn's life and had reasoned:

"If one cow chambermaid can get to be general manager of a big railroad, why can't another one get to be something in that business, too?"

Whereupon he had gotten him a job firing and for the past three years had been "keeping 'em hot" as the Mexican extension of the C. & P. crawled down across the state of Sonora and into wild and mountainous Sinaloa.

Now the "high iron" had reached the edge of *El Infierno Verde,* while, fifty miles to the south, and beyond the far side of the Green Hell, the twin ribbons of the other line crept north. Somewhere out there in that weird land of black rock and white water, the two lines would meet and the C. & P. become a thing complete.

"But there'll be hell a-plenty 'fore that happens," Dick predicted as he settled down to sleep.

"FELLER, you'll do all right," Pete Reeves said with enthusiasm. "You just nacherly got the feel of the air. Some have it right from the start and some never get it at all. Pity you weren't in aviation service during the war. You'd have got your share of Fokkers. What outfit were you with?"

Without taking his attention from the distant skyline, by which he was holding a level course, Dick Farnol replied to the pilot's question:

"French Foreign Legion."

"Huh! You saw your share of hell then. Ease up on the stick a bit. That's it. Now kick her to the right and we'll take a look at the river. Wow! That was a good one!"

The big two-seater had slumped with an abrupt, vibrating jar, then leveled off again. The pilot chuckled as Dick glanced at him inquiringly.

"Air over the canyon is fulla bumps," he explained. "Can't see 'em, but they're there just the same."

"Needs ballast," said Dick. "By the way, did they ever find that airman who crashed the other night?"

"Yeah," was the reply. "Dead!"

Rocking and lurching, the plane roared on. Even in the enclosed cabin conversation was difficult, and Dick and his companion were silent for some time. Suddenly the pilot leaned forward.

"Say," he exclaimed, "that river runs right into the ground!"

"Sure it does," Dick agreed. "That's Lost River. Disappears under those cliffs and if it ever comes out again, nobody knows where."

"Why doesn't somebody follow it up in a boat and find out?"

"Government engineers did go through the canyon once, I believe, and heard the roar of a high falls just inside the cave. If a boat went inside it would go over the falls and be lost."

"Nice place!. All right, straighten her out again and we'll head on across the Bad Lands for Arturo."

AT Arturo, northern terminal of the South Line, Reeves talked with the C. & P. landing field superintendent.

"That fellow Farnol is a real find," the pilot declared. "He's got the makin's of a crack flyer or I'm a billygoat. Only been up three times and he handles the crate like a veteran. Sure wish we could get him into the service."

"Well, perhaps we can arrange it," answered the superintendent. "I imagine Mr. Dunn would let us have him if I made a personal request."

"No chance," said Pete ruefully. "I mentioned it to Farnol. He just grinned that tight-lipped grin of his and said he preferred the cab of a locomotive—where there was a chance for some real excitement."

The air super was indignant. "Excitement! What do those ground crawlers know about excitement! Their work is about as exciting as washing socks!"

"Ain't so sure 'bout that," disagreed Pete. "I had a ride with Farnol and that old bewhiskered hellion, Barkus, over the new North Line the other day. Seems they needed some dynamite and stuff at the camp south of Ibarra, and Barkus had orders to hurry."

"Well?"

"Well, he hurried, all right! And 'fore he got through twistin' 'round them hairpin curves and bangin' over them half-finished trestles, I'd done raised a whole new crop of gray hairs.

I'll do my travelin' by air hereafter, thank you!"

BUT at that moment plenty of excitement was in the making for the C. & P. Dick flew back to Ibarra with Pete the following morning; he found the yards seething. A grand row was going on in the trainmaster's office.

"I tell you they were spotted on the hill," Malin, the check clerk, was saying, "I have Banton's wheel report, and besides, Banton personally mentioned spotting them there."

"Send for Banton!" shouted Trainmaster Farley, who was a powerful man with a shock of blond hair and a firm determined chin.

Banton appeared shortly, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He was a lanky veteran of the crummy who was not in the least awed by trainmasters or superintendents.

"If this ain't one helluva note," he stormed, "draggin' a man outa bed in the middle of his rest! Can't you guys run this office without callin' on the train service to help?"

"Forget it," said the trainmaster.

Farley had at one time twirled a brake club under the old con and knew how to handle him.

"This isn't any joking matter, Sam," the T. M. went on. "Are you sure you spotted C. & P. 608, 149 and C. & P. 563, 895 at the Lost River hill siding?"

Banton was downright disgusted at this question. "Don't my wheel report tell you where I spotted 'em?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what? You think I can't make out a report correct? You think I don't know what I do with my train? Say—"

"But, Sam," broke in Farley despairingly, "they ain't there!"

"If they ain't there, some crew musta picked 'em up and set 'em off at one of the camps or run 'em back here to Ibarra. Why don't you hunt 'em up, 'stead of botherin' me?"

"We have been hunting. They're not at Ibarra and they're not at any of the camps. They're gone, that's all."

Banton was bewildered. "But where did they go?"

"That's what I want to know. Sam, are you *sure* you really had those cars?"

"Am I sure!" the conductor exploded. "Am I—why, you—"

"Never mind, Sam, never mind," interrupted Farley hastily. "I'm not blaming you for anything, but when two carloads of badly needed dynamite vanish into thin air, you can't blame me for being kinda upset."

"The thought of that much dynamite floating around loose somewhere isn't comforting, either," added the check clerk.

Dick left the trainmaster's office in a thoughtful mood. There had been conjectures a-plenty regarding the vanished dynamite, but nobody had mentioned the thing Dick was thinking about.

The tall fireman's mind was going back to that wild night a few weeks back, when a pilot had died in his flaming crate and a mysterious masked man had invaded the 618's cab.

"That jigger meant business," Dick told himself, "I'll bet my last *peso* he's mixed up in this dynamite case. Looks like real trouble is just starting."

DICK was right. Three days later a light construction engine vanished from the camp five miles south of Lost River siding; and with her went the Mexican engine watchman, leaving no clue as to the manner of going of either man or machine.

"It's utterly absurd!" declared Trainmaster Farley. "A twenty-ton locomotive doesn't sprout wings and fly away, and she doesn't sink into the ground, either, without leaving a hole."

Superintendent Hallihan had an inspiration. "She might sink into the water."

"She might," admitted Farley, running one hand through his thick hair, "but how could she get into the water?"

"I'll tell you how," said Hallihan, after a moment's thought. "If I remember rightly, at one place, Lost River siding runs within fifty feet of the water, just before the river enters the canyon. Wouldn't it be possible for someone to swing out the rails there, drop in a couple of lengths of steel and run the engine into the river? Water is deep."

A buzz of comment filled the office. The deep voice of Mr. Farley expressed the general opinion:

"I'd say it's worth investigating."

Nothing More Than a Spike

OLD Harry Barkus and Dick Farnol made a run with a special train from Ibarra to Lost River siding in record time. Besides the super's car the 618 hauled a flat car onto which a small boat, chains, cables and grappling hooks had been loaded. The 618 pulled into the siding. The railroad men leaped out of the train and went over the track with keenly scrutinizing eyes.

"Hard to tell whether anything has been tampered with," grunted Hallihan. "New ties, new rails—construction marks still plain on both. Rained last night, too, and enough water passes down this low embankment to wash away any signs there."

"No matter," said Farley. "If the engine went into the river, she'll be on the bottom. She wouldn't float away, that's certain."

The boat was launched; grapplings were set to work. Back and forth across the muddy river the little craft worked—with barren results.

Finally Hallihan called a halt.

"Guess I switched onto the wrong track," he admitted. "There's no engine in this river—cars either. Back upstream, boys, we're getting too close to that cave mouth for pleasure, with the current this strong. Just listen to the roar of the falls!"

Dick Farnol had not made one of the boat's crew. After banking his fire carefully, he sauntered along the siding, examining rails and ties. He covered the entire stretch of track and discovered nothing. Undiscouraged, he started back, walking slowly and stooping from time to time.

The siding, paralleling the course of the river, was curved. Near the beginning of the curve, where the steel was less than a dozen yards from the water's edge, Dick paused.

Something caught his eye. It was but a small thing in itself, nothing more outstanding than the head of a spike; but in one respect that spike was different from its fellows.

The protruding side of the spike head, that should have gripped down against the rail flange, was broken off. Dick squatted beside the rail and ran his fingers along the ragged edge.

"Chipped off by a hammer, sure as blazes! And it's a brand-new break!" The broken edge was clean and gray, unspecked by rust. "Somebody

The Disgusted Grapplers Returned Empty-Handed

mauled that spike in not twenty-four hours ago," the fireman decided. "Wasn't a track walker either—he'd have put in a new spike when this one broke. Now what else can I find?"

For some minutes he went over the vicinity of the broken spike with great care. At length he sat down on a tie end, shaking his head dubiously.

Half an hour later, when the disgusted grapplers climbed the muddy bank, Dick grinned ruefully to himself:

"Lucky that bet of mine was a strictly private affair; but who the devil broke that spike?"

FARNOL was not the only one to ask questions. General Manager Dunn arrived in Ibarra that night and asked a number. Superintendent Hallihan and his aides got no pleasure out of answering them. In fact, they did not answer most of them, and Jaggers' comments were vivid and to the point.

A week passed and nothing was heard of either cars or engine. Dick continued to fire the material train and, on off days, took flying lessons.

One Saturday afternoon he made a flight to Arturo with Pete Reeves, and while the pilot attended to routine busi-

ness at the field Dick wandered about the old Mexican town.

As dusk was falling he entered the dining room of a *posado* and ordered a meal. The innkeeper himself served the "*señor* from the railroad" and after a few moments' conversation in Spanish, which Dick spoke fluently, left his guest to enjoy a really good dinner.

The railroad man did ample justice to the meal, and then leaned back comfortably in his chair. For some time he idly watched the other diners. The majority of them were dark-faced Mexicans with the stains of hard labor on hands and clothes.

Seated at a table near a window was a small man whose movements were quick and furtive. He was not unlike a dozen others scattered about the room, except that his face was disfigured by an old and badly healed knife wound. The scar, wide and livid, ran from the corner of his left eye to the point of his chin.

Dick stared at the disfigurement with curious eyes.

"Don't tell me there's two jiggers in the same country wearing a slash like that," he decided, rising from his chair and striding across the room. He paused beside the little man's table.

"Hello, Pablo," he greeted.

The other looked up quickly, his eyes dilating. "*Señor—señor,*" he stammered, "I—I not know you."

"Yeah? Well, I know you, Pablo. You're the watchman who had charge of that construction engine, 349, the night she disappeared."

Color drained from the scarred man's face, leaving it a dirty gray. "I—I not understand," he faltered.

"No? Well, I don't either, but I want to. What became of that engine, Pablo?"

"*Señor,* I cannot tell you. I dare not!"

"Why not, Pablo?" Dick persisted. "Somebody got you scared?"

The man's voice became a mere whisper. "*Señor,* I—I—" The voice rose to a reedy shriek. "*El Cascabel!*"

DICK turned toward where the man's horror-filled gaze was directed. He caught a glimpse of a tall fellow slipping out the door. A crash behind him brought his attention back to Pablo.

The table was vacant, the chair overturned. The window was a jagged ruin of shattered glass and splintered frame. Dick vaulted through the opening, staggered to his knees and surged erect.

It was a dark night. Ramshackle houses of *adobe*—sun-dried brick—loomed shadowy against the stars. From the street on which the *posado* fronted came sounds of revelry, effectually drowning the footsteps of the fugitive. Dick shook his head in disgust and made for the dimly lighted street.

The tall man who had so terrorized Pablo also had vanished! Dick re-entered the inn, paid his bill and silenced the chatter of the proprietor with a curt word:

"I didn't break the window, but here's the price of a new one. Now forget the whole business, *si?*"

"Assuredly yes, *señor, sí, sí.* I heard a name spoken, *señor,* and the less one knows or speaks where that name is concerned, the better. *Si!*"

"What about the man who owns that name?"

The innkeeper's black eyes dulled, his face assumed a wooden expression. He shrugged his shoulders expressively and took refuge behind that expression beyond which it is useless to probe:

"*Quien sabe?*" (Who knows?)

Dick left the inn and for some minutes stood gazing toward the distant lights of the flying field.

"*El Cascabel!*" he mused. "In good United States that means 'the Rattlesnake,' which doesn't sound so good. I just got a eye-cornerful of that gent who eased out the door, but I'd bet my next salary that he had a hook nose and a scar 'longside his eye. Judging from the way Pablo acted up, that guy is *El Cascabel* in person, and unless I'm making a big mistake, *El Cascabel* is the bad talking *hombre* who wished himself into the 618's cab that night!"

The tall fireman chuckled sardonically as he made his way toward the flying field.

"Well named, all right. He rattled kinda hard that night, and he's sure been doing some striking!"

IT was well after midnight before the plane, getting away to a late start, grounded at the Ibarra flying field; but Dick went straight to General Manager Dunn's private car. His way was barred by a sleepy and protesting porter.

"Honest t' goodness, boss, yo-all cain't come in now. Mistuh Dunn done be soun' 'sleep. I's gonna cotch big trouble if I wake him up."

"What I've got to say to him is important, can't wait," Dick insisted.

"'Clah, boss, I cain't do it. He take mah haid plumb—oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! Now look what yo-all went an' done!"

From the interior of the coach came an angry bellow: "George! What's going on out there? What's the meaning of that racket?"

Shoving the darky aside, Dick strode into the car.

"It's Farnol, 618's fireman, Mr. Dunn. Sorry to disturb you, but what I've got to tell you is too important to wait until morning."

A door banged loudly and General Manager Dunn, in dressing gown and slippers, appeared. His snowy mane was tousled but his blue eyes were keenly alert.

"Make it short, young man," he ordered, waving Dick to a chair.

Dick told his story in as few words as possible. Jaggers made a caustic remark or two, then sat silent for some minutes.

"So that's the way the situation stands!" he broke forth at length. "A locomotive vanishes and the watchman goes with her. Then the watchman turns up a week later, fifty miles away, and dives through a window yelling about snakes. Of all the damned nonsense ever wished on a respectable railroad! Young man, have you any idea where that engine went?"

"No, sir," Dick admitted, "but I think I know where the answer is."

"Where, damn it?"

"In Lost River."

The G. M. arched his bushy eyebrows. "Lost River! Hallihan tells me he dragged that stream above the canyon and inside the canyon to where it enters a cave and goes over a falls. He says the water runs flush with the sides of the canyon and that the sides are straight-up-and-down, five hundred high. How could the answer to this conundrum be in Lost River?"

"I don't know yet, sir," came the reply, "but I'm confident it's there; I'll tell you why."

Jaggers listened without interruption to the story of the broken spike head.

"You saw what the rest of them overlooked," he commented when Dick had finished. "Well, what do you suggest?"

The fireman hesitated a moment be-

fore making the request he had been pondering over for some time.

"I have a theory, Mr. Dunn," he said at last, "and I'd like to test it out; but I can't do so and take my run out each day."

Jaggers Dunn drew a pad of paper toward him and scrawled a few words. He tore off the sheet, handed it to Farnol.

"This will give you all the freedom of action you need," he stated. "Now go to it!"

"I'll do the best I can, sir," Dick promised.

"Would the use of one of our airplanes help you?" the general manager wanted to know.

Dick smiled but shook his head. "No, sir, I don't think so. The planes are all right, in their place, but this is a real railroading problem and the only way we'll get to the bottom of the matter is by railroading methods. All I'll need a plane for is to get across *El Infierno Verde* in a hurry now and then until after the road is built across."

As Dick was leaving, Jaggers called a final question: "You don't figure that engine went down the river and over the falls in some way?"

Dick paused at the door. "That was a comparatively light engine, sir. Did you happen to think it might have gone *up* the river?"

"By Godfrey!" rumbled Jaggers. "That's an idea!"

He nodded sagely to the combination porter-chef who had grown gray in his service: "It isn't the iron and the wood and the steel and the steam that make a railroad, George; it's the brains and the muscle and the nerve. It's the men that count, George, it's the men!"

"Yassuh! Yassuh!" agreed the porter, with a complacent glance at his own shining countenance reflected in a nearby mirror. "I's gotta say, Mistuh Dunn, you sho' knows how t' pick 'em!"

"Smart Hombre"

MID-MORNING found Dick on his regular run with old Harry Barkus and Slim Hollins. As the 618 thundered north with her long string of empties, bound for Zapata, sixty miles distant, Dick was silent and preoccupied. Continually he scanned turbulent Lost River, upon whose banks the road was built—but with barren results.

Desolate, deserted, the tawny stream wound between threatening hills. Here and there the narrow valley widened out and the water cut a sluggish path through heat-bleached sands. Again, the closing walls of a canyon hung threateningly over the twin ribbons of steel.

As the miles dropped behind, one by one, Dick was obsessed by a growing disgust.

"Fifty miles and not a thing that looks suspicious," he meditated. "Wonder if I'm following a cold trail, after all?"

Old Harry tightened his loosening belt and widened the throttle a notch or two. The veteran was growing hungry.

"Keep her hot, big boy," he called to Dick, "we're goin' to town now!"

Dick grinned back and jerked his shoulder toward the safety valve, where a feathery "squirrel tail" of steam drifted lazily back over the hog's back, and said:

"Right up against the peg."

Barkus hooked the bar a little higher as the long train dipped over a slight rise and roared on toward Zapata, which was seated in a cuplike basin and a few miles off the river's course.

"I'll be glad when this run—"

The words were chipped off; the old hogger's hands flew to throttle, automatic air lever, reverse bar, sand blowers.

"Get ready t' leave her," he shouted to fireman and brakeman.

Slim Hollins leaped for the gangway and hung poised on the lowest step. Dick leaned out the cab window, his steady gray eyes fixed on the jumbled mass of stone and earth toward which the engine rushed with screeching brakes, drivers spinning in reverse and stack thundering.

With all the skill and knowledge of a veteran of thirty years, old Harry fought to save his train, jockeying air, throttle, bar and sand. The 618 lurched and bucked as the shove of her long train hurled her down the grade. Glittering sparks and clouds of sand dust boomed out from the gripping brake shoes. Couplings clanged and rattled.

"Steady!" Dick shouted to the brakeman. "Those rocks'll make damn hard landing!"

The brake shoes were gripping tight. Wheels were sliding on the sanded rails. Dick braced his feet against the boilerhead and waited.

There was a crash, a jolting lurch. Barkus shoved the throttle shut and released the air.

"Busted pilot is all, I guess," he told Farnol. "Not bad for an old man, eh?"

"You could stop her on a ten-cent piece if you had to," Dick complimented as they climbed from the cab and went forward to view the damage.

"How in hell did a slide ever come down here?" demanded Barkus querulously. "That cliff looks solid as the rock of Gibraltar!"

Dick pointed silently to where the fallen mass had cleaved away from the cliff. The engineer took one look and raved:

"Dynamited loose, sure as fire! You can see the marks the drill left, plain as anything. Now who in the devil—"

Harry Barkus never finished the sentence. Instead, he stared at the broken cliff face with bulging eyes.

Scrawled across the clean gray surface—a dark smudge of crudely formed letters—was a sinister warning:

Smart hombre keep your damn nose outa things what don't consarn you

"Smart *hombre!*" repeated old Harry in a low voice. "Dick, wasn't that what the jigger who stuck us up on Lost River hill called you?"

AFTER hours of delay, the 618 reached Zapata. Dick obtained an interview with the trainmaster, backing up his request with the tersely worded written order of Jaggers Dunn. The result was that when the 618 headed back to Ibarra, a fireman from the extra board sat in her cab and old Harry grumbled accordingly.

At dusk, three days later, Dick Farnol arrived at Ibarra. He was weary, footsore and half starved, and he was more than disgusted.

"I went over the river on foot from Zapata here," he told Jaggers Dunn, "and I couldn't find a thing promising. Looks like my bright idea is a flop."

"Don't be too sure," the G. M. disagreed. "Whoever is at the bottom of this is shrewd and utterly ruthless. The attempt to wreck your train proves that. Moreover, it looks like they know

you are showing more than an ordinary interest in the business. Be careful, son; don't take unnecessary risks. Now get some rest. You'll think clearer in the morning."

Dick went to bed and was soon in the land of slumber. Before daylight someone hammered on his door. The fireman leaped out of bed, yawned a second and stretched his arms. The hammering continued. He opened the door and greeted a redheaded call boy:

"Well, what is it?"

"They want you at the super's office *pronto,*" the caller said.

"O. K., Reds," Dick responded. "Be there right away."

He dressed and hurried over to Hallihan's office. The super was in the room, so were the trainmaster, other minor officials, and Jaggers Dunn. The trainmaster's mop of hair was more unruly than usual. Evidently he, too, had been called out of bed in a hurry.

"Here's a fine mess," growled Hallihan. "Three camp cars stolen! Worse than that, they were occupied by sixty men asleep in their bunks, on the trestle camp siding five miles south of Lost River Canyon—and the men have vanished too! Gone just like the 349 and the dynamite!"

Jaggers Dunn looked inquiringly at Dick. The fireman was about to speak when an uproar sounded in the outer office. A moment later the night yardmaster entered, dragging with him an excited young Mexican who was protesting in broken English:

"*Señor,* I no mean be left behind! *Sí,* I run—I run with ze great speed. I, what you call heem, beller—I cry out. *Caramba!* Ze loco accursed she do not stop. I not want losa job. I catch train, come here, I explain."

"What in—" began Jaggers.

The yardmaster interrupted: "Best as I can make out, Mr. Dunn, this bird belonged in them missin' camp cars. He'd been visitin' a *señorita,* or something, and got back just in time to see them pulling out the siding. Thought the cars had been ordered somewhere and is afraid he'll lose his job because he didn't go along."

"Tell him not to worry," Jaggers said grimly. "I guess he's the only one of the sixty that *has* got a job. Now what do you make of all this, gentlemen?"

Dick Farnol spoke to the Mexican youth. "*Muchacho,* did you see the number of that engine?"

The Mexican nodded his head with great emphasis. "Assuredly, *capitan,* I see heem. The number he is 349!"

OUT of the turmoil in the division superintendent's office emerged one fact of value: *El Cascabel*—or whoever was responsible for the latest outrage—was able not only to steal a construction engine, among other things, but also to return the engine at will, probably with further depredations against the C. & P. in mind.

This startling bit of information prompted Dick Farnol to investigations in a new field. He requested a detailed report from all construction engineers and section foremen, accounting for rails and track-laying material. The results more than satisfied his expectations.

"Almost a carload of rails short at Camp Three," he told Jaggers Dunn, "to say nothing of ties, fishplates, spikes and tools. Whoever swiped 'em did so a little at a time, so they would not be missed."

Jaggers grunted with indignation. "A nice state of affairs, I must say! Let's see now, Camp Three is between here and Lost River Canyon, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Dick. "It is the Trestle Siding camp, and it was formerly located at the Hill Siding, right where Lost River Canyon begins. That's when the materials were stolen, I figure."

A GRIM and ghostly place was Lost River Canyon on a moonlight night. Its mighty spires of stone were flung up against the pale sky like giant hands. The gloomy gorge was brimful of shadows until the moon reached mid-heaven; then it was a silver shimmer of uncertain radiance that distorted objects and gave them an elusive, unreal quality.

To the lonely watcher huddled on the lip of an abruptly down-flinging wall, the scene was fantastic. The dim rattle of a passing train on the nearby railroad seemed a faraway sound from another world. In the depths below the rushing torrent of Lost River was a white delusion possessing nothing of substance.

This was the third shivering, cramped night Dick Farnol had spent on the canyon wall. His sleep-weary eyes strained toward the foaming water, searching for—he was not sure what. Firm in his belief that the solution of the C. & P.'s disquieting mystery lay somewhere in or about the canyon, he was resolved to stick it out, despite discomfort, until something of value materialized.

Dick shifted his position, craned his neck to look upstream. Suddenly he forgot the ache of cramped muscles.

Near the canyon mouth a black dot had appeared. It swiftly grew larger. A faint *putt-putt* echoed and re-echoed from wall to wall. Dick instinctively shrank back into the shadow, tense with excitement.

On came the sputtering black dot. It swept by directly beneath the watching fireman, hurried downstream toward where the cave mouth which received the stream yawned blackly.

"A gasoline launch," Dick said under his breath, "and a big one at that. Looks like it's heading straight for the cave. For the love of Pete, don't they know about the falls?"

An almost overpowering urge to shout a warning drummed in his mind; some instinct spoke against it.

"Chances are they couldn't hear me, anyhow," he murmured. "There they go!"

The launch had vanished. Only the hiss of the racing water and the mutter of the falls disturbed the canyon's hush. Dick Farnol on his lofty perch was thinking furiously. From that period of thought came a momentous decision.

"That launch went right along like it knew exactly where it was going," he reasoned. "If those jiggers *didn't* know what they were doing, why would they be prowling around Lost River at this time o' night? Something darned funny about that cave!"

Dick left the canyon, made his way stiffly to the railroad. Soon a string of empties came pounding up the grade. The fireman swung aboard a box car, thankfully discovered a pile of straw in one corner and pulled together a bed that seemed luxury itself after hours of trying to find the soft side of a cold rock.

The clicking wheels lulled him to sleep, and he awoke only as the train was pulling into Arturo, forty-five miles up-river.

DICK spent a busy day and ended up just as dusk was falling, at a straggling Indian village that perched precariously on the shelving bank of

Lost River a few miles below Arturo. Here money changed hands and the fireman procured what he needed, satisfied at the same time that no one in Arturo was aware of his intentions.

Dark found a small skiff racing downstream. Dick Farnol crouched in the stern, steering the unstable craft with a paddle. He chuckled softly as he avoided jagged fangs of stone by the barest margin. It would be touch and go all the way to the canyon, and then—

Dawn was not yet in the sky when the little boat entered the gloomy reaches of Lost River Canyon. A faintly phosphorescent glow etched the surface of the stream, but otherwise the darkness was intense. Dick gripped his steering paddle firmly as the thunder of the falls grew louder.

Abruptly the thunder changed to a hollow boom. The boat was inside the cave. Dick shifted the paddle to his left hand; his right fumbled a moment and the bright beam of an electric flashlight cut the shadows.

He blinked at the shaft of light, the boat swept around a bend and the next instant the fireman had dropped his flash and was fighting the current madly. *A single illuminating glance had given him the solution of Lost River's mystery!*

In the white blaze of the torch loomed a jagged knife-edge of rock flinging up from the water's surface to the shadows of the cave roof. Upon this knife-edge the river split. On the right arose the thunder and the gray smoke of the falls. To the left of the barrier, the dark water hurried smoothly on. Lost River abruptly became two rivers.

There was a grinding crash. The boat, hurled against the jagged stone by the force of the current, broke up.

Dick gasped in the icy grip of the water. The thunder of the falls was in his ears, its spray beat against his face. Then the thunder was dying and he was being hurried onward smoothly and relentlessly. The fireman had been thrown to the left instead of to the right—death had passed him by inches!

He quickly realized that the current of the divided stream was much less swift than that of the main river.

INSTINCTIVELY he swam to the left. He was not far from the cave wall when a pinpoint of light appeared in the distance. The pinpoint grew in size and was joined by others. Dick raised his head cautiously and swore in exultant amazement.

The pinpoints had resolved into several lanterns strung on wires, and beneath their flickering glow a number of dark objects loomed.

Two of these objects were big gasoline launches, firmly moored and rising and falling gently to the lap of the current. But it was not the launches that riveted the fireman's attention.

The cave had widened greatly, the river occupying but a comparatively small portion of it. Upon the left was a sandy beach extending into the shadows. Several rude shacks huddled together and near them was a short stretch of "railroad" upon which rested several cars. Dick Farnol, pulling his shivering body onto the shadowy upper end of the beach, stared with unbelieving eyes.

"The camp cars and those two cars of dynamite, sure as you're a foot high!" he marvelled. "And there's the engine!"

The engine was there, all right, silent and ghostly; but not with the cars. It rested upon rails firmly spiked to the deck of a big scow, on either side of

which were moored the launches. On the scow's deck Dick could also make out a heap of rails and track-laying materials.

"No wonder they had us guessing," he reasoned to himself. "Everybody thought the cave was impassable because of the falls; but these jiggers somehow got the lowdown on how the river acted. Chances are this has been a bandit hangout for years. Of course the C. & P. Railroad would spoil things for them, sooner or later. *El Cascabel* or somebody in his outfit has brains and figured out a scheme to give the road hell.

"That scow is just like a railroad ferryboat, plenty big and strong enough to handle a couple of cars or a light construction engine. Swinging the rails out, laying a few lengths to the water's edge and easing her down onto the scow from the siding wasn't much of a trick, either. And of course those big launches could haul the scow back and forth without any trouble. Those first two cars of dynamite just about rolled down the grade," he surmised. "Now where do we go?"

The string of cars cast deep shadows. The tall fireman crept along in this shadow until he was near one of the shacks. He paused, peering into the darkness.

This building, like the others, appeared silent and deserted, but Dick felt sure one or all of them housed occupants.

"Whole gang's asleep about this time," he decided. "It's up to me to find cover before they wake up."

WITH this end in view, the railroad man crept closer to the shack. Cracks in the rough board wall intrigued him and he tried to peer through one. He could see nothing, but soon became aware of low moans within the building.

"What's the matter in there, *hombre?*" he called out softly.

Silence ensued, followed by shuffling sounds.

"*Señor,* who are you?" a voice whispered shrilly.

Dick was sure of his ground now. "I'm from the railroad. Who are you fellows?"

The answer came back: "*Señor,* we are starving! We have had but a mouthful of bread since these *bandidos* accursed brought us here as prisoners."

"I knew it!" Dick exulted. "I knew it was the section men!" Then to the prisoners: "How can I get you out?"

There was a low murmur of voices. The man who acted as spokesman hissed directions:

"The door, it is locked. In that small hut beside the big boat on which the loco stands is a sentry. It is his duty to watch the river lest a chance boat approach. He has the key to the door."

"Lucky for me my boat busted up," Dick congratulated himself. "I'd 'a' butted right into a dose of lead poisoning."

A word of warning came from within the shack. "*Señor,* the sentry is armed and he does not sleep. Also, there are many others in the big cabins below here."

"Thanks for the tip," Dick replied. "Now you boys keep quiet until I come back."

Silently he faded into the shadows beside the cars. There was a lighted space to be crossed before he could attain the hut in question, but Dick felt sure the sentry would have his eyes on the river, giving little attention to the shore behind him, from which no danger was expected.

Nevertheless, crossing that lighted space was a risky business. The fireman hesitated an instant, peering at the squat little building with its single door. Then, taking a deep breath, he dashed forward, swiftly and silently.

The door yielded to his hand, letting him into the dimly lighted hut.

A stockily built Mexican, seated on a stool beside the window, leaped to his feet at the intrusion, gun coming from its holster.

One of Dick's iron hands clamped the sentry's wrist, numbing his fingers until they were useless. The other closed upon his throat. Gasping, kicking, the Mexican was lifted clear of the floor and held against the wall. For a few seconds he struggled weakly, then went limp as the American dropped him to the floor.

Dick slipped the Mexican's gun into his own waistband, went through his pockets and drew forth a large key. With a final glance at the prostrate man, he left the hut.

"Guess he'll keep for a spell," the fireman muttered as he hastened to open the prisoners' shack. A ponderous bolt creaked rustily and slid back. Dick gave the door a shove.

"Easy now," he told the section hands who crowded toward him. "Make no noise! How can we get away from here?"

"Then We'll Go Down!"

AFTER a moment of silence a fat peon spoke. "There is a boat, a big one, lying below the last cabin. It is nearly as large as that on which the engine rests. We can steal that, *señor,* but we cannot paddle it upstream."

"Then we'll go down."

"But, *señor,* this river accursed—none knows where it goes. It may never see the light of day."

The fireman's harsh words bit through the Mexican's indecision:

"Can't help that. One thing's sure—if we stay here, none of us will ever again see the light of day—or any other kind of light. We've got to go somewhere."

There was a jabber of low voices and the fat fellow spoke again:

"It is agreed, *señor;* we go where you lead."

Dick stepped through the door. "Come on, then," he whispered, "and quiet. If they hear us in those cabins we're sunk."

Like wraiths the three score men slipped along in the shadows, the big railroader leading. They passed the sleeping cabins safely, reached the boat, a roomy scow, and boarded her. Dick fumbled with the mooring chain, cursing the twists and cumbersome knots.

A wild yell shattered the silence! Then another and another. Dick yanked at the chain and swore in exasperation.

Now the sentry's yells were augmented by others from the aroused cabins. A door banged open. Words in Spanish and English whirled and pattered.

Dick jerked the last length of chain loose and strained against the scow's side, the muscles of his arms and back standing out like ropes.

"Help shove her off," he ordered the Mexicans.

A dozen sprang ashore; brawny shoulders heaved. The scow moved sluggishly, swung sideways as the current caught her. A final concerted ef-

fort and she had straightened out. Dick and the others scrambled aboard.

"Down low!" the fireman shouted.

The warning came not an instant too soon. Flame spurted from the shore; the cavern echoed to the roar of gunfire; bullets thudded against the scow's sides or knocked splinters from the rail. A peon cried out shrilly as a slug seared his flesh, cursed the gun wielder upon finding the wound to be but slight.

Caught in the full grip of the current, the scow darted downstream in the darkness, and was lost to view of the men on shore. The rifle fire ceased, but just as the glow of the lanterns winked out Dick caught the sound of a derisive laugh. His keen eyes stared back toward the bandit's camp. That laugh was more disturbing than a continuation of rifle fire would have been.

ON raced the scow, propelled by a current which Dick estimated at least ten miles an hour. At first the fireman was at a loss to account for the suddenly accelerated power, but he finally reasoned that the splitting of the stream at the falls and the wide beach encountered so soon after made for a backwash which retarded the upper river.

"We're sure going somewhere, all right," he said to the fat Mexican, whose name was Felipe.

"*Si, señor,*" replied Felipe, "but where?"

Dick shook his head. His lean jaw tightened a bit. When he spoke, his words did not deal with the scow's possible destination.

"Any idea who it was gave us that hoss laugh as we pulled out, Felipe?" Even as he spoke, Dick sensed the Mexican's grimace of distaste.

"That was *El Cascabel* himself, *señor,*" came the reply, "or I am mistaken much. He laughed that way the night we were brought to the cavern and one of our brave fellows attempted to escape. That devil knew my friend was running into the arms of his men."

"Hmm! Doesn't sound so good. Say, tell me something about *El Cascabel.*"

In the minutes that followed Dick learned much concerning the Rattlesnake. How the man had been a leader of the *El Infierno Verde* bandits for years, increasing his power by succeeding acts of ruthlessness, defying the feeble attempts of the government to subdue him, becoming at length a name of terror spoken only in whispers.

"No wonder he scared poor little Pablo, the engine watchman," commented the tall fireman. "Guess *El Cascabel* must have turned him loose with a warning and told him to pass the word along."

Felipe agreed. "It is *El Cascabel's* way."

Dick's next remark was grim and to the point. "Well, that gent is gonna find out he's dealing with railroaders now, and they don't scare easy. Time we get through with that gang, they'll all be locked up or else there won't be anything but Spanish spoken in hell for a week!"

Hours passed and still the boat raced on. Felipe and chosen men of his following stood by the rails with planks ripped from the inner sheathing, ready to fend the unwieldy craft from the side walls of the cavern, against which it ground from time to time. The stream seemed singularly free from rocks, for which all were devoutly thankful.

Against the bow rail crouched Dick Farnol, tirelessly peering into the darkness ahead, straining his gray eyes for

the first glimpse of light that would herald the end of the gloomy and seemingly endless tunnel.

Strange fears swam about in the fireman's mind. An active imagination, stimulated by the eerie environment, peopled the black vault with unknown terrors. The beat of an occasional wave might be the low thunder of distant falling stones which would block the passage and doom the occupants of the scow to a terrible death in the gloomy cave. *El Cascabel's* sardonic laugh still ringing in his ears hinted at unimaginable horrors.

SUDDENLY Dick started, like a person on the verge of sleep. He wiped his forehead, which had become moist despite the bitter chill from the icy water.

"Steady!" He spoke as much to himself as to the Mexicans, who were murmuring together in a huddled group. "Steady," he repeated. "I got a notion we're close to daylight. Everybody on their toes now. We may be heading right into a red block."

His words had the desired effect. The section men were aroused by the hint of new danger at the end of the passage. Then Felipe exclaimed:

"*Señor,* the dark grows less!"

Dick had already noticed it—a vague grayness that sifted through the black wall like water through sand. He gave crisp orders.

"Ease her over toward the left, you fellows with the planks. We don't want to go hammering outa here under a full head of steam until we know if the switches are lined up."

At that the section foreman moved forward and said: "*Señor,* there is a narrow beach here beside the wall. Shall we ground the boat?"

"*Si,*" Dick agreed, "and don't make a sound. Felipe, there's where she opens out, and doesn't that look like a shack against the left wall?"

The Mexican shaded his eyes, peering toward the misty gray oval that had appeared as the scow drifted around a final bend.

"*Si, señor.* Smoke is arising."

Dick's lean bronzed face lighted with satisfaction. "That's why *El Cascabel* laughed," he told Felipe. "He's got guards stationed down here and figures we'd highball right into them. Steady, you fellows, beach her right here and then follow me. Oh, what a grand surprise those jiggers'll get!"

Silently the fireman stole over the wet sands, hugging the wall and its shadow. He was followed by the gaunt, half-starved section men, their hollow eyes red with the light of vengeance.

The ramshackle cabin, built on piles driven into the sandy beach, was reached; the stealthy waves of famished men flowed around it. A door crashed open.

Three men seated at a table yelled wildly and reached for nearby rifles. But before their hands could close on weapons they were engulfed by those famished waves, no longer stealthy.

By main strength Dick and Felipe and one or two other of the cooler heads pulled the frenzied Mexicans from their victims, who were then bound and laid on bunks built against the walls.

A STORE of food was found and quickly apportioned. While the section workers were relieving their hunger Dick reconnoitered about the cave mouth.

He found that this half of Lost River flowed into another and larger stream. The entrance, almost hidden

by bushes and trailing vines, was blocked by a heavy chain across it at water level. A boat attempting to leave or enter the cave would be effectually held, with its occupants at the mercy of the guards' rifles. *El Cascabel* apparently took no chances.

The chain was soon loosed, the three prisoners were loaded into the scow and the big boat shoved through the opening.

"Now where are we?" Dick wondered.

One of the Mexicans spoke up. "I know, *señor;* this is *Rio Plata,* Silver River. We are but a few miles below Arturo. It is on the right bank we should land, *señor.*"

At Arturo the fireman turned his prisoners over to the lieutenant of railroad police stationed there. Then, while the section men headed for cook cars and food, Dick went to the flying field.

"You fellows stay right here, and don't let anybody tell you different," he told Felipe. "I may want you later."

At the aviation quarters Jaggers Dunn's order procured a plane for Dick Farnol. He took off and boomed north. Smiling grimly, he gazed down upon the jumbled wilderness of *El Infierno Verde,* visualizing the long freights and the thundering yellow passenger trains of the C. & P.

"So we can't build a railroad across there, eh?" he said to himself. "We'll see about that."

Landing at Ibarra, Dick hurried to the trainmaster's office in search of Jaggers Dunn.

"Mr. Dunn is at Camp Six," said the operator in the outer office. "Shall I try and get him for you?"

The man was reaching for his key when the sounder began to chatter. The op listened intently. All at once the color drained from his face and he leaped to his feet with an outcry.

"What's wrong?" Dick demanded, seizing him by the arm.

"Dynamite!" howled the operator. "Two cars of dynamite loose—and runnin' down Lost River hill! It'll blow this town off the map! Where's Hallihan? Where's Farley?"

The op dashed from his office, shouting. Instantly confusion reigned in the yards. Orders were bawled and countermanded. Frenzied officials dashed about madly. Persons not connected with the railroad immediately ran away.

Dick left the office, growling: "*El Cascabel* again! Towed those cars of dynamite up the river, shoved them onto the siding and turned these loose on the main line—the murdering sidewinder! Now if this doesn't beat hell!"

People were pouring from houses near the yards, fleeing toward the hills in frantic haste, but Dick knew that many would not have time to escape.

"And there's the hospital, too," he remembered. "Dozens in there, lots of them railroaders!"

HE ran toward the yard's main lead, a daring plan in his mind. On the lead stood an engine, steam up but deserted.

"Crew eating lunch," he said, then raised his voice. "Hey, you, wait a minute!"

The hail was directed to a switchman going by at a run. Dick seized the excited man by the shoulder and halted him peremptorily.

"Get on that footboard!" he ordered, gesturing toward the engine. "Line the main line switch for me."

One look at the fireman's hard eyes and the switchman obeyed. Mounting the cab steps, Dick cracked the throttle.

The big engine clanked up the lead, paused at the switch and then moved out onto the main line.

"Thanks!" Dick called to the switchman as he widened on the throttle.

UP the grade boomed the big locomotive, her stack chuckling, her siderods clanking a wild song. She reeled wildly on the curves, for she was backing up at a speed at which no tank was ever intended to buck a bent rail. She clattered over the switches of the trestle siding, deserted now, and Dick glanced back at the great web of stone and steel over which he had just passed.

"Turn 'em into that siding and they'd blow the new trestle to hell and delay the road a year," he reasoned, apropos of the dynamite cars he was racing to meet.

At each straight stretch he strained his eyes for a glimpse of the runaways, shaking his head dubiously. "If I meet them babies on a curve—"

Where the right-of-way swept around the mountainside in a great shallow bend, he closed the throttle and let her drift, listening intently. On went the brakes and over went the reverse bar.

"It's them!"

His ears had caught the echo of a distant rumble. The runaways were somewhere on the curve!

Dick cracked the throttle and headed back down the mountain; he was but a few hundred yards from the curve when the runaways rounded it.

Sheets of flame were flaring out from the burning journal boxes. The wheels were screeching a protest and the cars were rocking crazily. For an instant Dick felt sure they were going to leave the rail, but with a clanging lurch they took the straight-away and hurtled toward the engine. Dick jerked her wide open, spun the sand blowers and hitched the bar up notch by notch.

The engine was flying, but the runaways steadily gained. Dick tugged at the throttle, set the bar a notch off center and glanced back at the death bearing down upon him.

"Just like we're standing still," he breathed between clenched teeth, "and we're likely to leave the track at the next curve!"

The flaming cars continued to gain, but not so swiftly. Dick glanced back again, saw the red loom directly back of the tender and braced his feet.

Crash! Despite the speed the engine had attained, the impact was terrific, hurling the locomotive forward on screeching wheels. Dick tensed, his palms sweating. Then he grinned a trifle sheepishly as he began easing the throttle shut and working the brake.

Soon he had the runaways under control; he brought them to a stop and dashed water into the blazing journal boxes. The wooden sills and the floor planking of the cars were charred and smoldering, but a few buckets of water cooled them down.

Dick pulled the complaining cars into a demoralized and practically deserted yard and renewed his call for Jaggers Dunn.

"KEEP the boats to the left," he directed the general manager as they planned the raid on *El Cascabel's* cave, "then they'll be safe. Tell your men to hit the beach in a hurry and don't hesitate to shoot if necessary. It's a bad bunch, all right, but you can handle them."

"And you," questioned Mr. Dunn, "are going along to direct things."

"Nope," the tall fireman responded.

"I'm flying to Arturo right now. I've got a hunch, and I'm playing it."

The G. M. started to protest, then closed his lips. "All right," he agreed, "have it your own way. We'll be in that cave before daylight."

That closed the conference and both men leaped into action.

Dick landed at Arturo, got Felipe and the rescued section men together and headed for the office of the lieutenant of railroad police.

"I want guns for these men," he told the officer, who knew him well.

"Say, fella, who do you think you are?" returned the policeman. "If there's any police work to be done on this road, me and my men'll do it."

"Listen," came the answer in a low even voice, "I've got a real job of railroading to do, and I need those guns."

The breathless lieutenant glared at the cold gray eyes a moment and growled acquiescence.

"All right! All right! But if anything goes wrong, you're responsible."

"I will be, brother."

Later, hurrying toward *Rio Plata* at the head of his men, Dick chuckled soundlessly.

"If I'd showed him Jaggers' order, I'd have got anything in the office without argument, but shucks! I plumb forgot all about it!"

OUTSIDE the almost hidden cavern mouth, *Rio Plata* gleamed whitely in the moonlight. An occasional night bird's call drifted weirdly down from among the crags. The swiftly flowing water moaned and muttered, chafing against the iron barriers of granite that hemmed it in. Otherwise there was silence.

Within the cavern's mouth the silence was complete, broken only by the soft lapping of Lost River on its narrow beach. Darkness was unpierced by any straggling moonbeam. The rude cabin seemed deserted. Across the river's mouth stretched the heavy chain.

Gradually the silence was broken by a whisper. It grew, stealthily along the rocky walls and roof, magnifying and multiplying itself. Nearer, it separated from the confusing echoes and became the steady *putt-putt* of a gas engine. But the lone cabin remained as silent as before.

Around the bend swept two big gasoline launches, jammed with men who loomed dimly in the light of lanterns. The launches ran alongside the beach, a voice shouted hoarsely.

As if the shout had flipped a switch, the cavern blazed with light. Powerful electric torches poured their floods of radiance upon the boats, throwing the men there into vivid relief against the blackness beyond. Other torches played their beams across leveled rifles in the hands of men grouped about the cabin.

Caught utterly unprepared, the figures in the launches could only stare. Resistance would be suicide. Instinctively their hands went up.

Dick Farnol stepped forward. "Had a notion you'd be coming along this way," he drawled. "Figured you'd try to sneak out through the back door when you learned a raiding party was coming down the river. All right, *amigos,* step ashore, and be blamed careful how you do it. Those *hombres* behind the guns are the ones you tried to starve to death. They sure got itchy trigger fingers!"

He turned to a big man in the bow of the first boat—a hook-nosed devil with a slabbing mouth and a white scar beside his left eye.

"Fellow, your rattling days are over. No, don't reach for that gun; it

ain't healthy." The gray eyes were cold and ruthless now. "Guess I made a mistake 'bout them tied-down holsters. Looks like you're gonna live quite a while—safe behind bars!"

El Cascabel glowered evilly at the fireman. In a flash his gun came out, a lean bony finger on the trigger. A spurt of flame cut the air—but the bullet flew wild. *El Cascabel* was a split-second too late.

The former cowboy from Arizona had again justified his reputation as a quick-draw man. That remark about tied-down holsters was right after all.

JAGGERS DUNN chuckled loudly as Dick told his story under the mellow lights of the G. M.'s private car as the dusky porter moved slowly in and out with cooling drinks.

"You sure played it right, son," said the official. "I'm mighty proud of you. And by the way, the superintendent of the flying field is anxious to get you signed up. Guess you're entitled to most any job you'd like to have."

Dick shook his head. "Nope, guess I'll stick to railroading. That's real he-man work."

Jaggers chuckled again. "You'll be taken care of," he promised. "Now you'd better get a little rest."

He watched the tall figure swing across the tracks of the busy yard. Then his gaze wandered to the winking red and green lights, the snorting engines and the rumbling cars, and finally back to the big fireman. He nodded sagely to the old porter.

"It's the men that count in railroading, George; it's the men!"

ODD FACTS ABOUT NEW YORK SUBWAYS

MANY curious and interesting facts could be told about New York City's subway-elevated network. The I. R. T. and B.-M. T. lines from the Alburtis Ave. station to the Flushing station constitute a masterpiece in construction enginering. For years the builders battled with quicksand and marshes to lay a causeway across the swamp.

On the B.-M. T. Canarsie Line, just outside the E. 105th St. station, is the only grade crossing on any subway-elevated line in New York. It is also one of the few places where the subway runs at street level on an embankment and has a right-of-way similar to a railroad.

The Canarsie Line also offers two more unusual things. The first is that amazing network of tracks at the Atlantic Ave. station, and just north of it. This is always a source of wonder to anyone viewing it for the first time. The only rival to this labyrinth is the junction of the B.-M. T. and I. R. T. at Queensboro Plaza on the Flushing-Astoria lines.

The other wonder on the Canarsie Line is at the Wilson Ave. station. Here, sandwiched between St. John's Cemetery and the Long Island Railroad's right-of-way, the eastbound track is placed over the westbound. Not content with just constructing tracks through this narrow spot, the B.-M. T. defied tradition and put a station in there—Wilson Ave. The eastbound track is above street level, and the westbound is underground, although above street level. This spot is remarkable, because it is probably the only place where, from a point above street level, a train travels uphill to enter a tunnel below street level!.

A condition similar to this is found on the I. R. T. Woodlawn Line, near Mosholu Parkway. Here, flanked on the west by a railroad yard approximately 40 feet below the level of the track, a retaining wall on the east stretches nearly 20 feet up to street level. These yards are also on street level, which places a train in the peculiar position of being on an elevated structure below street level.

Another sight which is very seldom seen elsewhere is on the Broadway Brooklyn Line (B.-M. T.) operating from Broad Street to Eastern Parkway (Broadway Jct.). There they run six-car locals and three car expresses.—Brooklyn Railroad Club.

On the Spot

Reminiscences, Comments and Criticism from All Over the World

THE natural formations mentioned in my "Lost River" story are not uncommon. There are "lost rivers" in many parts of the world. Arizona has one, and there are 2 or 3 in western Florida. In Mammoth Cave, Ky., the River Styx flows 300 ft. beneath the earth's surface, between banks 30 ft. apart, a volume of water 40 ft. deep. It rolls on for about a quarter-mile and disappears in a bank of fine sand, veiled in both its coming and its going, mysterious as life itself.

The River Lys, on entering Belgium, dashes abruptly over a precipice and is lost to view for nearly half a mile. In France the Meuse follows a subterranean course for 6 miles. The River Drome in Normandy, on nearing the sea, plunges into a hole known as the Pit of Soucy, from which it never reappears except in the form of new springs which are presumed to arise from its hidden waters. Another lost river is the Bramaputra of India.

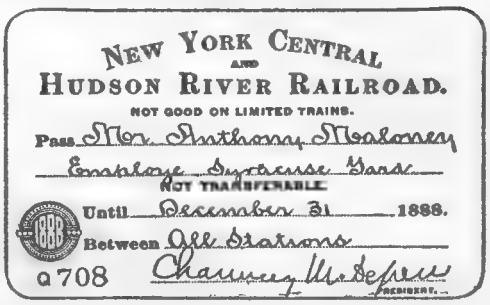
In my own Virginia mountain country are a number of similar cases. Sinking Creek disappears and reappears more than a dozen times in its course, plunging abruptly into chasms or sinking into sandy or marshy ground. At times it pours from beneath some cliff, then again it will rise silently from sand or marshland. Finally it vanishes for good and all; nobody knows where the devil it goes. Vast caves and passages such as I mentioned are not uncommon in such rivers. I have prowled through several, large and small, that would compare favorably to the one mentioned in the yarn.—A. LESLIE, 452 W. 20th St., New York City.

* * *

"The Western Union Kid"

I got the idea for "The Western Union Kid" from my own early experiences and from a clipping in my scrapbook about an old friend, Miss Zephreine Carter—God rest her soul! Miss Carter worked one wire at Athol, Mass., for 45 years and was an op for 50 years. I never went back to Athol, where I once worked, without dropping in to see her.

I wrote many stories around the Western Union when the old "main" was at 109 State St., Boston. Well do I remember trudging in and out of the Doane St. entrance myself with the number 164 on my A. D. T. cap. Years ago, when some of my telegrapher stories first showed up in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, it was safer for me to send a scout upstairs to see if the coast was clear, for some of those old boys thought I was drawing their pictures a little too true to life.—CHAS. W. TYLER, 456 W. Doran St., Glendale, Calif.



Rare Old Pass Signed by the Famous Chauncey M. Depew. Property of D. Korenman, 1417 E. 34th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Who Sold 20 Passes Signed by Depew for $1000 Last Year

The Reader's Viewpoint

One of your correspondents mentioned B. & M. engine No. 3621 handling 70 loaded cars. I've seen the 3600 and 3700 series on the Central Vermont Ry. Often they had to take slack 2 or 3 times to start a 5-car train on dry rails, and then they were very slow in picking up speed. I think the old 190 class of the Grand Trunk—4-6-2 type, now in the 5075 series C.N.R.—would beat them all. At one time I saw the 3600 series running on the White Mt. Express with 2 locomotives pulling a 9-car train of sleepers.—H. E. CHAPMAN, Waterbury, Vt.

* * *

Why are you slowing up on true stories? What's the matter? Your fiction suits kids and old maids. Although I've worked on the N. Y. Central 16 years, I've never seen any bandits, ghost trains or spooks such as your authors write about.—"SWEDE" JOHNSON (brakeman, Erie Division, N. Y. C.), Cleveland, O.

* * *

I am a regular reader of RAILROAD STORIES and enjoy it very much, especially the rosters of motive power and specifications.—G. W. IMGRUND, Supt., Chicago & Illinois Midland Ry., Springfield, Ill.

* * *

Your "Lantern" dept. is a bright spot in a welter of childish and antiquated fiction.—RAY RINGO, 613 First St., S.E., Minot, N. D.

* * *

How many old-timers remember the S. P.'s main line tickets with full stop-over privileges between Oakland, 16th St., and Berkeley or Fruit-

vale and Melrose (via the Mole); or the Central Pacific's old metal strap checks? I have in my collection a C. P. "strapper," No. 23 and several old S. P. tickets.

Incidentally, if any of the Chicago boys think they had many trains during this last fair, they should look at the old strip timecards issued at St. Louis for the 1904 fair—more than 400 trains a day in and out! My father, Charlie Turner, was in the baggage room at that time.—R. K. TURNER, 50 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

* * *

I have just disposed of 53 old copies of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE (1914 to 1917) as a result of a little notice in the International Engine Picture Club, March, 1934. Two days after your March issue came out I received 11 replies and sold all 53 copies; and other replies are still coming in!—E. R. BAILEY, 20 Beech Grove Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

* * *

Does anyone remember the old Herkimer, Newport & Poland R. R.? It extended from Herkimer on the N. Y. Central to Poland, N. Y., 18 miles, following the West Canada Creek valley. Gage, 3 ft. 6 in. Its first engine was the "Edward M. Burnes," No. 1, a 4-4-0 Baldwin. Later a Mason Bogie truck locomotive was purchased from a road in New Brunswick. I think she was a 2-4-4, named "Henry W. Wexter," No. 2. Her engineer was Cliff West. Afterward she was dismantled and her boiler furnished steam for the Herkimer roundhouse. Both engines and rolling stock were equipped with the Eames vacuum brake. In the early nineties Dr. W. S. Webb acquired the road, standardized the gage and extended the line to Malone, N. Y. It became the Mohawk & Malone. Now it is the N. Y. C.'s Adirondack Division.—H. W. KEMBLE, 12 Elm St., Auburn, N. Y.

* * *

Would like to hear from engineers.—RAY BIRNAT, 3421 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill., and ALLEN SHAPIN (age 16), 3546 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill., and THOMAS STARKEY (age 17), 304 Susquehanna St., Olyphant, Pa.

Wrecks of Bygone Days

In 1912 I was working on the Pittsburgh & W. Va. R. R. on a wrecker. We had just finished cleaning up a wreck at Mingo Jct. when we received a call to go to Castle Shannon, Pa. Then, while going 70 m. p. h., our 90-ton derrick jumped the track at Cecil Bridge, smashing 4 tool kits. The cars fell under the bridge. The bunk car in which we were riding stopped with front wheels hanging over the trestle! Gas pipes underneath the bridge were broken, and the tool cars caught fire. For a while it looked as if we'd be trapped in the flames, but we scrambled out safely and a W. & L. E. wreck train put us back on the track.—H. J. RIOPKA, 204½ E. 64th St., Los Angeles.

* * *

Who can supply facts on the Ashtabula, O., disaster of Dec., 1876? I was informed that the bridge which collapsed had been condemned as unsafe; and that a certain railroad official committed suicide when he learned of the horror because he felt that his negligence caused the wreck. —WM. RAINSFORD, Indian Head, Md.

* * *

Does anyone remember a head-on collision on the Frisco at Swope Park, Kansas City, in 1924 or 1925? When I arrived, the cars and tender of one train had already been taken away. The other train was a freight.—RICHARD WOLF, 6131 Locust, Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Would like to hear from anyone who recalls the Canaan wreck of Sept. 15, 1907. My father, Arthur Freeman, was either a brakeman or a fireman on one of the wrecked trains.—ALFRED H. FREEMAN, Main St., South Hanson, Mass.

* * *

In the early seventies an Erie coal train of 5 jimmies coupled with 3 links and hooks was lumbering along at Handsome Eddy, 20 miles west of Port Jervis. The single track at that point was notched into the side of a cliff with a straight drop of 20 feet into the Delaware River. Engineer Dave Wood and Fireman Charles Frazer saw that a huge rock pile had fallen, blocking the right-of-way. Dave wanted to stay at his throttle, but Charlie grabbed him and jumped. Their engine hit the rock and plunged out of sight into deep water, dragging the jimmies along.

A wrecker worked for months on Sundays dragging the engine up to a spot where the water was low enough to put a track under her and haul her back on the main line. Finally she was reconditioned and for years was used for switching in the Jersey City yards. When I left the Erie in 1881 Engineer Wood was still on that run, with Fireman Dickson and the 459.—ALVIN M. HAINS, Box 34, Nottawa, Mich.

* * *

During the 1899-1900 theatrical season I was trouping with one of the popular "Down East" shows, "Uncle Josh Spenceby." Feb., 1900, found us in Colorado. On Wednesday the 7th, while heading for Cripple Creek via the Florence & Cripple Creek Ry. (now part of the Midland Terminal Ry.), we passed a freight train on a siding. Next day we heard talk at the hotel about the terrible wreck of that freight. It seems her air had frozen while she was sidetracked for our train, and when she started down the main line there was nothing to hold her but the locomotive and hand brakes. The "drag" left the rails, plunging down into a steep gorge, killing every man in the engine and train crews except the rear brakeman! The lone survivor testified that he had dropped off the train to throw the switch, but that she picked up speed so rapidly he couldn't board the caboose as it passed.

Our show was billed in Florence for Saturday the 10th. En route to that town we saw wrecked cars still strewn over the gorge. Because of the funerals in Florence that day we did not give our usual parade at noon.—LEO ST. ELMO, Margate City, N. J.

Information Wanted

I want information on the Pa. Petroleum Products Co. Ry. which was started between Titusville and Cambridge Springs, Pa., about 1875 but was never finished.—C. L. COLLOM, 49 Walnut St., Meadville, Pa.

* * *

Can anyone give me the history of Rahway Valley engine No. 11, 2-6-0 type?—T. B. ANNIN, 117 Scotland Rd., S. Orange, N. J.

* * *

Atlantic type engines are fast disappearing. I would appreciate facts on this type—how many roads had them, how many locomotives, classes, numbers, those scrapped and when, those still in service, etc.—ROY PETERSON, R. R. 3, Belvidere, Ill.

* * *

Would like facts and photos on the following locomotives formerly used on the Long Island R. R.: The 3 Class E-1 Atlantic type camel-backs Nos. 198-200, transferred from the Pennsy.(These were the only camel-backs used on the P. R. R.; scrapped about 1911.) The 5 Prairie 2-6-2 type, double-end side tankers, Nos. 20-24, built by Baldwin in 1904. Sold to the Jersey Central in 1911, now their Nos. 220-224.—HARRY COTTERELL, JR., 808 S. Orange Ave., Newark, N. J.

* * *

Does anyone have information on the N. Y. C. engine "Dean Richmond," a wood-burner with inclined cylinders?—FRED BEACH, 5 Hight St., Oneonta, N. Y.

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Would like information on the Mogul type engine, 600 series, that was used around Kingston for shunting and working the suburban train.—SCOTT BOWERBANK, 139 Earnham Ave., Toronto, Canada.

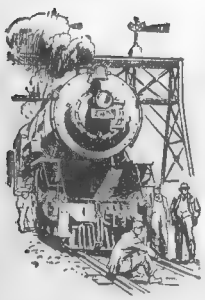
* * *

I would like to find Parker Bramble, a railroad man for 25 years. The last I knew he was switching at the N. Y. Central roundhouse, South Bend, Ind. I was a close friend of his family at one time, and want to get in touch with them again.—MRS. DOLLIE WHITFIELD, 225 W. Lawrence St., Mishawaka, Ind.

* * *

Your Feb. issue contained a picture of a switcher, the "W. B. Sproat," built by Mason for the Taunton Branch R. R. in 1872. For years I lived in Taunton, Mass., beside that railroad. Nearly every day an 0-4-0 switcher brought grain cars to a siding behind my house. Except for electric headlight, coal-burning stack and up-to-date yard tender, this goat compared in detail with your picture of the "Sproat." About 1925 she was replaced by a modern 0-6-0. Could the "Sproat" have been the engine I used to see? —EDWARD WOOD, JR., 35 Moffat Rd., Quincy, Mass.

"Mileage Hogs"



This is a true sketch of the greedy side of railroad labor. I am writing it in a baggage room on the far end of a local freight run in California. Nothing here but the depot, the caboose, and 2 bootleggers. We have to lay over for 24 hours, 50 miles from home, while another crew makes a round trip of 2 days.

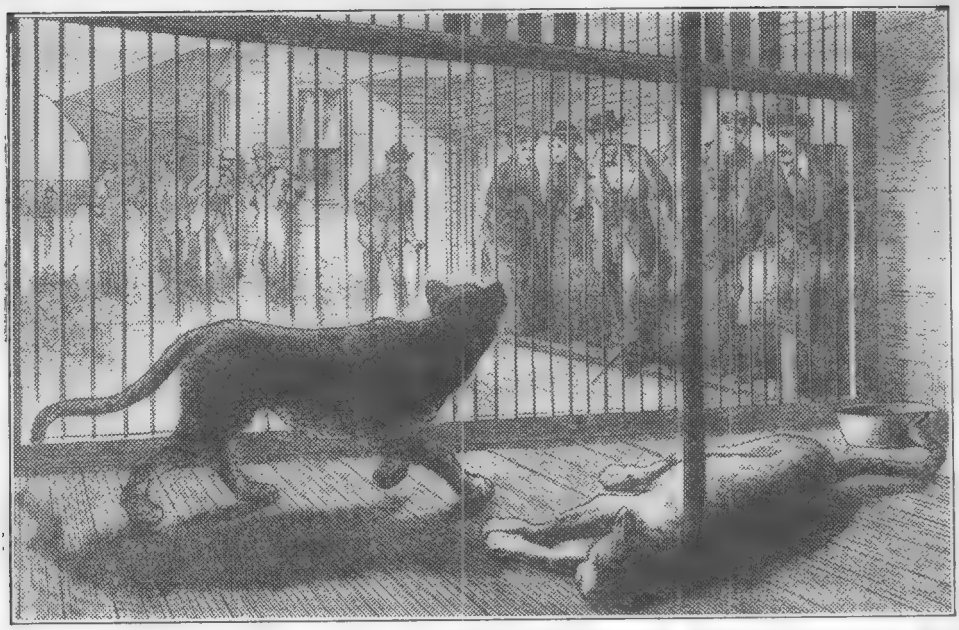
But I'm not making this kick on my own behalf. I have been employed continuously for 24 years on this Class 1 short-line railroad, including 8 years as tallowpot and 12 as hoghead, and am now back firing. Have belonged to organized labor all my life, and am working 6 days a week

Our pike extends northwesterly 300 miles from the San Francisco Bay region. It passes through as prosperous and scenic a country as will be found anywhere in U. S. A. Through the largest poultry center in the world—the world's egg basket, where 45 million dozen eggs are produced annually! Through a country world-famous for its apples, pears, prunes and other fruits.

But despite all these things, many of the men working here would like to have the world with a barbed wire fence around it for their very own. Conditions have arisen among the railroad workers that do not exist in other industries. Rules and schedules allow one set of men to make all of the money, while the other fellow gets kicked out. The older man in seniority naturally wants to make it all, claiming his seniority entitles him to it. He does not realize that his seniority entitles him only to the best job, not to almost unlimited mileage.

I am employed on one of the 2 divisions that comprise this little railroad. This division is 133 miles in length. It is a rich revenue producer. The next division is in the redwood timber country, from which much of the redwood used throughout the country comes from. The outlet to the eastern markets is to deliver the cars to this division, on which they are hauled over a mountain, and then 100 miles more to a connection with a transcontinental railroad.

This other division comprises 160 miles of main track, and some short branches to the logging mills and woods. At present about 8 engineers and 6 firemen are working there regular, as against 21 to 24 full crews a few years back. All of the train service organizations on that division have reduced their number of working days per month, so as to give their brothers



A Pair of Mountain Lions Were Kept in the Union Pacific Station at Green River, Wyo., 60 Years Ago, to Amuse Travelers on Their 20-Minute Layover for Refreshments

a chance to live. But not so the brothers on this division, at least not the hoggers.

Organized labor throughout the country has adopted a "spread the work" program, and most classes are satisfied with 26 days per month, and many with 20 days per month. A great many are glad to take what they can get. The hoggers on our road consented to a 6 months' trial period of reduction in mileage. In freight service they reduced their allotment from 3,800 miles (38 days) to 3,200 miles (32 days). In passenger service they cut it from 4,800 miles (48 days) to 4,000 miles (40 days). Previous to last May all other train service employees on this railroad except the hoggers reduced their mileage or number of days worked per month in all classes of service from 4 to 8 days per month. Firemen in passenger service were allowed 3,600 to 4,000 miles per month, those in freight service 3,200, and those in yard service 2,600. The hoggers fell in line last June, adopting practically the same mileage regulations—on trial!

But now in winter, with business in this locality at a standstill, the hoggers on this pike are seeking to boost their number of days worked per month, instead of reducing them. They want to be allowed to work the equivalent of 35 days in freight service or 45 in passenger service before being required to lay off. This would add from $22.50 to $35.00 per month to their earnings.

It surely does not seem possible, in times like these, that any group of fairly paid (not well paid) workers should be so selfish. It seems odd that any group should insist on working the equivalent of 35 to 45 days per month! This in spite of the fact that there are great numbers of their brothers with 15 to 20 years of service walking the streets looking for jobs.

On this division 37 engineers are working regularly and only 2 or 3 kept on the extra board. The firemen have but 15 men on regular jobs, the difference being caused by the use of electric motor cars and gas-electric rail cars. Yet the firemen's extra board supports from 8 to 12 men in winter months, due to the relief work afforded by the regular men being required to lay off when they have made their maximum miles.

Among the 37 engineers working regularly at least 7 are moderately rich, owning between $50,000 and $100,000 apiece. Twelve others are landlords, owning in whole or part large apartment houses. Another dozen are comfortably fixed, due to wise investments of one kind or another. The whole 37 seem to be enjoying the material things of life in large measure, yet almost to a man they persist in working every day in the month and thus take the bread out of the mouths of men who are not permitted to work at all. Some are making 35 days a month in freight service, equivalent to $259.60.

The firemen earn but $5.54 per 100 miles while the engineer gets $7.41; this since we have had our wages cut 10 per cent.

If all the railroads of U. S. were put under the N. R. A. and if hours of service were limited by code or law, it would be a blessing to railroad workers in general. Thousands would be put back on the payrolls. I have taken up this matter with Mr. Eastman, the Federal Coördinator of Transportation, and he said in reply that my correspondence would be made a matter of record in seeking future railroad legislation.—CALIFORNIA TALLOWPOT.

A Corner for Juice Fans

I'd like to tell Ray Dunigan (March issue) that there are many interurban lines faster than the C. & L. E. What really counts is the average speed a car makes, not the test run speed. The Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee is the fastest in the country, with an average of 51.27 m. p. h., including 14 stops. Then the South Shore, 50 m. p. h.; the Indiana Service Corp., 49; the Chicago, Aurora & Elgin, 41; and the Interstate Public Service (I. R. R.), 39. These distances range from 25 to 117 miles, and the equipment varies. Heavy equipment (contrary to common belief) is just as fast as light weight equipment; sometimes faster. The C. & L. E. has no semaphores or block system, and their otherwise modern cars are equipped with link-and-pin couplers.—W. NICELEY, 5026 Broadway, Indianapolis.

* * *

The Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee has been awarded the Electric Traction Speed trophy for being the fastest electric line in this country, by the American Electric Ry. Asso. Our mileage from Milwaukee to Chicago is 86 and our Train 432 makes this run in 100 minutes. This train makes 3 scheduled stops intermediate, in addition to losing 11 minutes in Milwaukee and 25 in Chicago.—ARTHUR WAEHNER (ticket agent, C. N. S. & M.), Wilson Ave., Chicago.

* * *

The cable car pictures in your Feb. issue were labeled incorrectly. Both belong to the Market St. Ry., San Francisco. The line on which the cars with dummies rode was torn up 2 years ago leaving them stranded in their Pacific St. barn. The Market St. Ry. was formerly the United Rys., not the U. S. R. R.

The Fillmore St. line has an unusual system. On level stretches it uses juice; but when it comes to a hill it lets down a grip and a car at the top starts down, balancing the upcoming car, juice being employed in the usual manner. Which cities now have cable cars? The sudden starts and sharp curves on them make for disagreeable riding.—LUKE SINCLAIR, 2423 15th Ave., San Francisco.

Abandoned Railroads

New railway trackage in U. S. last year totaled only 24 miles, while 1,876 miles were scrapped and 18 roads went into receivership! Looks like some of us had better stop using busses.—FOREST GOFF, Granville, O.

* * *

Santa Barbara County's first railroad, built in 1887, has been killed by motor competition. It was the Pacific Coast Ry. main line between Los Alamos and Los Olivos, Calif. On the last run over this stretch of track, Jan. 10, 1934, the crew consisted of Conductor Andrew Ward, who has been with the company 41 years; Engineer F. Hampton, 31 years; Fireman Joe Brown, 39; Brakeman T. P. Christensen, 50; Mail Clerk George Clark, 41; Roadmaster Henry Bruce, 43.

A friend of mine, Harold Wollam, P. C. station agent at Los Olivos, tells me that he lost his job as a result of the abandonment, but is permitted to retain living quarters in the station.—L. A. BARTHOLOMEW, 715 Bath St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

* * *

Wm. B. Shallek, who listed old abandoned roads (March issue), was wrong about the Frisco's Kansas City, Clinton & Springfield branch, which is in S.W. Missouri, not N.E., and is over 150 miles. I took my student trips on this branch, and then worked the east end out of Springfield to Newburg on the Frisco main line at the same time E. S. Dellinger was braking there. No doubt Mr. Dellinger recalls Div. Supt. O. G. Cox, who had been brass-pounder at Nichol's Jct. before becoming a super.—E. S. WAITE, 94 N. Dunlap, Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Shallek said the P. R. R. still operates the 42 miles of narrow-gage line between Bellaire and Woodsfield, O. That line is now abandoned and its tracks torn up.

Mr. Shallek said the Ohio River & Western was to have been the Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati. However, it was not extended as far as Cincinnati. Natives called it the "Bent, Zigzag & Crooked." Last fall the O. R. & W. right-of-way was a complete wreck. Some of the little red coaches are used for tool sheds and homes.

I shall never forget one ride I had on that pike. A terrible thunderstorm was raging. Wind beat furiously against the coach windows. The train came to a sudden halt somewhere between Armstrong's Mills and Jacobsburg, O., upsetting the old stove in our car. A brakeman told us that a great oak tree, roots weakened by the storm, had fallen across the right-of-way and cleaned off the engine top completely—stack, chest, bell, whistle, sandbox, safety valve and all! We had to wait for another engine, and it was very late indeed when we finally got into Bellaire.—CLARENCE GROFF, 201 E. Summit St., Kent, O.

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Mr. Shallek failed to mention the Kansas City N. W. Ry., which is third in the list of abandonments with 173 miles. This mileage is shown in the Sept., 1917, *Official Railway Equipment Register,* which states it had 18 locomotives and 65 cars. The K. C. N. W. operated between Kansas City, Kan., and Virginia, Neb., with a branch from Menninger Jct., Kan., to Leavenworth. It was abandoned in 1919 and the rails were removed in 1925. For several months prior to their sale to a scrap dealer, several engines and cars were stored on the old main line west of 27th St., Kansas City, Kan. One of the engines was a 10-wheeler whose boiler extended through the cab, the same as the Mo. P. 2700's. At least 2 of the K. C. N. W. 10-wheelers, Nos. 14 and 15, were taken over by the Mo. P. and numbered in the 2700 series.

The K. C. N. W. leased some engines from the

U. P., probably 100 class Consolidations. It ran over its own bridge on the Kaw River into Kansas City, Mo., where it entered the old union depot. This bridge is now used by the K. C.-Omaha line of the Mo. P. Prior to the abandonment in 1919 several box cars were wrecked west of Valley Falls, Kan., and lay there until salvaged in 1925.—W. D. GIBSON, 914 Clay St., Topeka, Kan.

* * *

H. C. Hower of Port Royal, Pa., general manager of the 27-mile Tuscarora Valley R. R., which is reported to be abandoned, has written me: "Although the road is being operated at present solely as a bus line, with busses making regular train service runs, the line is still held intact but may be torn up on account of lack of revenue freight available."—RICHARD H. STEINMETZ, railroad editor, *Harrisburg Sunday Courier*, 210 N. 3rd St., Harrisburg, Pa.

* * *

Among abandoned trackage in Georgia your correspondents failed to list the Register & Glenville, about 50 miles; Midland Ry., Savannah to Statesboro, about 70; Savannah & Statesboro R. R., Statesboro to Cuyler, about 25; Savannah & Southern, Lanier to Glenville, about 40; Valdosta, Moultrie & Western, about 40; Hawkinsville & Florida Southern, Hawkinsville to Ashburn, about 60; and the Hinesville, Flemington & Western, McIntosh to Hinesville, about 8 miles.

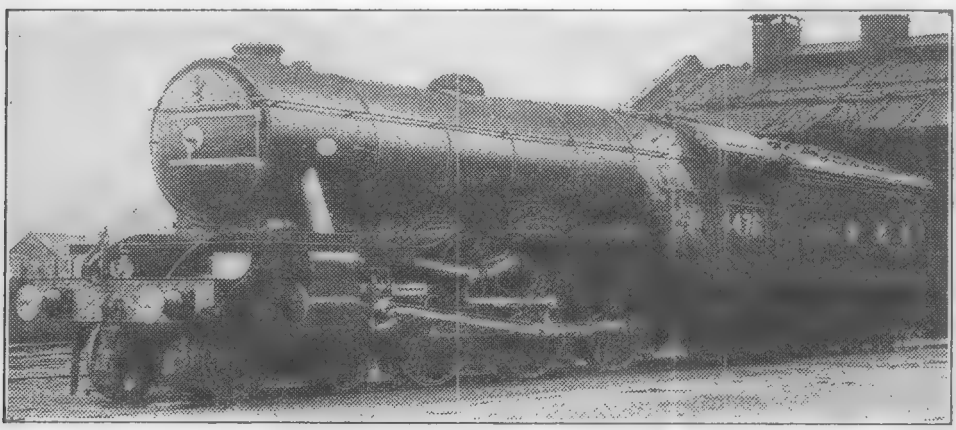
My grandfather built the Collins & Reidsville R. R. back in the 1890's. It was bought by the Darien & Western, which later became the Georgia, Coast & Piedmont R. R.—called the "Georgia Cream and Peaches." It was junked from Brunswick to Glenville about 10 years ago, but the portion from Glenville to Collins is still being operated.

I have a picture of a G. C. & P. train taken in 1905. It was a mixed train of 12 freight cars, 2 coaches and a baggage-express car pulled by an 8-wheel American type locomotive with outside engine truck journal boxes; she was originally Central of Georgia engine No. 1235, built by Rogers. I also have pictures of a head-on collision on the Atlantic Coast Line which occurred at Alaska, N. C., in 1914 between engine 1034 on a through freight train and engine 665 on a work extra. And I have photos of Atlanta, Birmingham & Gulf motive power.

I take exception to G. V. Hartman's explanation of the "company's notch" (March issue). Down South this term is used to indicate the reverse lever being in the corner in order to pull tonnage. The "fireman's notch" is when the engine is being worked with short cut-off lever well up near center of the quadrant. As our Negro firemen put it: "Dat man sho' works a nice engine, he cahies (carries) his Johnson bar in his ves' pocket."—PAUL C. REPPARD (A. B. & G. hogger), 807 S. Main St., Fitzgerald, Ga.

Foreign Lands Heard From

There are considerably more American-built engines in England than I. MacNab states (Feb. issue). Baldwin built 70 locos for English railways in 1899-1900; this includes 30 for the Midland (plus 10 made by Schenectady), 20 for the Great Northern and 20 for the Great Central. These lines also have American locos (mostly by Baldwin): Welsh Highland Ry., Festiniog Ry., Snailbeach (Shrewsbury) Ry., Ashover Light Ry., and the Glyn Valley Ry. The L. M. S. had a



Locomotive Pub. Co., Ltd., 3 Amen Corner, London, E.C.4, England

No. 4476, the "Royal Lancer," Record Mileage Holder of L.N.E.R. Fleet of Pacifics. This British Beauty Has Traveled Nearly 700,000 Miles Since She Was Built at Doncaster Shops in 1923. She Has 3 20x26-Inch Cylinders, 180 Lbs. Boiler Pressure, 80-Inch Drivers, and 29,800 Lbs. Tractive Force, and Weighs (With Tender) 346,850 Lbs. Loaded. Tender Is Equipped With Passageway and Connection to Train, Permitting Change of Crew on Non-Stop Run

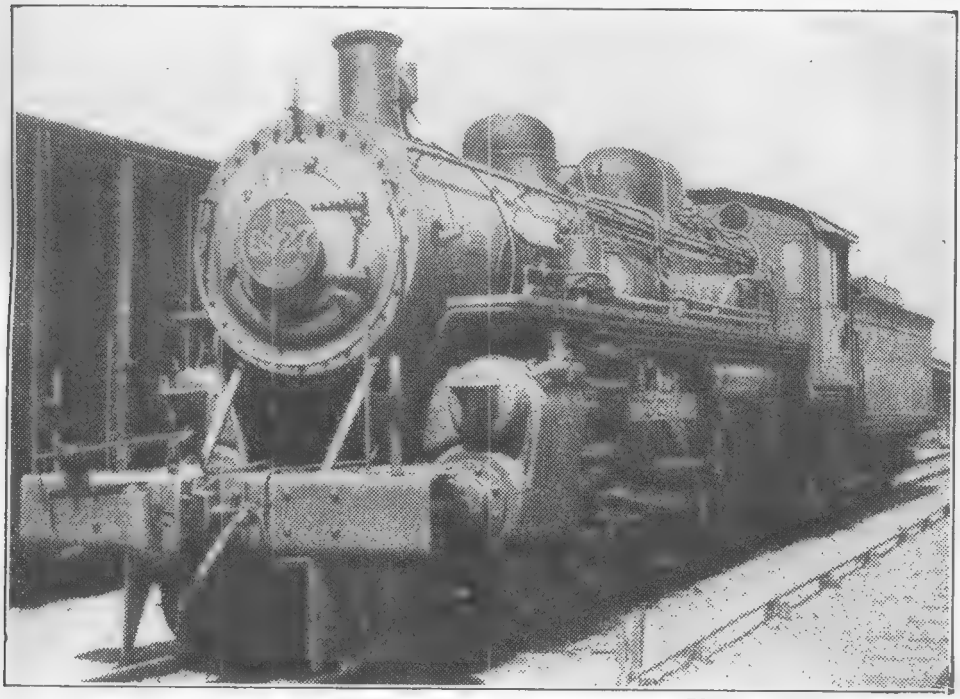


Photo by Sabro Motodima

No. 8927, the First Pacific Type Engine in Japan; Built by Alco in 1910

Baldwin loco on the Tilbury line, but I don't know if it is still in service.

Between 1905 and 1915 at least 6 passenger locos of 15-inch gage were running at various seaside resorts, built by the Miniature Locomotive Corp., of U. S. Who can tell me about this firm? I think they fitted "Southern" valve gears on a few of their little engines; were many so fitted, and when were they built?—W. L. JENNINGS, Rowhill, Wilmington, Gartford, Kent, England.

* * *

A. T. Coleman's letter (Jan. issue) asking if the "Royal Scot's" engine is a free steamer tickled me. I'm afraid I'll have to pinch any tallowpot who dreams of free steamers. The reason why an English fireman can see signals so easily is that nearly all English signals are mounted on bridges (or "gantries" as we call them) high above the tracks. The other signals are placed on the left side of the track. Every English engine is hand fired, no oil or automatic stokers being used.— WILSON COPELAND, 90 Prospect Rd., Longwood, Huddersfield, England.

* * *

I buy your magazine mostly for the 6 popular departments. Many of your old covers are still tacked up in cabooses, offices and homes, but who wants the stuff you now display? Can any reader give me information on the trackside grave at Rocky Point on the Pacific North West Traction Co., out of Bellingham, Wash?—C. WILSON, "Shiprods," Henfield, Sussex, England.

Japan's fastest train, "The Swallow," covers the 373½ miles between Tokyo and Kobe in 9 hours (including 8 stops)—an average of 41½ m. p. h. This is fast, considering the numerous sharp curves and steep gradients; for instance, the train ascends from Koze at almost sea level to Gotemba, 2,485 ft. high, in only 22 miles, climbing a continuous grade of 2 to 2½% on 3½ ft. gage. I have many clear photos of Japanese engines and trains to exchange for clear photos of North American engines and trains, especially on big roads.—SABRO MOTODIMA, care of Methodist Ginza Church, Nishi-Ginza, Tokyo, Japan.

* * *

Certain engines on New South Wales express trains are painted to match the coaches—red engine and red coaches, blue engine and blue coaches, green engine and green coaches, etc. I have official photos of every Australian state loco, also other photos taken by myself. Recently the demand for RAILROAD STORIES has become so keen that I cannot buy it here regularly, so I am sending you an international money order of $3 for a year's subscription.—A. N. THOMPSON, 174 Merrylands Rd., Merrylands, N. S. W., Australia.

* * *

The New Railway Club of Australasia of which I am president, will supply information on N. S. W. railroads to anyone interested. We are now forming a picture exchange group.—ALEX D. MACDONALD, New South Wales Rys., Merrylands West, New South Wales, Australia.

On the Old Canadian Pacific

Robert R. Brown's account of Atlantic type engines (March issue) reminds me that the Canadian Pacific used a 4-4-2 engine on locals between Toronto and Havelock some time between 1912 and 1915. I often saw her at Peterborough station. At that time she had an electric headlight—the spluttering arc variety—and was not Vauclain compound, but 2-cylinder simple, with piston valves in chambers rolled in toward the saddle and driven by inside rockers, but was otherwise as described. She could run like a deer.

Someone told me the C. P. rebuilt their Atlantics into 4-6-0 passenger engines, but if this is true perhaps Mr. Brown means they were scrapped after that. Evidently the coming of the steel passenger car sounded the death knell of this graceful type of engine.—H. S. GOWAN, 113 Ontario St., Stratford, Ont., Canada.

* * *

"Duke" McKenzie, now 72, a retired C. P. engineer of Vancouver, B. C., was asked to comment on the famous "gold" spike which Lord Strathcona drove at Craigellachie on Nov. 7, 1885—the last spike driven in construction of the C. P. from Atlantic to Pacific. Duke was there and he ought to know.

"Gold?" he says. "Bless ye, mon, it was only common ordinary iron. The C. P. at that time had no money to throw away on nonsense like golden spikes. The original last spike has vanished, but there must be at least 200 'last spikes' now. I have met scores of people who claimed they had it—yardmasters, trainmen, dispatchers, engineers, firemen, even signalmen. But I do know that the last tie—the one in which the last spike was driven—gave the section men plenty of trouble. Railroaders got the habit of taking chunks out of it as souvenirs. Soon it had to be replaced, but other souvenir hunters came along and kept whittling the new one, thinking it was the original."—PAUL STANDARD (C. P. Ry. press representative), 342 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

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Engine Sunk in Quicksand

I was interested in the letters printed in your March issue regarding the engine which the Rock Island lost in the Cimarron River between Kingfisher and Dover, Okla. This occurred in about 1906. I have often heard my father, who is an engineer, as well as other enginemen, mention the incident. The locomotive was No. 628 (4-4-0 type). The engine crew jumped before she went into the river. The engineer, "Red" Isles, is now residing in Caldwell, Kansas. No. 628 and several cars went into the river. Some of the cars, which were wooden, floated down stream a short distance. The locomotive was never recovered; anyone who has seen the oozy quicksand in that country can understand why.

The 628 was built by the C. R. I. & P. in 1892, being numbered 928 at the time of construction. Cylinders, 18 x 24 inches, diameter of drivers, 64¾ inches, boiler pressure, 160 lbs., weight on drivers, 69,000 lbs., weight on truck, 37,500 lbs., weight of engine, 106,500 lbs. Total weight of engine and tender, with engine in working order and tender coaled up and tank full of water, 177,500 lbs. She may show up some day, who knows?—WESLEY KRAMBECK, Herington, Kan.

* * *

Origin of the Split Switch

Would like to find out the earliest record of the so-called split switch which has been in common use in America for 30 to 40 years. My father, A. G. Eastman, was mechanical supt., 1881 to 1885, on the Southeastern Ry. (now part of the Canadian Pacific). When headquarters was being moved from Richford, Vt., to Farnham, Que., the railroad company needed a large quantity of granite, so they acquired right to a quarry at the top of St. Pie mountain.

This is located near the track on the St. Guillaume branch, about 15 miles from Farnham. A spur was built to the foot of the mountain and then a railroad was put up the side of the mountain with an even grade to the quarry at the top. The motive power was created by the loaded car descending. This pulled up the empty car by a steel cable which wound several times around two steel drums at the top of the line. These drums had a band brake on either end of each drum operated by a regular brake head.

At a point midway up the mountain there was a passing track where the car going up would pass the one coming down. Each end of this track was equipped with the old stub switch. A switchman was placed there to line them up as needed. One day the switchman failed and there was a collision.

Thereupon my father figured out how to make a self-operating switch. It was exactly as our present split switch except that the old style lever throw switch stand was used; and instead of the usual target at the top, a large iron ball was welded on so that when the car ran through it would force the weighted lever over and the weight would hold it snug to the rail.

That was in 1882. Two or 3 years later when my father returned from a master mechanics' convention he told me a man had a similar switch on exhibition there, but the general opinion of those present was that although it could be used in the South it would be useless in places where there was snow in winter. Will anyone knowing of a prior use of this type of switch please give me the facts?—A. C. EASTMAN (B. & M. engineer), Box 9, West Lebanon, N. H.

* * *

A Problem for Enginemen

Traveling engineer on our engine; double track. We were approaching a water tank where a southbound train was standing taking water; flagman back about 10 feet. Headlight of our engine probably dimmed the rear lights on the caboose, as we were then alongside. Train whamming away at about 35 miles per—wide open.

"Whistle him down," shouted the traveling engineer. Too late! The jab into the tail end knocked their cars into our train and then there were 3 trains in a wreck. The pull was like the feel of a catfish caught on a fisherman's line. Then, and only then, he slapped on the air. When the hogger first caught sight of that headlight, why didn't he try to stop instead of waiting for the cracker at the end of the whip?—FRANK A. HILKER, Box 12, Forsyth, Ill.

* * *

"His Last Quarter"

My story, "His Last Quarter," is the first yarn I've sold to a fiction magazine. It was inspired by scenes that are all too common around yard offices. The old fellows with the frayed "thousand-mile" shirts showing up at the office day after day, trying to keep despair from their faces as they watch their names go down—down—down the board—and off! I don't care how tough your hide may be, it just works into your system to see these veterans pushed out of the only game they've ever known.

I have worked in the same yard since 1919, but with the distinction of having been carried on the payrolls of 4 different roads without once changing my job! Was 5 years with the old E. P. & S. W.; the S. P. took us over in 1924. Two years later they turned us over to the G. H. & S. A. which, shortly afterward, became the T. & N. O., under corporate consolidations.

Prior to my service with the E. P. & S. W. I worked for the T. & P. and the Santa Fe. Also did small station work along the border for the G. H. & S. A. during the Pancho Villa era. I've never been a division surgeon, but have turned a hand at many other jobs. At present I am chief line clerk, El Paso Terminal. Have done some cartooning and writing for "The Railroad Clerk" magazine.—HERB HEASLEY, 3616 Jefferson Ave., El Paso, Texas.

* * *

We are getting too many stories about engine service. Try the signal department, yard clerks, section gangs, etc.—CARL B. OBERT, 6151 Winthrop Ave., Chicago.

* * *

A 3-Road Train Order

The third subdivision of the Northern Pacific's Tacoma Division is operated joint track with the Great Northern and the Union Pacific from Tacoma to Vancouver, Wash., 136 miles; and with the Milwaukee Road from Chehalis Jct. to Kelso, 40 miles. Here is a train order showing train movements of all 3 roads, the 1384 being an N. P. engine. Can any of our train order collectors beat this?

Eng 1384 works extra on both tracks 701 AM until 701 PM between Kelso and Olequa.
Extra U. P. 3216 West wait at Kelso until 901 AM and other westward trains wait at Kelso until 1001 AM for Work Extra 1384.
Eastward extra trains except Extras CMStP&P and G N3213 East wait at Olequa until 901 AM for Work Extra 1384.
Westward extra trains get this order at Kelso.

—JOHN C. ASHFORD, 511 S. 7th St., Tacoma, Wash.

A Hoghead's Practical Joke

Back in 1914 Armstrong, Texas, was a water station, telegraph office and cattle-shipping point on the St. L. B. & M. (now part of the Mo. P.) One evening the operator, Charley King (now at Liverpool, Texas), and G. F. Rosecrance, a rancher, and I were waiting for a delayed northbound local freight. Upon its arrival the hoghead said to us: "If you fellows want some fresh meat go down to Bridge 73-2 and help yourselves. I struck an animal there." After the train pulled out we got buckets, knives and a hatchet, then hiked over to the bridge, 3 miles away. After a long search for the carcass of beef or whatever it was, we found nothing but a dead jackrabbit! You can bet we cussed that hogger's idea of a practical joke.—THOMAS FOWLER, Kingsville, Tex.

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Trains, Planes and Busses

On Jan. 31, 1934, a westbound T. W. A. passenger plane was forced down at St. James, Mo., due to a heavy coating of ice on the wings. The 5 passengers were then placed on a bus headed for Springfield, but the bus driver said it was impossible to drive with an inch of ice on the road. Finally the stranded travelers were put on a Frisco train, which took them safely on their way. The old iron mare ain't so bad after all! —ALBERT BLACK, 2020 Boonville Ave., Springfield, Mo.

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RAILROAD STORIES is one-sided. It is plenty interesting, but readers get tired of a steady diet of the same thing every month. Give us more variety; cover the whole transportation field! The sea has always been romantic—airways look to the future—and you'll find lots of good stuff in the traffic that rolls along the paved highway.

Stick to railroading, sure! But don't stop there. The railroads themselves own steamship lines, bus lines, air lines. Run a few stories and pictures of other forms of transportation. Readers who agree with this idea should bombard the Editor with letters and postcards. Tell him we are living in the 20th Century, not the 19th. —P. R. R. CLERK, Broad St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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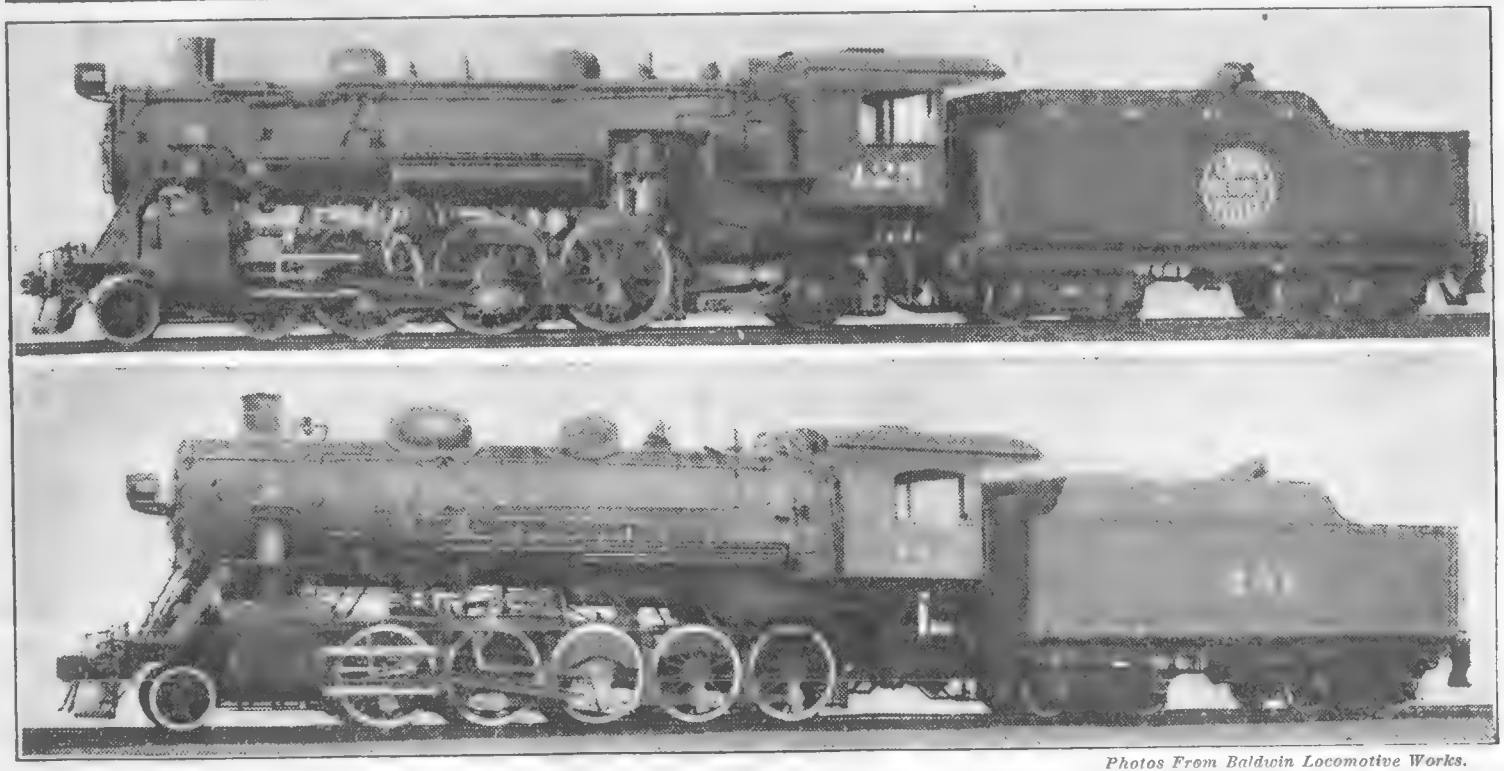
EDITOR'S NOTE: Shall we broaden this magazine, as "P. R. R. Clerk" suggests, to cover the whole transportation field? It's up to you readers. Send us your answers; we will abide by the majority vote. Letters and postcards count the same as the coupon on page 141. Write frankly. Your comments will not be printed if you tell us not to print them.

Locomotives of the Gulf, Mobile & Northern Railroad



Photos From Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Big Power of the Gulf, Mobile & Northern—Nos. 425 and 251

The Main Line of the G. M. & N. Runs from Paducah, Ky., to Mobile, Ala., 409 Miles; and from Union, Miss., to New Orleans, La., 260 Miles

NEXT MONTH: THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

From Joseph Lavelle Photo Collection.

No. 84, One of the Old Baldwin-Built Ten-Wheelers Now in Switching Service

Type	Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (Inches)	Driver Diameters (Inches)	Boiler Pressure (Pounds)	Tractive Force (Pounds)	Builder & Date Built
			Passenger Engines			
4-4-0	31	18 x 24	69	180	17,240	Baldwin, 1904
4-4-0	35, 36	18 x 24	67	200	19,730	Baldwin, 1907
4-4-0	102	18 x 24	69	170	19,158	Baldwin, 1907
4-6-0	174-180	19 x 26	63	200	25,327	Baldwin, 1904-1906
4-6-0	179, 185, 187, 188	19 x 24	63	200	23,386	Baldwin, 1905, 1907
4-4-2	40-41	20 x 26	73	180	21,870	Baldwin, 1901-1905
4-6-2	425, 426	22 x 28	69	210	35,156	Baldwin, 1928
			Freight Engines			
4-6-0	175	19 x 26	57	190	26,590	Baldwin, 1904
4-6-0	71	20 x 26	61	200	29,000	Alco, 1912
4-6-0	70, 72	21 x 26	61	210	34,000	Alco, 1912, 1914
2-10-0	90-92; 201-210	25 x 28	52	180	51,500	Baldwin, 1918 (No. 92, Alco, 1918)
	(Nos. 208-210 exert 64,450 lbs. t. f. with booster)					
2-10-0	250-259	25 x 30	57	215	60,115	Baldwin, 1923, 1925
2-10-0	260-265	25 x 30	57	225	62,900	Baldwin, 1926, 1927
2-8-2	104-112	22 x 28	57	200	40,400	Baldwin, 1912, 1920
4-8-2	200-202	24 x 28	63	215	45,700	Alco, 1927
			Switch Engines			
0-6-0	12-19	21 x 28	57	180	33,140	Alco, 1905, 1906
0-6-0	62, 63	19 x 26	51	170	27,125	Brooks, 1902, 1903
0-6-0	10, 11	19 x 26	51	180	28,160	Alco, 1909
4-6-0	83, 86, 182	19 x 26	57	200	28,000	Baldwin, 1905-1907
4-6-0	84	19 x 26	57	180	25,200	Baldwin, 1905
4-6-0	172, 173	19 x 26	57	190	26,590	Baldwin, 1903
4-6-0	60	19 x 26	61	190	26,200	Alco, 1910
4-6-0	52	19 x 26	61	200	28,000	Alco, 1907

DO YOU KNOW—

What American railroad has made the most money during the depression?
How America's longest tunnel is ventilated?
Why a new type brake has been installed on the Union Pacific streamlined train?
How big systems used to blackball their discharged employees?

(You will find the answers to these questions on pages 64 and 80-87)

International Engine Picture Club

READERS who collect, buy, sell, exchange, or make pictures of locomotives, trains, cars, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Reader's Choice" coupon (page 141) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City.

NEWS for engine picture collectors: The Locomotive Photograph Co., Box 6354, West Market St. Station, Philadelphia, Pa., is back in business with a complete line of builders' photos: 2½ x 7½ inch, 8 for $1; 4 x 12 inch, 40c each. Every month a set of foreign engine photos (small size) will be offered at 8 for $1, beginning with Brazil. A catalog listing 1000 engine photos will be sent free with each order of $1 or more, or for 10c in stamps.

Following are 8 engines in the Brazilian set: Central R. R. of Brazil, No. 360 (4-6-2) and 815 (2-8-2); Federated State R. R. No. 501 (4-6-2); Oeste de Minas No. 163 (4-6-2); Viacao Ferrea Brazil No. 632 (2-6-6-2); Sorocabana R. R. Nos. 1003 (4-10-2), 801, 806 (4-8-2).

J. ADAMS, 2406 Emerson Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., has photos of CB&Q, Milwaukee, Omaha, GN, M&StL, MN&S, Soo, NP; 2⅞ x 4⅞. 9c each, 12 for $1; 2¼ x 4¼, 6c each, 20 for $1.

C. ALBRECHT, 1313 W. 57 St., Des Moines, Ia., wants photos, timetables, etc., of DSP&P, Colo. Mid., Florence & Cripple Creek.

J. ALLEN, 196 Grenadier Rd., Toronto 3, Ont., Canada, has 23 American and Canadian roads, exchange for American and Canadian steam power only.

R. ASH, 17005 Delaware Ave., Lakewood, Ohio, wants Colo. Mid. dope of all kinds, also timecards, etc., of StJV, OS, Columbus & Southern, Columbus & Ohio R., and any Ohio interurban.

J. AVERY, 805 N. 36 St., Ft. Smith, Ark., has complete electrical correspondence course to trade for engine photos or "Baldwin Locomotives."

R. BANKS, 16 W. 77 St., N. Y. C., trades timetables, steam and electric, specializes in old interurbans wants; THI&E, Benton Harbor-St. Joe, Empire State, etc.; write.

A. BARKER, JR., 13 Liberty St., Gardiner, Me., trades pencil sketches of engines for photos and model equipment.

E. BARLOW, 75 Bonita, Sierra Madre, Calif., has 500 SF train orders, trade for others, photos, timetables, etc., or sell at 1c each; self-addressed stamped envelope and 1c stamp for each order under 10c.

N. BEIER, 2222 Rusk St., Madison, Wis., has 4 x 13 drawings of C&NW 4-8-4, for 5 engine photos.

D. BLAINE, 2025 Fletcher, S. Pasadena, Calif., has 3¼ x 4¼ of PE; wants D&SL, also SF 3800 class.

W. BLISS, 3514 Long, Chicago, Ill., will send 6 Chicago surface transfers to anyone sending self-addressed stamped envelope and transfer from other city.

J. BOWIE, JR., 3425 Hartford St., St. Louis, Mo., has 2½ x 4¼ of many roads at 10c each or trade for other 116 size; wants MoP and Wab rosters.

A. BRADY, 15 Empire Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada, wants photos of German State Rys. HO. 2. 1001, B&A 4-6-6 tank type; has 2¼ x 4¼ CNR, CPR.

C. BREWER, 108 Highland Ave., Lewiston, Pa., has Jan. and Oct., 1927; April, July, Oct., 1928; Jan., April, July, 1929; Jan., July, Oct., 1930; April, 1931, of "Baldwin Locomotives" at 80c each plus postage; also complete file of "Railroad Man's Magazine" and "Railroad Stories."

F. BURNS, 1108 Fountain St., Alameda, Calif., wants modern photos, especially Mallets.

W. BUTLER, 2508 First St., San Diego, Calif., specializes in old-timers, narrow gage, short lines, abandoned roads and engines, freaks; sell or exchange; send 3c stamp for list.

H. CAGLE, R.R. 1, Box 447, San Angelo, Tex., draws (in ink) engine pictures from photos or clippings for 25c or 10 engine photos.

R. CHILDS, Tionesta, Pa., has 7 copies of "Railroad Trainman" to trade for "Railroad Stories" before Dec., 1932.

E. COLE, 10 Berbro Ave., Upper Darby, Pa., has Pennsy emblem buttons at 10c each; has 500 street car tokens, U. S. and Europe, 2 for 25c.

C. CONOVER, 807 N. Y. Rd., Absecon, N. J., wants photos of interior of stations and towers, preferably small lines; trade or buy.

A. CRANSTON, N. S. W. Govt. Rys., 47 High St., Canterbury, N. S. W., Australia.

G. CUNNINGHAM, 9 Union St., Haverhill, Mass., collects street and interurban photos, especially New England; has 116 and 5 x 7 of Mass. N. E. St. Ry. and others; sell or trade.

DARMER PHOTO LAB., Dept. 8, Des Moines, Iowa, makes 5 x 7 enlargements of engine pictures at 10c or 3 for 25c.

C. D. DAVIS, please send address.

H. DOYLE, 421 N. 10 St., Beatrice, Neb., trades loco and wreck photos; has photo of Frisco roundhouse fire at Oklahoma City.

C. DRAKE, 2412 E. 2 St., Wichita, Kans., wants RI passenger timetables before 1923, also KCM&O; state date and price.

J. DUFFY, 126 S. Green Bay Rd., Highland Pk., Ill., has many foreign, especially English, photos and timetables.

R. FARNSWORTH, 219 E. Hortler St., Phila., Pa., wants photos of NYC 4-6-4, 4-6-2, 4-8-4; LV 4-4-2, 2-6-0, 2-10-2, 4-8-2; FEC 4-6-2, 4-6-0, 4-8-2.

T. FARRY, 8 Station St., Wentworthville, N. S. W., Australia.

B. FULLER, 2145 Madison Ave., San Diego, Calif., wants Jan., 1925, "Railway Review" and postcard of C&NW 4-4-2 No. 1018.

J. GOOGER, 131 W. 17 St., Erie, Pa., wants U. S. metal car tokens.

R. GRADY, Port Blakely, Wash., wants wreck photos; also price list of American and foreign.

R. GRAHAM, 872 Union St., St. Paul, Minn., has 3500 clear photos from most U. S. roads, 2¾ x 4½, at 5c; 2 sample prints and list for 10c.

K. GRAY, 339 Oak Circle, Wilmette, Ill., has 59 timetables trade for "Railroad Stories" or steam loco photos.

K. GREEN, 633 N. Whitworth Ave., Brookhaven, Mass., starting collection of order blanks, employees' timetables; has circus trains photos; wants to hear from Canadian and Mexican readers.

J. HANNAH, 337 McKinley Ave., San Antonio, Tex., has 1000 builders photos, many enlargements, builders catalogs, "Locomotive

Cyclopedia" 1897 and 1922, old magazines; readers who are interested, write.

C. HENSLEY, Washburn, Ia., has CGW, CRI&P, C&NW, CMStP&P, IC, WCF&N, CR&IC, 10c each, 6 for 50c.

S. HERTZOG, 105 Gravity St., Olyphant, Pa., has many "Baldwin Locomotives," "Railroad Stories"; wants modern motive power, equipment and wrecks.

M. HOCH, 2068 Bathgate Ave., N. Y. C., buys photos or timetables of N. Y. State railroads before 1900.

H. HUGGINS, 1118 Semlin Drive, Vancouver, B. C., Canada, has book of Baldwin narrow gage engines of 1877, illust. by actual photos. What price? Also 300 p. "Model Rys.," $1; write.

B. JANES, R. F. D. 1, Franklin Furnace, O., has N&W employees magazines at 10c each or trade; makes prints from negatives for 5c each.

K. KIER, 2312 W. 107 Place, Chicago, Ill., has postcard sets of wreck pictures (RI and PRR engines exploding into Lake Michigan) at 10c each, or in exchange for other wreck pictures.

A. KONSBRUCK, 4710 N. Whipple St., Chicago, Ill., has many photos taken at "Century of Progress"; also Chicago surface and rapid transit lines at 8c, 6 for 25c.

D. I. W. KORWIN (teacher), Borjomskaya 8, Tiflis, Caucasus, U. S. S. R. (Russia).

J. LANGEVIN, 180 Champlain, Hull, Que., Canada, wants SP, NP, Erie, CRRof NJ.

W. LARMER, 5254 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill., specializes in CB&Q has many 116 snaps, complete history of motive power; buy, sell or trade.

A. LARSON, 3175 Parsifal Place, N. Y. City, has Southern No. 1367 to trade for other photo, preferably NYO&W.

MICHAEL LAVELLE, 11 James St., Pittston, Pa., has Wilkes-Barre Ry. Corp. and Scranton Tract. Co.; trade or sell.

R. LEWIS, 359 Gowen Ave., Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa., trades or sells photos of rail lines in and around Philadelphia.

W. LOTT, Machinist U. S. Gulfport, Atchafalaya, La.

H. LUDLOW, 3310 Kossuth Ave., N. Y. City, buys negatives any road photos of engines on famous trains; 3¼ x 4¼ preferred.

A. X. MACDONALD, N. S. W. Rys., Merrylands W., New South Wales, Australia, has odd snap of engine upset by cow on bridge to exchange for another odd photo.

R. MACFARLAND, Box 474, Ellet, O., has negatives of B&O, PRR, AC&Y, Erie, W&LE, 15c each; write for list.

H. MATTHEWS, "Ry. Club of Australia," 27 Ross St., Parramatta, N. S. W., Australia.

W. McCLEARY, JR., 537 N. Plum St., Lancaster, Pa., buys modern photos of engines used west of the Mississippi.

W. McKINLEY, A&R Fleet Air Base, Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, buys photos.

S. MILLER, 2728 Regent St., Berkeley, Calif., has 116 size photos of big roads at 10c each; send 10c coin for sample and list, or 25c for Erie Triplex and 2 SP Mallets.

V. MILLER, 218 Bradford St., San Francisco, Calif., wants photos of old-time Wabash power; write.

J. MOCCIA, 717 Jackson Ave., N. Y. City, sells many clippings.

J. MOORE, 889 Stanford Ave., Palo Alto, Calif., wants old engineer's cap, size 7¾; buy or trade SP engine photos for it.

H. MORATH, 1710 School St., Chicago, Ill., will sell all past issues of "Railroad Stories" from Dec., 1929.

F. MOULDER, 2531 Amherst Ave., Butte, Mont., wants photos of defunct Montana trolley cars; has photos of Butte Electric and Anaconda St. Ry. at 10c each.

H. MOYERS, Glidden, Ia., wants CGW power and employees' timecards; has C&NW and Omaha photos for sale.

G. NICELEY, 5026 Broadway, Indianapolis, Ind., has photos of 60 interurban, city, suburban, subway and elevated roads for sale, specializing Ind.; send 5c for list and sample.

N. Y. Subway Map Free

You can get a map of all New York subway and elevated lines free, as long as the supply lasts, by writing to the New York Savings Bank, 8th Ave. and 14th St., New York City, or calling there in person.

A. NOBLE, 620 W. Providence Ave., Spokane, Wash., wants snapshots of old NP engines, especially Nos. 338, 339.

G. NORTON, 617 N. Central Ave., Chicago, Ill., has 116 size prints of most roads around Chicago at 5c each or 6 for 25c.

H. O'HANLON, 1938 E. 15 St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has many snaps of engines around N. Y. City (NYC, NYO&W, CRRofNJ, LI, PRR), 10c each, coin.

G. PARRISH, 409 Craig St., Gallitzin, Pa., has phonograph record "When Day Is Done," to trade for any 5 issues of "Railroad Stories."

H. PETERSON, 29 River Ave., Gardiner, Me., has 2½ x 4¼ photos of MeC, B&M, PT motive power at 8c each; write for list; will buy B&M employees' timetable before Sept., 1933.

J. PROPHET, 3rd, 142 Main St., Mt. Morris, N. Y., buys clear, side-view PRR photos, postcard or larger; send list.

J. PYDDOKE, Bonnyrigg, Bourne Lane, Tonbridge, Kent, England, wants information on electric lines, also photos of articulated locos.

R. RAYER, 1033 S. Chicago Ave., Kankakee, Ill., is discontinuing picture business due to lack of time.

F. RICHARDSON, 29 Third St., W. Barrington, R. I., has many 116 size B&M, NH to trade for modern power; also has employees' magazines.

W. RICKER, Shirley St., Fire Sta., Winthrop-52, Mass., wants motive power of old-time New Hampshire railroads, 1890 or earlier, postcard preferred. Write.

E. RIOUX, 114 Sagamore St., Atlantic, Mass., has NH, UP, RI timetables to trade for NH photos or "Railroad Stories."

A. RICH, 1533 Foulkrod St., Philadelphia, Pa., has many excellent photos; write.

C. RUTLEDGE, 1842 E. 65 St., Cleveland, O., has 256 p. railroad book, over 300 pictures; trade for "Baldwin Locomotives," any year, or 116 size postcard photos.

A. RYNEARSON, 219 Main St., Flemington, N. J., will give specifications of any 3 classes PRR for each postcard size photo of PRR of any of: CC-1s, N-2sa, 1-1sa, L-2s, K-28s, K-2s, K-3s, HC-1s, B-28s, H-9sc, and H-34s. Will buy or trade for PRR employees' timetable; or will buy above-mentioned classes.

W. SCHALLEK, 7 W. 81 St., N. Y. City, has timetables (NOT photos) of 550 different steam and electric roads; will trade or buy, but not sell, timetables of abandoned, merged, and short lines. Wants to form timetable club.

J. SHAFER, 700 Cottage St., Waterloo, Ia., buys and exchanges modern locomotives, postcard, side-views; has photos and stamps for exchange.

M. SHAFER, 41 Orvin St., Kitchener, Ont., Canada, wants to hear from members in foreign countries.

C. SIMON, Farley, Ia., wants GN 3397-3399; has following of Bellevue & Cascade: No. 2, 2-6-0; No. 4, 2-8-0; No. 5, gas car; view of express coach. 10c each or 4 for 25c.

G. STOOPS, 1965 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Calif., has 68 negatives, 120 and 127 size, taken around Los Angeles several years ago. Will send to anyone sending 12c in stamps. (Wants to get rid of them, and is doing this rather than throwing them away.)

W. STOWMAN, 7444 Forrest Ave., E. Germantown, Phila., Pa., has PRR 1931 calendar,

$1; Oct., 1932, "Baldwin Locomotives," $1; 20 public timetables, $2.—all plus postage. Also few photos; send stamp for list.

F. H. SUTTON, 1517 Grant St., Omaha, Neb., has many western roads, also Virginian 2-10-10-2 and Caprotti-valve B&O; 15c for sample and list.

D. THICKENS, R. F. D. Box 196, Walnut Creek, Calif., has 116 size photos of Oakland, Sacramento, San F. street cars, 2-6-2 Key system steam, and interurban and steam lines in central Calif., at 6c each; postage extra under 36c, or with list.

P. TILLEY, 318 W. 83 St., Los Angeles, Calif., trades old "Railroad Stories" for "Official Guides" of 1917 and 1918, or 1933 "Freight Traffic Red Book."

D. TRAVER, 111 Lincoln Ave., Riverside, Ill., trades employees' timecards.

D. TWOMEY, 5 Maine Terrace, Somerville, Mass., buys negatives of urban and interurban trolleys in U. S., especially in East; write, giving price and condition, if possible sample print.

J. VAN DER VEER, 519 Cedar Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn., has complete 654 p. history of Milwaukee Road printed in 1901, leather-bound, gilt-edged, good shape, to trade for "Railroad Stories" of March to Nov., 1930, and Feb., May and July, 1931.

A. WAEHNER, 128 S. St. James St., Waukegan, Ill., wants to buy photos of PE and WB&A cars.

B. WALKER, Blue River, B. C., Canada, has many CNR engines, also trains.

F. WANECEK, 137 Tod Ave., Warren, O., has 116 snaps of Erie, B&O, NYC, NH, DL&W, PRR, RI, SP, for sale, or will trade for any modern locos; wants negatives of Erie Triplex Mallets, particularly "Matt Shay."

B. WARD, 658 3 Ave., San Francisco, Calif., wants narrow gage types, including D&RGW 450, RGS, etc.; has west coast narrow gage.

C. WARD, 326½ E. Main St., Pomeroy, O., will trade following for engine pictures: 1 copy of S. African Rys. & Harbours Mag., Feb., 1933; complete report of 1915 Traveling Engineers' convention; 2 copies of S. African train orders; "Principles of Locomotive Firing"; "Locomotive Firing Practice."

A. WHITAKER, 1522 Jackson St., Charleston, W. Va., has postcards of B&O, C&O, NYC, Virginian for sale; will send list for stamp; will buy postcard size unusual types.

M. WILDER, 6809 N. Broad St., Phila., Pa., has PRR, Reading, B&O for sale at 10c each or trade for other U. S.; send stamp for list.

T. WILKINSON, 208 Neff Ave., Masontown, Pa., has 1 set of 12 different employees' timecards, $1; 1 set 12 Monongahela negatives, $1.

C. WILSON, Shiprods, Henfield, Sussex, England, will buy railway calendars in good condition; no 2 alike.

J. WINSLOW, 12 Harding Pkwy., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has 116 size photos; send 15c in stamps for list and sample.

J. WOODBURY, 92 Jefferson Ave., Columbus, O., wants prints and negatives of Plattsburg, N. Y., traction; city car lines which operated in Kingston, Ont., Ogdensburg and Oswego, N. Y.; also T&OC motive power in use between 1912 and 1925.

A. WOOD, Bristow, Okla., R. 4, Box 57, will buy July, 1931, "Baldwin Locomotives" and old copies of "Locomotive Engineers Journal."

H. WOLTERS, 75 N. 7 St., Newark, N. J., has 2¼ x 4½ prints of 50 Standard U. S. and Canadian railroads, 7 for 45c, 16 for $1; sample 10c; on orders 45 or more, free photo of the "Royal Scot," operating under its own power, with full train; send for list. Will consider buying clear side-view negatives at 10c each, must be 116 size; send print of negative first.

* * *

American Locomotive Builders.

Few people realize how many locomotive builders have flourished in this country in years gone by. The following list, printed through the courtesy of Charles E. Fisher, contains most of them and the approximate dates of their existence, although no attempt has been made to mention railroads which have built engines of their own. Readers are invited to send in information about the little-known builders or to make corrections and additions to the list:

Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., Manchester, N. H., 1849-1856; J. R. Anderson & Co. (Tredegar Wks.), Richmond, Va., 1852-1854; R. A. Anderson Machine Co., (?), 1853; Anderson & Delany, Richmond, Va., 1855-1858; Anderson & Souther, Richmond, Va., 1852-1853; Aurora Locomotive Wks. (C. A. Olmstead & Co.), Aurora, Ind., 1851-1852; M. W. Baldwin to Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pa., 1833-1934; Ballardvalle, Andover, Mass., 1848-1849; Baltimore Locomotive Works, Baltimore, Md., 1868; David Bell, later Porter Bell & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 1866-?; H. & F. Blandy, Zanesville, Ohio, 1851-1858; Seth Boyden, Newark, N. J., 1837-1838; John Brandt, Paterson, N. J., 1852-1854; Breeze, Kneeland & Co. (New York Loco. Wks.), Jersey City, N. J., 1853-1858; Brooks Locomotive Works, Dunkirk, N. Y., 1871-A.L.Co.; James Brooks, Philadelphia, Pa., 1840; Browning, Dunham & Co., New York, N. Y., 1837; Buffalo Steam Engine Works, Buffalo, N. Y., 1855-1857; D. J. Burr, Richmond, Va., 1838; Burr & Ettinger, Richmond, Va., 1853; Burr, Pea & Sampson, (?), 1846; Chicago Locomotive Works, Chicago, Ill. (H. H. Scoville & Son), 1854-1856; Jabez Coney, Boston, Mass., 1848; C. Cooper & Co., Mt. Vernon, Ohio, prior to 1855; Cooper, Clark & Co., Mt. Vernon, Ohio, 1854; Corliss, Nightingale & Co., Providence, R. I., 1851; Covington Locomotive Works, Covington, Ky. (A. L. Greer & Co.), 1854; Cuyahoga Steam Furnace Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 1850-1856; Danforth, Cooke & Co. to Cooke Loco. Wks., Paterson, N. J., 1852-A.L.Co; Phineas Davis, York, Pa., 1834-1835; Davis & Gartner, York, Pa., 1833-1834; Denmeade & Son, Baltimore, Md., 1853-1857; Detroit Locomotive Works, Detroit, Mich., 1855-1857; Dickson Locomotive Works, Scranton, Pa., 1856-A.L.Co.; D. H. Dotterer & Co., Reading, Pa., 1839-1842; Thomas Dotterer, (?), 1837; Dunbar & Co., New York, N. Y., 1836-1838; Eason & Dotterer, Charleston, S. C., 1833-1838; Eastwick & Harrison, Philadelphia, Pa., 1839-1842; Essex Co., Lawrence, Mass., 1850-1852; Galion Locomotive Works, Galion, Ohio, 1856; Garrett & Eastwick, Philadelphia, Pa., 1836-1838; Gillingham & Winans, Baltimore, Md., 1836-1838; Grant Locomotive Works, Paterson, N. J., 1863-1894; A. Harkness to Harkness & Moore, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1846-1854; Heyward, Bartlett & Co., Baltimore, Md., 1864-1867; Holmes Hinkley to Hinkley Locomotive Wks., Boston, Mass., 1841-1890; Kentucky Loco. Wks. (Olmstead, Tenneys & Peck), Louisville, Ky., prior to 1855; Lewis-Kirk, Reading, Pa., 1858; Kirk, Cambridgeport, Mass., 1850-1852; Lancaster Locomotive Works, Lancaster, Pa., 1854-1857; Latham, White River Jct., Vt., 1854-1856; Lawrence Machine Shops, Lawrence, Mass., 1852-1857; Lima Locomotive Works, Lima, Ohio (still in operation); Locks & Canals Co. to Lowell Machine Shops, Lowell, Mass., 1835-1864; Long & Norris, Philadelphia, Pa., 1834-1835; Louisville Locomotive Works, Louisville, Ky., 1871-?; McClung, Wade & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 1834-1837; McKay & Aldus, East Boston, Mass., 1864-1869; J. McLeish (?), 1851; McLeish & Smith, Charleston, S. C., 1837; Manchester Locomotive Works, Manchester, N. H., 1855-A.L.Co.; William Mason, Taunton, Mass., 1853-1890; Matfield Manufacturing Co., East Bridgewater, Mass., 1854-1857; Menominee Locomotive Works, Milwaukee, Wis., 1852-1855; Mill Dam Foundry, Boston, Mass., 1834-1835; E. L. Miller, New York or Philadelphia, 1833; Murray & Hazelhurst, Baltimore, Md., 1854-1857; Nashville Manufacturing Co., Nashville, Tenn., 1852-1853; New Castle Manufacturing Co., New Castle, Del., 1832-1858; New Jersey Locomotive Works, Paterson, N. J., 1851-1863; New York Locomotive Works, Rome, N. Y., 1882-1895; Niles & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 1852-1859; William Norris, Philadelphia, Pa., 1835-1853; R. Norris & Son, 1853-1868; Norris, Lancaster, Pa., 1865-1869; Norris, Schenectady,

N. Y., 1850-1851; Palm & Robertson, St. Louis, Mo., 1853-1858; Pennell & Co. (?), 1840; Pittsburgh Locomotive Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.. 1867-A.L.Co.; H. K. Porter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 1865-?; Portland Locomotive Works, Portland, Maine, 1848-1894; Poughkeepsie Locomotive Works, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1838; Rhode Island Locomotive Works, Providence, R. I., 1866-A.L.Co.; Richmond Locomotive Works, Richmond, Va., 1886-A.L.Co.; Roanoke Machine Works, Roanoke, Va., 1884-1893; Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor to Rogers Loco. Wks., Paterson, N. J., 1837-A.L.Co.; Coleman Sellers & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1836-1841; Schenectady Locomotive Works, Schenectady, N. Y., 1851-A.L.Co.; Smith & Perkins, Alexandria, Va., 1851-1856; R. C. & T. Smith, Alexandria, Va., 1851; T. W. Smith, Alexandria, Va., 1837; John Souther (Globe Works), Boston, Mass., 1848-1854; Springfield Car & Engine Co. (Blanchard & Kimball), Springfield, Mass., 1848-1857; William Swinburne, Paterson, N. J., 1851-1857; Swinburne, Smith & Co., Paterson, N. J., 1848-1851; Talbott & Bros., Richmond, Va., 1848-1853; Taunton Locomotive Works (Fairbanks), Taunton, Mass., 1847-1890; E. Thrasher & Co., Dayton, Ohio, prior to 1855; Tredegar Works, Richmond, Va., 1850-1858; Trenton Loco. Wks. (Van Cleave, McKean & Dripps), Trenton, N. J., 1853-1858; Virginia Locomotive & Car Works, Richmond, Va., 1851-1857; Uriah Wells, Petersburg, Va., 1851-1857; West Point Foundry, New York, N. Y., 1830-1833; Seth Wilmarth (Union Works), Boston, Mass., 1848-1854; Ross Winans, Baltimore, Md., 1844-1860.

* * *

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29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15
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If you suffer from High Blood pressure, dizziness, ringing in the ears, can't sleep at nights, feel weak and shaky, bad taste, nervous. If your heart pounds and you fear a paralytic stroke, to demonstrate Dr. Hayes' prescription we will send you postpaid, a regular $1 treatment on absolutely FREE TRIAL. While it is non-specific, many cases report remarkably quick relief; often symptoms diminish and normal sleep returns within 3 days. Contains no salts, physics, opiates or dope. Safe with any diet. PAY NOTHING UNLESS GREATLY IMPROVED. Then send $1. If not your report cancels the charge. Write Dr. Hayes' Ass'n, 8127 Coates, Kansas City, Mo.

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for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 2281-G Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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25c
50c
$1.00

.22 CAL.

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Three new models now out **25c, 50c and $1.00.** Well made and effective. Modelled on pattern of latest type of Revolver. Appearance alone enough to scare a burglar. Takes 22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. Great protection against burglars, tramps, dogs. Have it lying around without the danger attached to other revolvers. Fine for 4th July, New Years, for stage work, starting pistol, etc. **SMALL SIZE 4 in. long 25c. MEDIUM SIZE 8 in. long 50c. LARGE SIZE 12 in. long $1.00. BLANK CARTRIDGES 50c per 100. HOLSTER (Cowboy type) 50c. Shipped by Express only or prepaid.** *710 page catalog of other pistols, sporting goods, etc. 10c*

BOYS! THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman or friends.

THE VENTRILO

a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. **Never fails. A 16-page course on Ventriloquism together with the Ventrilo. All for 10c postpaid.**

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Fun, Magic and Mystery

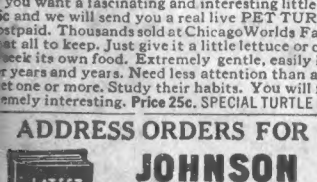
We also publish a monthly magazine of FUN, MAGIC AND MYSTERY. Each issue contains a big collection of parlor magic, tricks with cards, fortune-telling, funny readings, amusing experiments, money-making secrets, jokes, riddles, conundrums, parlor amusements, puzzles, problems, science, mechanics, etc. In addition it will list all the latest novelties, tricks, puzzles, etc. Because it is really a magazine and catalog combined, we have fixed the subscription price at ONLY 10c per year, or 3 years for 25c. This as you readily see does not even cover our mailing expenses, let alone the cost of getting up the magazine. Try this magazine for one year.

Novelty French Photo Ring

Here is a very great novelty in Rings, that is selling in thousands. It is a nicely made ring, finished in imitation platinum, and set with a large imitation diamond. It looks just like an ordinary ring, but in the shank of the ring is a small microscopic picture almost invisible to the naked eye, yet is magnified to an almost incredible degree and with astonishing clearness. There is quite an assortment of pictures that should suit all tastes. Some are pictures of bathing girl beauties, pretty French Actresses, etc., others are views of places of interest in France, Panama Canal and elsewhere; others show the Lord's Prayer in type, every word of which can be read by persons with normal eyesight. They are interesting without being in any way objectionable. **PRICE 25c, 3 for 65c, or $2.25 per doz. postpaid.** *710 pane Catalog 10c.*

REAL LIVE PET TURTLES

25c



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If you want a fascinating and interesting little pet, just risk 25c and we will send you a real live PET TURTLE by mail postpaid. Thousands sold at Chicago Worlds Fair. No trouble at all to keep. Just give it a little lettuce or cabbage or let it seek its own food. Extremely gentle, easily kept and live for years and years. Need less attention than any other pet. Get one or more. Study their habits. You will find them extremely interesting. **Price 25c. SPECIAL TURTLE FOOD 10c pkg.**

MAKE YOUR OWN RADIO RECEIVING SET

Enjoy the concerts, baseball games, market reports, latest news, etc. This copyrighted book "EFFICIENT RADIO SETS" shows how to make and operate inexpensive Radio Sets, the materials for which can be purchased for a mere trifle. Also tells how to build a short-wave Receiver for bringing in foreign stations, police calls, ships at sea, etc. **ONLY 15c. postpaid.**

SILENT DEFENDER

Used by police officers, detectives, sheriffs, night watchmen and others as a means of self-protection. Very effective. Easily fits the hand, the fingers being grasped in the four holes. Very useful in an emergency. Made of aluminum they are very light, weighing less than 2 ounces. Handy pocket size always ready for instant use. **PRICE 25c each, 2 for 45c postpaid.**

BIG ENTERTAINER

180 Jokes and Riddles. 34 Magic Tricks, 54 Parlor Games. 73 Toasts. 15 Tricks with Cards. 50 Money-making Secrets. 10 Funny Readings. 3 Monologues. 21 Puzzles and Problems. 5 Comic Recitations. Cutouts for Checkers and Chess, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, 9 Men Morris, Spanish Prison Puzzle, Game of Anagrams, etc. **All for 15c postpaid.**

WONDERFUL X-RAY TUBE

A wonderful little instrument producing optical illusions both surprising and startling. With it you can see what is apparently the bones of your fingers, the lead in a lead pencil, the interior opening in a pipe stem, and many other similar illusions. **Price 10c, 3 for 25c.**

HOW TO WIN AT POKER

Written by a card sharper. Tells how to win at draw poker. Explains different varieties of poker such as Straight Poker, Stud Poker, Whiskey Poker, Mistigris, the Freeze-out, Two Widow, Buck, Jack-Pots, etc. Exposes the methods used by card sharpers and professional gamblers. 13 Cnap ers. This book contains a vast amount of information and may save you from being fleeced by crooked players and gamblers. **PRICE 10c postpaid.** *710 page Novelty Catalog 10c*

THE FAN DANCE

Hit of the Chicago Worlds Fair

Who will forget the famous FAN DANCE episode of the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago? Here it is humorously, cleanly, presented in vest pocket form. You flip the pages and **HOTSY TOTSY** comes to life and whirls through her dance ... provoking, not a sly smile, but a wholesome laugh from all. No end of fun and amusement. Spicy, piquant entertainment for all. Pocket size, 2 x 3 inches. **Price 10c ppd.** *710 page Novelty Catalog 10c*

Fortune Telling By Cards

Book shows how to tell fortunes with cards, dice, dominoes, crystal, etc. Tells the meaning and significance of every card. Several different methods explained and fully illustrated. Crammed full from cover to cover with complete information on fortune-telling. **PRICE 10c postpaid.** *Stamps accepted.*

Good Luck RING

Very striking, quaint and uncommon, Oxidized gunmetal finish; skull and crossbones design; two brilliant flashing imitation rubies or emeralds sparkle out of the eyes. Said to bring good luck to the wearer. **PRICE 25c Postpaid**

HOW TO PITCH Pitch the Fade-a-way, Spitter, Knuckler, Smoke Ball, etc. Lessons by leading Big League Pitchers. Clearly illustrated and described with 56 pictures. **POSTPAID 25c.**

JAPANESE ROSE BUSHES

The Wonder of the World

Japanese Rose Bushes **bloom all the year round.** Just think of it. Six weeks after planting the seed, the plants will be in **full bloom.** It may not seem possible, but we positively **guarantee it to be so.** They will **bloom every ten weeks,** Summer or Winter, and when three years old the bush will be a **mass of roses** bearing from five hundred to a thousand roses on each bush. The flowers are in three shades —white, pink, and crimson. The plants will do well both in and out doors. We guarantee at least three bushes to grow from each packet of seed. **Price, 10c** packet, 3 pkts. for **25c** postpaid.

10 cts.

Chinese Fragrant Tree Fern

Just introduced; noted for its rapid growth. An exceptionally pretty ornamental plant. Foliage is rich dark green. Forms a grand pyramidal bushes about 6 feet high. Branches very desirable for decorative purposes, wreaths, etc. **Seeds 15c pkt., 3 for 40c.**

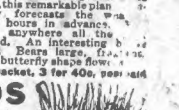
Weather Plant

NATURE'S WEATHER PROPHET By mysterious changes the leaves of this remarkable plant accurately forecasts the weather many hours in advance. Grow anywhere all the year around. An interesting house plant. Bears large, fragrant pink, butterfly shape flowers. **Seeds, 15c packet, 3 for 40c, postpaid.**

GROUND ALMONDS

Amazingly Prolific—Easily Grown From Seed

The Ground Almond has a flavor that is MOST EXCELLENT, resembling the cocoanut. The meat is snow white, covered with a shell or skin of brown color. It grows close to the surface and anything from 2000 to 3000 Almonds may be expected from a single nut. There is no trouble whatever in growing anywhere and in any kind of soil. May be planted any time, and within a few weeks from time of planting you will have an ENORMOUS CROP of the MOST DELICIOUS ALMONDS YOU EVER TASTED. **Seeds 15c Pkt.**



Chinese Cabbage

Novelty from China and should be grown in every garden. Seems to be a cross between Celery and Cos Lettuce. Flavor is more mild than any other cabbage. **Can be served on the table** and eaten raw or cooked like cabbage, spinach or lettuce or made into salad. Grows very rapidly, easy to cultivate. You can create quite a sensation by cultivating this remarkable novelty. **Seeds, 15c packet, 3 pkts. for 40c**

TREE OF HEAVEN

This splendid ornamental tree is a native of China, and is called the Tree of Heaven, on account of its great beauty. Very handy, thrives in any soil, no matter how poor, and grows from 6 to 10 feet high from seed the first summer. The leaves are from 5 to 6 feet in any length, giving it a grand appearance. Nothing outside the tropics can rival it for lawn decoration. Large panicles of bloom, followed in season by great clusters of colored seed pods, make the tree a continual thing of beauty. **Packet, 15c; 3 packets 40c**

THE REMARKABLE FIREFLY PLANT

A Vine that Blooms at Night

Fills the Atmosphere with Fragrant Aroma

One of the most rapid growing vines known. Under favorable conditions this vine has been known to grow OVER 25 FEET IN A SINGLE WEEK. In a very short space of time indeed the Vine has climbed to a great height, and is covered with IMMENSE FLOWERS, from 5 to 7 inches in diameter. It is a most novel thing, unlike other plants, the flowers OPEN IN THE EVENING, and remain open until about noon the following day. In dull weather they will remain open all day. It is a most INTERESTING SIGHT to watch the opening and closing of the flowers as the shoots appear and disperse. As the flowers open they give forth the most DELIGHTFUL AROMA and the whole atmosphere around is full of scented fragrance. It is always the subject of favorable comment, and much curiosity is aroused by people passing at night time as to the cause of the charming aroma, frequently stopping in an endeavor to satisfy their curiosity. **PRICE 15 CENTS packet, two packets for 25 CENTS, POSTPAID.** JOHNSON SMITH & CO.

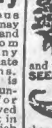
The Great Wonderberry

A luscious berry that may be grown and ripened from seed in any cold or cool climate in 3 months. The flavor is fine and unsurpassed for eating raw, cooked, canned or preserved in any form. The fruit is a blue-black in color, and tastes like a luscious, rich blueberry. One bush will produce an enormous amount of fruit, yielding great masses of rich fruit all Summer and Fall. **Packet, 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c, postpaid.**

Shoo Fly Plant

A very remarkable Botanical curiosity you should have. Though quite odorless it is said flies will not remain in a room where it is grown. Bears very pretty blossoms; blooms summer and winter. Grows rapidly from seed. **SEEDS 15c pkt. 3 for 40c, postpaid.**

Banana Musk Melon



Quite a curiosity. Looks and smells like a banana. Peculiar shape and its delicious flavor makes it well worth your while cultivating. Flesh is deep and of exquisite flavor. Very high prices are obtained in choice city markets as high as a dollar sometimes being demanded for one single specimen. **Seeds 10c, 3 pkts. for 25c.**

The Great Japanese Umbrella Palm

A Graceful House or Conservatory Plant

Easily Grown From Seed Winter or Summer

The Japanese Umbrella Palm is a semi-aquatic plant. It is easily grown from seed either in a bowl of water or in very damp soil. Probably the most usual, as well as the most interesting way is to cultivate the plant in a bowl or jardiniere filled with water, with two or three inches of good garden soil at the bottom. The seeds soon commence to germinate, the plant shoots up stems two to three feet high and rapidly assumes a most pretty palm-like appearance, as shown in the engraving. The tops of the stems are surmounted by a whorl of umbrella-shaped leaves, of a waxy appearance. We will send a package of this seed, with full instructions for culture, **for only 15c or three packets for 40c postpaid.**

Pertume Plant

Blooms only at night, giving forth the most delightful scented fragrance for quite a distance. Causes much comment. For house or garden. Also valuable because of rare perfume made from it. **SEEDS. 10c pkt., 3 for 25c.**

CACTUS FROM SEED

Very curious, odd looking, strange species of plants, will thrive anywhere with little or no care. Flowers are of exquisite beauty and delightfully fragrant. You will be astonished at the odd looks of the seedlings. **Packet, 10 cents, three packets for 25 cents, postpaid.**

NEW GIGANTIC GUINEA BUTTER BEANS

THE NEW EDIBLE VEGETABLE WONDER

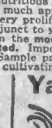
Grows to an astonishing size, the Beans measuring from 5 to 6 feet long, and weighing anything from 10 to 16 lbs, and even more. One Bean sufficient for a family for several meals. Very palatable and rich in nutritious materials. The delicate Buttery Flavor is much appreciated. The Vines are easily grown, very prolific, and a most welcome and valuable adjunct to your garden. Try them; you will find them the most delicious vegetable you have ever tasted. Imported direct. Unobtainable elsewhere. Sample package of Seeds with full directions for cultivating and cooking. **25c, postpaid.**

Kudzu Vine

Most rapid growing vine known. Will grow 20 feet in one week. Luxuriant foliage, lovely purple flowers, very fragrant. Nothing to equal it for shade purposes and quick growth.

Seeds 15c packet. 3 for 40c.

Yard Long Bean



Produces enormous crop of long, slender, round pods, of excellent quality for snap beans. Pods grow from 2 to 5 feet in length. Very tender and fine flavor. The vines are rampant growers; an interesting curiosity. **Seeds 15c pkt., 3 for 40c**

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